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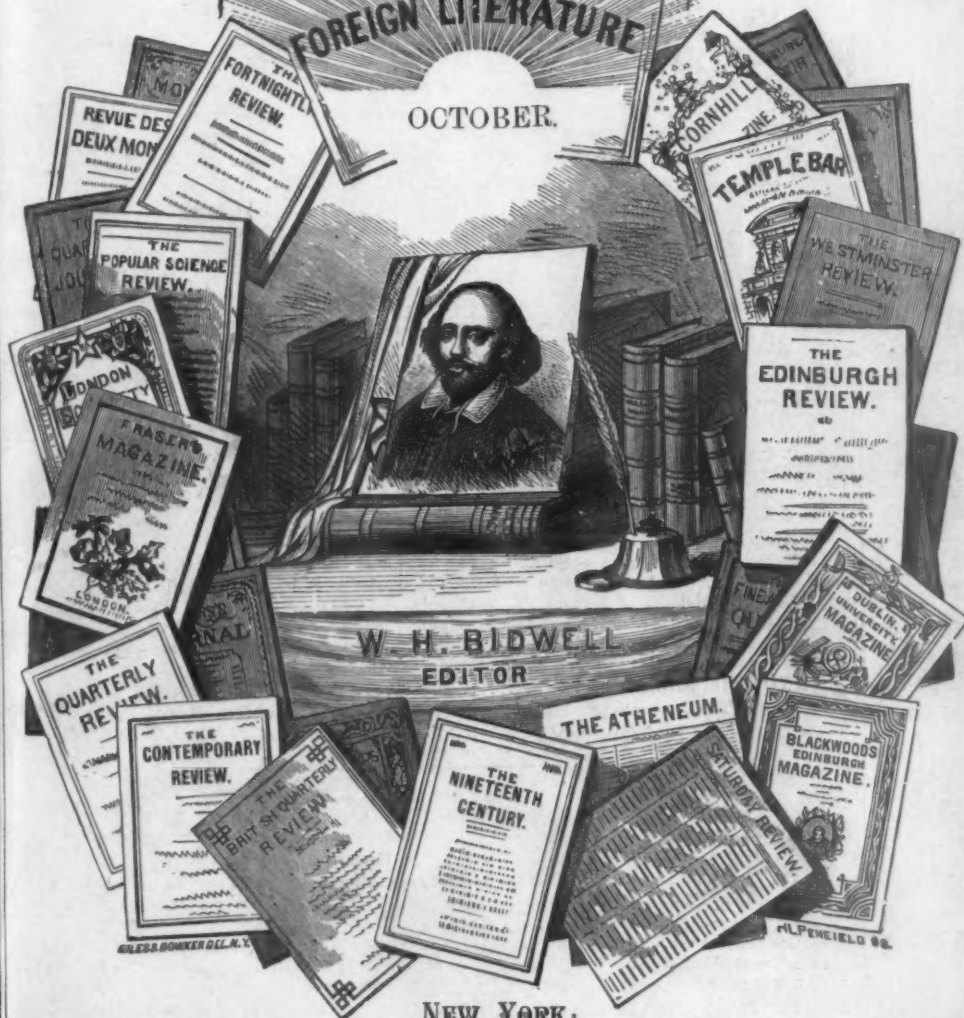
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EDITOR

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THE FIELDS OF CONFLICT BETWEEN FAITH AND UNBELIEF.

1. SCIENTIFIC. 2. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL. 3. ETHICAL.*

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR PLUMPTRE.

It lies in the nature of the case, that a subject so comprehensive as that which I have undertaken to bring before you, can only be dealt with, in the limits to which I must confine myself, somewhat superficially. My aim is not so much to discuss anything fully myself, as to suggest points which may be profitably discussed by you. I content myself this evening with the humble but useful functions of that stone which "*excors ipsa secandi*" may yet serve to give a keener edge to the polished weapons of other intellects. If I were to hazard a more ambitious comparison, I would venture to compare my task to that of Bacon, when, in his "Advancement of Learning," he surveys in each

region of knowledge what had been already achieved with greater or less success, and what was noted by him as still defective. The conflict of which I have to speak is no new one. It has been carried on in our own country under various forms and in various phases from the days of Hume and Gibbon, Butler and Paley, perhaps even, going back for another century, from those of Lord Herbert of Cherbury on the one side, and Grotius on the other. It may not be without profit to inquire what have been the results of the long campaign; what outposts have been lost or won; how far we may yet go round the walls of that Zion which we hold to be the city of God, and count its towers and bulwarks, with the feeling that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, that its defenders have been both wise

* A paper read at a Conference of the Christian Evidence Society at Sion College, June 16th, 1881.

and brave, and that its sentinels have not been sleeping at their posts.

The character of the warfare has, indeed, in some respects, altered. It has become on both sides more civilized and more courteous. The combatants do not enter battle as in the war-paint and with the war-cries of barbaric tribes, but for the most part in the temper of those ancient knights who before and after they fought with lance or sword exchanged their salutations of mutual kindness and respect.* We seldom now speak of those who are unable to accept the faith of Christendom as an Infidel party. We use the term Theist rather than Deist, because the latter carries with it an offensive connotation from which the former is free. Though many men of science hold premises which logically lead to Atheism, no one, I suppose, except the junior member for Northampton, is called "an Atheist." We do not assume that all unbelief must spring from immorality of life, or look on doubters or assailants as consciously enemies of truth and goodness. We do not back up our arguments with anathemas. There has been, I need scarcely add, a corresponding change on the other side also. The religion of Christ is no longer treated, as in the coarser unbelief of Voltaire and Paine, as the work of priestcraft, and its preachers as impostors. For the most part, though there are some exceptions, we find the character of Christ regarded with reverential admiration, and the Christian Church treated as an important factor in the history of European culture. Renan ("Vie de Jesus," c. xxvii.) speaks of the former as "the noblest personality that has appeared in the history of the world—Çakya Mouni, perhaps, excepted." "Before such a demi-god as this we, in our feebleness, may well fall down and worship."

* Since I wrote the above I have seen reason to modify this opinion. What I have said is true of the leaders of the army, but the Secularist papers which are circulated largely among our working classes, show that the rank and file contains at least many who are so savage and brutal in their utterances that they represent what may be best described as "Condorcet filtered through the dregs of Paine." There are Girondists of unbelief; there are also Jacobins. Hebert and Marat follow still in the wake of Bailly and Lafayette.

"Whatever may be the unlooked-for phenomena of the future, Jesus will not be surpassed." John Stuart Mill ("Essays on Religion," pp. 253-4) is impressed with that character as "something unique in the history of the world, beyond the power of any such writers as the Evangelists to have imagined for themselves." The earnest author of the "Enigmas of Life," (Greg, "Enigmas," p. 202) admires Him as "the best and noblest of all the sons of men whom God has raised up with special gifts and for a special work." Even Strauss ("Leben Jesu," ed. 1864, p. 625), in the midst of his sweeping attacks on the credibility of the Gospel history, speaks of the Jesus of whom they tell as the man "in whom the deeper consciousness of humanity, the Divine Wisdom, first developed itself, as a power determining his whole life and being." Matthew Arnold has made the phrases which speak of the "sweet reasonableness" of the Christ, of the "secret" of His power to bless, as household words among us, and looks on the Bible as the most "precious of all books, the noblest of all literature." Tyndall ("Belfast Address," p. 7) records his belief that "it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that the doctrine of Material Atheism commends itself to his mind, that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell."

It is, I think, a question worth discussing, whether the change of tone which I have noted, works for good or evil on the interests of Truth. Are the attacks more dangerous because they are more insidious? Are these fair words like the lip-homage of him who betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss? Are we tempted to a temper of indifference to the inheritance, the *depositum*, of Truth, of which we are the witnesses and the trustees. Shall we say

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,"

or welcome those who thus speak as so far "not against us" and therefore "on our side." I will not shrink from declaring my own conviction that the change is one which we ought to rejoice in and give thanks for. The new tone—for new in great part it is—of Chris-

tian Apologists seems to me more after the mind of Christ, more in the spirit of that Love which thinketh no evil and hopeth all things. We may rightly cling to the great law as to the attainment of Truth, that "whosoever *willeth to do* the will of God shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God," and that if any man so willing be for a time "otherwise minded," God will in His own time, in this life or after it, "reveal even this unto him." We may rightly check the tendency to condemn those who have not attained to that knowledge, as we listen to the warning, "Judge nothing before the time." Only when men's sins are as those that "go before to judgment," when the Apostles of unbelief are also the unshrinking advocates of lust, or speak in the language of the scoffers to whom nothing is sacred, because nothing is serious, may we pass from the language of courtesy and respect to that of the burning indignation in which at least one half of the army of our opponents will make common cause with us. It is, I am persuaded, no small gain that the defenders of Christianity should exhibit more fully than they have done in the past, the direct influence of the teaching and the character of Christ, that its assailants should, consciously or unconsciously, attest their indirect influence as leading to earnestness of purpose, nobleness of aim, and purity of life.

I pass from these prefatory thoughts to the three fields of inquiry on which I invite you to enter.

I. (1.) There is that on which we find ourselves face to face with the teachers of science, who see in its conclusions that which seems to them at variance with the belief of Christians in a supernatural Revelation attested by miracles, in the never-failing Providence that orders all things both in Heaven and Earth, and therefore in the efficacy of prayer as an element of spiritual life—who cannot reconcile the lessons they have learnt, as to the frame-work of the Universe, its *genesis* of growth and evolution, with the act of Creation which is postulated in the first article of the faith of Christians, or with the record of that *genesis* in the first chapters of the Bible. Each of these points calls for a few words of comment.

(2.) It has come, I believe, to be almost, or altogether, a work of supererogation to maintain, as against scientific thinkers, the possibility of a miracle. That possibility is not denied by any reasoner who has a claim to be listened to. Men have learnt to acknowledge—even apart from the assumption of a Creative Will—that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy; that they have not so measured and weighed the forces of the Universe as to affirm that there may not be laws as yet unknown bringing about unforeseen phenomena. What they do assert is in the tone of the scepticism of Hume, that it is more probable that men should deceive themselves, or have been deceived by others, in their report of the suspension of a law, than that the law should actually have been suspended; that theistic conceptions of the method of the Divine work tend, the more we study that work, to the recognition of the supremacy of law; that it is, as Goethe said, a blasphemy against the Majesty of the Most High, to think of Him after anthropomorphic fashion, as acting capriciously by fits and starts, and not by a law which is as unchangeable as His own perfections. Against this probability apologists have rightly set another which seems to them to balance it, and to leave the field open for weighing the evidence on behalf of any given miracle or series of miracles on its own merits. Is it more likely, they ask, also from the standpoint of theistic conceptions of the character of God, that He should leave His creatures uncared for and unguided, or that He should, in "sundry times and divers manners," reveal Himself to them? And if of those divers manners the witness borne by Nature, by Reason, and by Conscience, proved to be insufficient, if they were, at the best, but as *παίδιων* leading to a higher Teacher than themselves, was there not an antecedent likelihood that He should reveal Himself in other ways, suspending here and there the laws which He had Himself ordained, or modifying their action by a will acting under higher laws, so as to arrest men's attention and authenticate the teaching, as of the prophets, by whom "He spake in times past to the

fathers;" so also of the Eternal Son, by whom "He has in these last days spoken unto us?" That line of thought seems to me a truer and more effective one, than to follow the reasoning which is the keynote of Dr. Mozley's "Bampton Lectures on Miracles," and to maintain that the uniformity of sequence of natural phenomena up to the present point of our experience affords little or no presumption of the extension of that uniformity beyond it; or that the ordinary course of Nature is itself so full of the Supernatural, of unexpected and yet ever-recurring variations, that the miracles of Christ become but little more than a more advanced term in a continuous series of phenomena.

Applying ourselves, then, to the consideration of the miracles which are related in the record of what we hold to be a continuous revelation, there comes the question how far we ought to deal with them as standing all alike on the same footing. We cannot conceal from ourselves that there has been of late what we may call a tendency to minimize the supernatural even on the part of professed Apologists. The plagues of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the sun and moon standing still at the command of Joshua, the miracles of Elijah and Elisha, some even of our Lord's works of healing, have been brought down to the level of unusual operations of natural law, or legendary exaggerations of usual operations. Men have dealt with each of these as though it stood isolated and apart from others, and weighed the evidence on which it stood accordingly. It is, I think, worth considering how far that method is legitimate or wise. Each man ought, of course, to have the courage of his convictions, and if he is inwardly persuaded that an apparent miracle was not miraculous, to say so regardless of results. But it is open to discussion, I conceive, whether it is not a truer and more rational method to lay our chief stress on the actual evidence, external and internal, which attests the crowning miracle of the Resurrection; and if that is held to be capable of proof, to infer from it the reality of the supernatural power of Him who thus died and rose again, and from that the truth of the Gospel records as a whole, and from that again the ve-

racity of the Old Testament records, also as a whole, as postulated and guaranteed by the teaching of the New. I do not say that there are no cases in which we may legitimately admit an imaginative coloring, or the hyperboles of poetized history; but what I have suggested seems to me, on the whole, the legitimate method at once of inquiry and of defence.

(3.) On another phase of the difficulties which present themselves on the side of science, I need not, I think, dwell at any length. We have, most of us, learnt by the teaching of experience, not to oppose our interpretations of the language of Scripture, nor even that language itself, as to the structure and the *genesis* of the material universe, as a final bar to the conclusions which science, as it advances in calm and ordered progress, has drawn from the phenomena of that universe. We remember how the discovery of the Antipodes, or the theories of Galileo and Kepler, or those of geologists as to the duration of the earth through long æons of pre-historic and pre-human time, were each in its turn received with panic and indignation, condemned as heretical and fantastic, at once pooh-poohed and anathematized; and how, after a brief period of trouble and dismay, truth prevailed over fear, and men recognized in what they had at first rejected new disclosures of the secret wisdom of the Eternal. And we are not likely, it may be hoped, to be as those who pass through that experience, "learning nothing and forgetting nothing," and to repeat the un wisdom of our fathers. Most of us, I presume, are ready to deal with theories of the antiquity of man, or of his *genesis* out of lower forms of life, or of the orderly evolution which has transformed a chaos into a *cosmos*, on their own merits, to be judged, each according to its evidence, without weighting the scales of judgment by assuming that in this region of thought, as well as in that of man's spiritual being, the language of Scripture, or our interpretation of that language, is clothed with an infallible authority.

(4.) What has been known among us as the argument from prophecy comes under one aspect, within the range of the scientific argument against the mir-

aculous in general. Men have postulated the impossibility of prediction, have pronounced every prophecy which seems to foretell a distinct event to be a prophecy after the event, have made that a test of the date of whole books or sections of books. No scientific thinker, I presume, would postulate that impossibility now. As in the case of miracles in general, the objectors are sceptical rather than dogmatic in their denial. They dwell on the improbability of prediction, on the far greater likelihood that men should poetically represent a great event as having been foreseen by a divinely appointed teacher, than that there should have been that actual foresight. The question so viewed, belongs, therefore, to the second, not the first, of the subjects which I have noted for inquiry; and we have to ask, when a prediction is brought before us as having found a fulfilment, what evidence there is that it was written before and not after the event; how far it was within the range of natural human forecast, or represented the glowing dreams of a poet looking with rapt eyes into the mists and shadows of the future, or an actual apocalypse, the drawing aside the veil from that future, as seen in the eternal Now of the Divine intelligence, which, according to its wisdom, revealed the secret to His servants the prophets. We have learnt indeed, and wisely learnt, to take a wider view of the office of a prophet than that which satisfied our fathers. We see in them patriots, statesmen, poets, the utterers of eternal truths, the witnesses of a Divine order working through the seeming disorders of the world's history—men whose characters, hopes, aspirations, feelings of exultation or disappointment showed themselves as clearly in their writings as the varying emotions of St. Paul showed themselves in his Epistles. We come to interpret their words from a standpoint far other than that of those whose chief or only thought was that they foretold "the sufferings of Christ and the glories that should follow." In many ways we are gainers by that wider survey. We gain more sympathy with the prophets and their work, a truer estimate of their relations to their own times. But it may be questioned whether here also there has not been a

minimizing drift of thought tending to deprive prophecy of the worth which apostles and prophets themselves ascribed to it. Are we prepared to surrender the whole cycle of Messianic prophecy as bearing no real testimony to the Messiah of whom it seems to tell? or to limit the prophet's range of vision to the horizon of his own times? or to see in that which goes beyond them only the vivid picture of a dreamland, of a golden age never to be fulfilled at all? I do not say, any more than I did before in speaking of the miraculous, that we may not rightfully see in much of the language of the prophets—as, *e.g.*, in the later chapters of Ezekiel, and in the Apocalypse, ideal representations which never have had, and, in the nature of things, never can have, a historical fulfilment; but are we to apply that solvent till all predictive power has been melted into nothing? If we shrink from that conclusion, how shall we reconcile the primary and the secondary meanings of a prophet's words, their historical with their spiritual and ultimate fulfilment? Is it enough, pregnant as the words are, to accept Bacon's axiom that all prophecy "hath springing and germinant accomplishments?"

II. (1.) I pass to the difficulties which present themselves in the region of critical and historical inquiry. Those difficulties have, I need scarcely say, assumed an almost new and immensely expanded character, even within our own memory. Sacred books have been examined with a microscopic minuteness. The external evidence has been weighed and declared wanting. Internal evidence has been thought to point to very different conclusions as to date and authorship from those which have been commonly accepted. "The Pentateuch," we are told, "was not written by Moses, but is a composite work, in which are embedded the fragments of many ages, from the traditions of the patriarchs to the Book of the Law, which was not found, but written, in the reign of Josiah. The historical books are in like manner anonymous compilations from many volumes of annals and genealogies. Ecclesiastes was written under the Persian or Alexandrian monarchy, and many of the Psalms belong to the age of the Maccabees. The later chapters of Isaiah were

the work of a 'great unknown' in the time of Cyrus, and the earlier contain numerous interpolations of the same date. Other prophets have been edited after the same fashion. The first three Gospels have no title to the names they bear, and are not contemporary records. The fourth is the work of a pseudo-Joannes in the second century. The Pastoral Epistles as a group, and the Second Epistle of St. Peter, are manifestly spurious. It may be questioned whether the same may not be said of the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians." It is obviously outside the scope of my purpose, within the limits of this paper, to deal with these questions in detail. My own conviction is that in Bishop Lightfoot's Articles in this Review, in answer to the author of "Supernatural Religion," in the works of Canon Westcott, Archdeacon Watkins, and Canon Sanday on the Gospel of St. John, not to mention those of other apologetic writers, there is a sufficient proof that in accepting the Gospels as authentic records, we are not following "cunningly devised fables;" that the Pastoral Epistles have in them unmistakable notes of Pauline authorship; that even the Second Epistle of St. Peter has, to say the least, a balance of evidence in its favor; that, at least, the greater part of the Pentateuch gives indications of an earlier period than that of the Monarchy or of Samuel; that the second part of Isaiah bears as distinct traces of coming from the author of the first as "Paradise Regained" does of coming from the writer of "Paradise Lost." One point is, I think, clear in dealing with these objections as a class, whether they concern the Old Testament or the New, and that is, that each must be examined on its own merits, and a true verdict given according to the evidence. We cannot meet the objectors with a *petitio principii* postulating the Divine inspiration and authority of the literature, or the library, which we know as the Bible, as a whole, and adding to that postulate the *à priori* assumption that every volume in that literature must necessarily have been written by the author whose name it bears. If it should be proved that Deuteronomy was not written by Moses, nor Ecclesiastes by Solomon, all that would follow from the

proof would be that personated authorship, apart from the *animus decipiendi* and for the sake of dramatic vividness, may be as legitimate a form of authorship within the circle of inspired literature as it unquestionably is outside that circle; that the purpose of the writers was to say to the men of their own generation, in a form they would understand, "So would Moses, so would Solomon, have spoken."

(2.) Apart from the question of authorship and of the truth of the records of events supernatural in their character, it is, I suppose, acknowledged on all hands that the history both of the Old and New Testament stands now on a firmer footing than it did a century ago. Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian inscriptions have been made to tell a tale before untold, and the result has been that the life of the Pharaohs, and Sargon, and Salmaneser, and Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar, has been brought into daylight clearness, confirming and throwing light upon the Hebrew annals; that classical inscriptions, and those of Jewish and Christian cemeteries at Rome, have thrown a like light upon the *origines* of the Christian Church. The Chaldean history of Genesis, the occurrence of the names of Omri, Ahab, Jehu, Menahem, Pekah, Azariah, Ahaz, Hezekiah, in the Assyrian records, the arch at Thessalonica, the stones of Cyprus, the *Columbarium* of Livia, may be taken as representative instances of the evidence of which I speak.

(3.) I cast a passing glance at two supposed causes of scepticism on which we have learnt to look as the vanished bugbears of the past. No one now dreams of suggesting, as was suggested against the labors of Jerome and Tynedale, the Revisers of 1611, and, I may add, those of the workers who have just brought their noble task to its worthy and honored close, that a new translation must, *ipso facto*, even if a better one, multiply doubts, and throw men into a temper of uncertainty. No one now inagines, as men did when Mill announced his 40,000 variations in the text of the New Testament, that the discovery was one which ought to be whispered in secret to the initiated, lest the faith of men in the teaching of that

Book should be undermined and shattered. Bentley's *Phileleutherus*, though it may be little read, still echoes in our unconscious ears. We have learnt from Bacon not to think that God can be served or pleased "with the unclean sacrifice of a lie."

III. (1.) In regard to the third class of difficulties—those raised on ethical grounds to the teaching of Scripture—the Apologist may, I think, rejoice that he no longer enters on his task heavily weighted as of old. The thoughts that widen with the years, the "survival of the fittest" in the history of dogma, the true development of Christian theology, have removed some of the dark imaginations which once clouded men's vision and views of the Truth of which they undertook to be the defenders. The dark shadow of Augustine and of Calvin no longer rests on our conceptions of the Fatherhood of God. The name of Athanasius is no longer identified with the Damnable Clauses. The dogma that all unbaptized children are excluded from the eternal hope, which made Augustine known as the "*durus pater infantum*," and which our own Prayer Book but narrowly escaped,* has been banished to the limbo of extinct beliefs. We no longer think of the millions who have never known the name of Christ as sentenced to everlasting condemnation. Not to enter on vexed questions, there is a manifest drift of thought, including Dr. Pusey as well as Dr. Farrar, toward the belief that the mercy of God may work in ways we know not, after death as before it, illumining what is dark, purifying what is base, turning imperfect faith and knowledge into perfect, saving all who have not extinguished within themselves the capacity of salvation, that the gates of the Father's House are wide open day and night, and that in that House

there are "many mansions," homes for the greatest and the least of all in whom there is the "promise and the potency" of the eternal life.

(2.) And we have learnt also to take a truer view of the progressive character of the methods by which Truth has been revealed to men. We no longer consider ourselves bound to hold a brief, defending the character of lawgiver, patriarch, king, or prophet, as free from infirmities or sins. We recognize that the law of Moses was not a perfect code of ethics, or polity, or worship, that it contained much that was afterward to appear as the "weak and beggarly elements," in which the child was to be trained, but which the man was to outgrow, much that necessarily fell short of a perfect ethical idea, the choice of the lesser evil—as in the cases of polygamy, divorce, and slavery, and the treatment of aliens and foreigners, of blasphemers and idolaters, of offences against person or property—"because of the hardness of men's hearts."

(3.) And with this recognition, or, if you will, concession, on our side, there is an ever-increasing *consensus*, "even our enemies themselves being judges," as to the loftiness of Christian ethics, and its purifying effect, in proportion as men have striven to live after the mind of Christ, on the social life of men—as to the work of the Christian Church, in spite of many disorders and deflections, as an element in the history of civilization—as to the unapproachable ideal presented by the life of Christ Himself. Doubtless we still have to face the inquiry, "If Christendom profess to rest upon that life, why is it yet so far removed from the greatness of that Divine original?" Doubtless the despairing question, "What is truth?" still rises from the lips of men as they note the disputes and heresies and sects, the persecution of the sword and of the tongue, of which Church History is full; the many "unhappy divisions" which still make the hope of a re-united Christendom as a far-off dream. We prove the authority of the Bible, and they ask, What then? What does the Bible teach? Something has, indeed, been gained when we are able to say to the questioners, "Search and seek"—examine the Bible for yourselves, exercise your "ver-

* The *Institution of a Christian Man*, one of the documents of the English Church in the early stages of the Reformation (A.D. 1537), speaking of Baptism, says that "infants and children, dying in their infancy, shall undoubtedly be saved thereby, and else not." The omission of the last three words in the Note attached to the Baptismal Service by the Revisers of A.D. 1661, is a striking instance of the development of which I speak, working even under what might have seemed the least favorable conditions.

ifying faculty" as you compare it with the Church's creeds, with local formularies of faith, with the witness of Reason and of Conscience—and, if you seek rightly, you will not fail to find enough to guide your life, even if you have to renounce the hope of solving all the problems of life and of the universe. The despair is minimized, is changed indeed to hope, when instead of anathematizing those who differ from us, as outside the limits of the Father's love, and offering our own theories as a complete presentment of Divine truth, we are content to confess that "now we know in part and prophesy in part," and to wait, with patient hope and large-hearted charity, till "we shall know even

as also we are known." But it remains true that though we own our shortcomings in these matters, we are wanting in the power which would be active and powerful for good, if we were, more than we are, as lights shining in the world, winning men as they were won of old, not by skill of speech, but by the beauty of a life; if to the force of individual example, we could add that of example corporate and combined, as seen in an united Church, a re-united Christendom. The true difficulties of faith, the most formidable weapons in the artillery of unbelief, are found in the unreality of our lives, the bitterness and triviality of our controversies.—*Contemporary Review*.

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES BY IVAN TOURGENIEFF.

IN the beginning of the present year a new daily paper, *Poriadok* (Order), was founded at St. Petersburg, and in the *feuilletons* of the first and fourth numbers appeared two short sketches by M. Tourgenieff, entitled "Sketches from my Note-book; Reminiscences, Personal and Other." They are now for the first time translated from the original Russian. In a few prefatory lines the author warns his readers against identifying the narrator too closely with the actual writer. As will be seen, the sketches are complete in themselves; but there is reason to suppose that from time to time other tales referring to the same olden times will be published. Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which the portraits of Alexis and his wife are filled up, or the fidelity with which the language and style of the period have been preserved; and every effort has been made to give the English translation, as far as possible, the naturalness and simplicity of the original.

PORTRAIT SKETCHES OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

ALEXIS SERGEIVITCH.—Many years ago there lived on his estate of Bleak Valley, about forty miles from our village, a cousin of my mother's, Alexis Sergeivitch Teleguin, a retired sergeant

of the Guards, and well-to-do landed proprietor. He constantly resided on his property, and therefore never visited us; but twice every year I was sent to pay my respects to him, at first with my tutor and then alone. Alexis Sergeivitch was always pleased to see me, and I generally stayed at his house three or four days. I saw him for the first time as a boy of twelve, and he was then already above seventy. He was born under the Empress Elizabeth, in the last year of her reign. He lived quite alone with his wife, Malania Pavlovna, who was some ten years younger. Their two daughters had long been married, but seldom came to Bleak Valley in consequence of a family quarrel, and Alexis Sergeivitch rarely, if ever, mentioned their names.

I fancy I see before me now the old house, the very type of a country gentleman's mansion in the steppes. Though only one-storied, it was spacious and commodious, having been built in the beginning of the present century of marvellously thick pine beams—such are nowhere to be seen in our degenerate days, but were then brought from the forests lying beyond Fiesdrienski—and contained a number of rooms, which, however, it must be confessed were rather low, and dark, because, in order to keep them as warm as possible, the windows were of the smallest dimen-

sions. As is always the case—or, to speak more correctly, as was formerly the fashion—the domestic offices and lodgings surrounded the house on all sides, and were separated from it only by a garden, small, but rich in fruit trees, and especially in transparent apples and pipless pears, while for ten miles round stretched the level steppe, with its fat black soil. There was nothing to vary the dull monotony of the scene, neither tree nor church-tower; only here and there a creaking windmill with its torn and broken sails. In truth it was well named Bleak Valley. Indoors, the rooms were filled with plain, substantial furniture; but one could not but be struck with a kind of sign-post placed near the window of the *salon*, and covered with inscriptions like the following: "If you walk round this *salon* sixty-eight times you will have done a mile;" or, "if you go eighty-seven times from the extreme end of the drawing-room to the right-hand corner of the billiard-room, you will have done a mile," etc. But what after all most struck a visitor who had never been in the house before, was the quantity of pictures, with which the walls were literally covered. For the most part they were copies of the so-called Italian masters, consisting of landscapes, and mythological or religious paintings. But as all these pictures had long ago become faded and warped, they presented, in place of figures draped in flowing robes, a mere series of flesh-colored blotches, or a roof-arch literally hanging in the air, or a straggling tree with a patch of blue foliage, or a huge apostolic leg of a dirty red hue, in close juxtaposition with a pair of sinewy thighs and fingers, off which the skin had long since peeled. In the drawing-room was hung, in the place of honor, a full-length portrait of the Empress Elizabeth, a copy of Lampi's famous picture, the object of especial reverence, I might almost say idolatry, on the part of the master of the house. From the ceiling were suspended some bronze chandeliers with glass lustres, very diminutive in size, and covered with a thick layer of dust.

Alexis Sergeivitch himself was stout and short of stature, with a puffy, colorless, but at the same time pleasing face, thin lips, and eyes that shone out bright-

ly from under his high arched brows. His thin hair was carefully combed back, and it was only since the year 1812 that he had left off powdering it. His usual dress was made up of a gray riding-coat, with a three-caped collar falling over the shoulders, a striped waistcoat, wide trousers of chamois skin, and high boots of dark red morocco leather with tassels in front, and covered with traced patterns in the shape of a heart. He always wore a muslin white tie, a frilled shirt, and cuffs with two gold English link-studs. In his right hand he generally held an enamelled snuff-box, containing the finest Spanish snuff, and with the left leaned on a thin walking-stick, whose silver handle was considerably worn from constant usage. Alexis Sergeivitch had a nasal squeaky voice, and there was a friendliness in his perpetual smile, even if it did wear a somewhat supercilious and self-contented expression. In the same way his laugh was genial and soft-toned, with a low sound like that of jingling glass beads. He was punctiliously polite and ceremonious, after the way of the nobility in the days of Catherine; and when he spoke waved his hand slowly with a circular movement, also in the old-fashioned manner. In consequence of a weakness in the knees he was unable to walk, but hopped with a quick skip from one chair to another, in which he would suddenly sit down, or rather fall back softly like a cushion.

As I have already said, Alexis Sergeivitch went nowhere, and interested himself very little in the affairs of his neighbors, though he liked to have his house filled with company, for he was a great talker. The number of persons living with him was perpetually on the increase, and a host of poor boys in well-worn cossack tunics and clothes for the most part given them by the master of the house, were lodged beneath his roof; not to speak of a still larger number of poor girls in cotton dresses and with black kerchiefs thrown over their heads, who found refuge in a wing of the house especially set apart for them. Never less than fifteen persons sat down to table, so hospitable was he by nature. Of all these pensioners the most noteworthy were a dwarf, nicknamed Janus, or Double-faced, a Dane by birth, though

some declared him to be of Jewish origin; and Prince L., who was not in his right mind. Contrary to the custom of those days, the dwarf did not act as jester, or in any way serve to amuse his master, but was remarkably silent, and of a gloomy, morose temperament, and if a question was put to him, would only knit his brows and grind his teeth. Alexis Sergeivitch liked to call him "the philosopher," and had a real respect for him; at table he was always served immediately after the guests and host and hostess. "God," he would often say, "has seen fit to deny him His favor, and for that reason it does not become me to offend him further." "But in what is he a philosopher?" I once asked. Janus, I may remark, showed an invincible dislike to me, and if I only approached him would snarl out in an angry hoarse voice: "Don't let any intruders come near me." "God bless me!—how not a philosopher?" was the host's answer; "only think, my dear sir, how well he has learned to keep silence!" "But how do you explain his double-facedness?" "Easily enough, my good sir; he has one face for the world, and superficial observers like yourself judge him by that; but his other real face he keeps hidden from men, and that face I alone know, and love him for it. You are satisfied with a hasty glance, and see nothing in his face, but I have no need that he should speak in order to understand him. I appreciate his very silence, when he condemns any little failing on my part, for he is the strictest of moralists. All this you probably will not understand; but, believe me, I am an old man of the world, and I am right."

The past history of Double-faced Janus, hence he came, or how he first took up his abode with Alexis Sergeivitch, was a complete mystery; but the story of Prince L., on the contrary, was well known. Of a wealthy and influential family he went up to Petersburg in his twentieth year, and entered a regiment in the guards. At the first *levée* he attended he attracted Catherine's marked attention, and stopping a minute before him she pointed him out with her fan to one of her suite, and said, in a loud whisper: "Only look, Adam Vassielievitch, what a beautiful youth—a perfect doll!"

The blood rushed to his head, he hurried home, ordered the horses to be put to, threw over his shoulder the ribbon of the order of St. Anne, and drove through the city with the air of a man on whom fortune has just showered an unexpected and miraculous favor. "Trample them down," he shrieked out to the coachman, "if they don't choose to make way!" The Empress was informed of what had happened, and an imperial order was issued declaring him to be mad, and giving him over to the charge of his two brothers, who immediately had him transported into the country and placed in the strictest confinement. They were only too glad to get his share of the family property, and took good care to keep him shut up so long that at last he really became mad. But they were not permitted to reap the wages of their knavery; the prince outlived them, and after numerous delays and disappointments was released and given into the care of Alexis Sergeivitch, to whom he was distantly related. During his long confinement he had lost the faculty of speech, and only from time to time muttered a few unintelligible words; but he sang old Russian songs to perfection, having preserved to the last the silvery freshness of his voice, and then each word was pronounced clearly and distinctly. At times passionate fits of something like madness would come over him, and it was awful to watch him, standing in a corner of the room, his face to the wall, and every vein in his bald head filled with blood; he would break at intervals into shrieks of cruel laughter, stamp with his foot, and order "the malefactors"—meaning probably his brothers—to be punished. "Beat them well," he yelled hoarsely, as he choked and laughed; "beat them well; no mercy, but beat; beat the misbegotten brutes; my wrongdoers! That's the way, that's the way!" On the day before his death he surprised and frightened poor Alexis Sergeivitch. He came into his study, deadly pale and unnaturally quiet, and then, making a profound bow, thanked him for all the kindnesses he had shown him, and begged him to send for the priest, since Death had come to him—he had seen Death with his own eyes—and the time had come when he must do ease to his

soul, and pardon all who had done him wrong. "But how can you have seen Death?" mumbled the terrified Alexis, as he observed that for the first time the Prince was speaking coherently. "What was she like? Had she a scythe?" "No," answered L.; "an old woman, simply dressed in a short jacket, with only one eye, and that eye without any lid." And the next day he died, after he had received the last sacraments and taken a kindly and gentle farewell of all around him. "I shall die like that," said Alexis Sergeivitch more than once. And in truth something of the kind proved to be his fate too; but of this I shall have to speak later on.

We must now return to the subject of our sketch. Alexis Sergeivitch, as I have before mentioned, associated but little with any of his neighbors; and they had no love for him, but called him strange, stuck-up, a scoffer, and a revolutionary martinet; indeed, the last of these epithets they were particularly fond of applying to him, though without the slightest idea what it meant. And to some extent, perhaps, they were right. Alexis Sergeivitch had confined himself to his estate for nearly seventy years, and during all that time avoided every kind of communication with government authorities, military officials, or magistrates. "The magistrate has to do with thieves, and the officer with soldiers," he said; "and thank God, I am neither thief nor soldier." He was certainly an original.

I never succeeded in really discovering what were his political opinions, if such a modern expression may be applied to him; but he liked to describe himself as an aristocrat, and was far more of an aristocrat than a country gentleman. He often regretted that God had not given him a son and heir "for the honor of the race and to hand down his name." In his study there hung on the wall, in a gilt frame, a genealogical tree of the Teleguins, with innumerable branches, and circles in the shape of apples. "We Teleguins," he said, "are of a pure old race; we never haunted anterooms, bent our backbones double, climbed palace staircases, received state wages, toadied for a good place at Moscow, or sneaked into a ministry at Petersburg; but remained

quietly each in his own home, each his own master, each on his own land—in our nests, sir, managing our own affairs. And if I did once serve in the Guards, I am glad to say it was not for long." Alexis Sergeivitch worshipped the old times. "I tell you, men lived then comfortably and respectably; but ever since the year 1800"—he never explained why he picked out that particular year—"the military régime has come into fashion. Our military gentlemen don some kind of plume with flowing cock's feathers, and are themselves forthwith transformed into cocks, with their tightly-throttled necks and eyes starting out, as they puff along half-strangled. Not long ago a police corporal came to see me on business. 'I am come to inform your honor—'. I suppose he thought to surprise me by calling me 'your honor,' as if I did not know we were of honorable origin. But I interrupted him. 'Respected sir, I advise you, before you proceed further, to loosen at least one button of your coat collar; suppose only you wanted to sneeze, what would be the consequence? I ask you, what would be the consequence? Why, you would split, and go off in powder like a puff-ball!' And then to see these military dandies drink! I generally give them *vodki*, for it is the same to them whether it is common *vodki* or Pontac; it all goes down smoothly and quickly; far too quickly for them to know what they are drinking. And to crown all, they have taken to suck tobacco-pap, and be always smoking. Your military fledgling sucks his cigar between his lips under his thick moustaches, and pours whole clouds of smoke out of his nostrils, his mouth, and even his ears, thinking all the while, What a hero I am! There are my two sons-in-law; one of them is a senator, and the other a curator or something; they now are always sucking their pap, and imagine themselves mighty clever for doing it!"

Alexis Sergeivitch could not bear tobacco smoke; and another of his particular aversions was dogs, especially little dogs. "Of course, if you are a Frenchman, you must keep a spaniel; you will then run and jump first to the right and then to the left, and it will run and jump after you, wagging its

tail; but what pleasure can a Russian find in that?" He was extremely punctilious and ceremonious. Of the Empress Catherine he always spoke in terms of gushing eloquence, and in the book-language of a court historian. "She was a demi-god; no mere mortal! Look, sir, only for one moment at that gracious smile," he would add, reverently pointing to Lampi's portrait, "and you will agree with me. Once in my life I was so happy as to be the recipient of that smile, and never can it be effaced from my heart." And he loved to tell stories of the great Catherine—stories which I had never read or heard before. One of them I will transcribe. Alexis Sergeivitch never allowed the slightest allusion to be made to her feminine weaknesses. "As if after all," he would say, "we can judge her like an ordinary mortal!" One day she was sitting before her toilet-table and the *Kammerfrau* began to dress her hair, when suddenly electric sparks were seen to fly out at the touch of the comb. The Empress immediately sent for her private physician, M. Rogerson, who happened to be in the palace, and turning to him said, "I know people condemn me harshly for certain weaknesses, but you see these electric sparks? You, as a physician, must know that with such a nature and such a temperament, it is unjust to condemn me, I ought rather to be excused." The following event was one of Alexis Sergeivitch's favorite reminiscences. In his sixteenth year he was one day on duty at the palace, when the Empress happened to pass, and he immediately presented arms; "but she," continued Alexis Sergeivitch, in a voice trembling with emotion, "smiling at my youth and zeal, was graciously pleased to give me her hand, which I reverently saluted, and patting me on the cheek asked what was my name and where I came from, and then"—at this point in the story the old man always broke down for a minute or so—"and then she ordered me to thank my mother in her name for having brought up her children so well. I could not have told any one whether I was standing on my head or my heels, nor have I to the present moment any idea how or whither she

disappeared; but never shall I forget that proud minute."

I frequently questioned Alexis Sergeivitch about those old days, and the celebrities by whom the Empress was surrounded, but he generally avoided giving any definite answer. "What pleasure can there be in talking of the old times? Then we were young and lusty, and now the last tooth has fallen out of our mouths. And yet they were glorious, those old days; but they are gone, and peace be with them! As to the men of that time, you wish me to speak of those rare spirits? Well, you have often watched a bubble in the water? While it is whole and unbroken, what glorious colors play on it—red, yellow, blue; in a word, a rainbow of hues; but, alas! it quickly bursts and not a trace of it remains behind. And such were the men of Catherine's age."

Alexis Sergeivitch was a very religious man, and notwithstanding his failing strength, went regularly to church. But he was neither fanatical nor superstitious, and laughed at signs, evil eyes, and such uncanny phenomena; though it is true that he did not like a hare to cross his path, and would make a long round to avoid meeting a priest.* At the same time he was very respectful in his bearing toward the clergy; after service always went up to receive the blessing, and reverently kissed the priest's hand; but he did not care to have any unofficial communication with them. "They carry about with them such an unpleasantly strong smell," he said, by way of apology; "and though I, poor sinner, am by no means exceptionally particular, still their long hair is so long, and so terribly oiled; and then, they always remind you of the hour of death, and I wish to think that I have many years to live. But, dear sir, I pray you, never repeat what I have just said. Honor the priesthood—it is only fools who do not reverence the clergy—and I am much to blame for talking such nonsense at my time of life."

Like other men of his rank in those

* To the present day it is considered very unlucky to meet a priest, and if obliged to pass one a Russian peasant will turn aside and quietly spit.

days, Alexis Sergeivitch had received no very brilliant education, but he did his best by private reading to repair its more glaring deficiencies. He only read Russian books, and of them nothing that had appeared later than the year 1800. All modern works he declared to be tame and poor in style. While reading, he always had near him, on a one-legged round table, a silver jug with a kind of sparkling minted *kvass*, the pleasant odor of which filled the whole room. Formerly he never sat down to read without first putting low down on the end of his nose a pair of large spectacles; but in later years he did not so much read as gaze thoughtfully over the rims of his glasses, and from time to time would raise his brows, press his lips together, and sigh. Once, to my considerable astonishment, I found him weeping, with a book on his knee. The old man had been touched to tears by the remembrance of the following lines:

"O miserable race of men!
Rest is to thee unknown!
Only canst thou find rest
When thou hast swallowed the dust of the
grave.
Bitter, bitter, shall be thy rest!
Sleep, oh dead! Weep oh living!"

These were the composition of a certain Gormietski, a vagrant poet, whom Alexis had taken under his protection, and regarded as "a delicate and even subtle thinker." Gormietski wore rosettes in his shoes, pronounced his o's broad, and was always raising his eyes to heaven, and sighing sentimentally. Nor were these his only qualifications; he had been brought up in a Jesuit College, and spoke French passably well, whereas Alexis Sergeivitch only "understood" it. But one day, this same subtle thinker got dead drunk in a public-house, and on returning home, proved himself to be a wild quarreller. He severely punished, or rather smashed, one of the lackeys, the cook, two laundresses who ran to help, and a poor carpenter who happened to be at work in the house, besides breaking several panes of glass, all the time shrieking out like a madman, "I'll teach these Russian rogues, idlers, thieves!" It took no less than eight servants to master him. Alexis Sergeivitch ordered him to be dragged out of the house, placed up to

his neck in the snow—it was in the winter—and left there till he should get a little sobered.

"Yes," Alexis Sergeivitch often exclaimed; "my time has passed, and I am like a worn-out horse. I too once wrote verses on my own account, bought books and pictures of the Jews, and modelled pigeons and geese, as well as any one. I had a passion for everything of that kind. True, I never took to dogs, and, as for drinking; well—only boors drink. But I was always fastidious in my tastes, and whatever the Teleguins had must be of the best. And my stables were famous for miles round; the horses came—from where do you think, sir? From the celebrated stable of the Tsar Ivan Alexeivitch, brother of Peter the Great—my word of honor! Stallions, pure bays, with long flowing manes, and tails down to the hoof! But all that is past and is no more. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! And yet, why complain? To every man there is a limit fixed. Higher than the heaven thou shalt not fly, in the water thou canst not live, and on the earth thou must make thy home. After all we still live, somehow." And the old man smiled, and took a good pinch of his fine Spanish snuff.

He was idolized by his peasants; "master" as they called him, was good, generous and open-hearted. But they too would often speak of him as a worn-out horse. Formerly Alexis Sergeivitch saw after all himself, was constantly in the fields, in the mill, in the dairies, or the cottages. Every day he was to be seen in his light *droschki*, lined with raspberry colored plush, and drawn by his favorite horse, *Lantern*, with the mark of a thoroughbred between its eyes—originally from the Tsar's own stables—Alexis Sergeivitch himself driving, a rein tightly wound round each hand. But on reaching his seventieth year the old man abandoned active life, and handed over the management of his estate to Antip, the village bailiff, of whom he was secretly afraid, and whom he called *Micromégas*—a reminiscence of the days when he read Voltaire—or still oftener "robber." "Now, robber, how are things going on; got all the hay stacked?" "All, your worship." "Worship or no worship," the old man

would answer as he looked the "robber" straight in the face, "you understand, the peasants are my subjects entrusted to your care, and you are not to touch them. Let them but complain, and you know my stick is not far off." "The taste of your stick, father Alexis Sergeivitch, I am never likely to forget," answers Antip Micromégas, as he smooths down his beard with his hand. "That is right; only do not forget." And both master and bailiff smile grimly at the reference to the stick. In general, with his dependants and serfs, or subjects as he liked to call them, he was kind and gentle. It is not necessary to add that in those days the emancipation question had not even begun to be debated, and accordingly Alexis Sergeivitch, with a quiet conscience, ruled over his subjects; but none the less severely blamed those of his neighbor proprietors who were cruel to their serfs, and denounced them as a disgrace to their class. He divided proprietors in general into three groups: the clever, "of whom there are very few;" the stupid, "of whom there are more than enough;" and the dissolute brutes, "of whom there are sufficient to pave the streets with." Any one who acts unjustly or harshly to his subjects is a sinner in the eyes of God, and culpable before his fellow-men. Without doubt his servants and dependants lived happily, far more happily than his subjects who were under the care of Antip, notwithstanding the stick with which he threatened his viceroy. And how the house swarmed with pensioners of every kind! For the most part, they were old and sinewy, with bushy hair, querulous voices, and bent shoulders, and were dressed in long loose-hanging *caftans*. In the wing of the house devoted to the women, the noise of shuffling shoes and trailing dresses was to be heard all day long. The chief lackey was Irinarch, and Alexis Sergeivitch, when he called him, always drawled out each syllable—"I-ri-na-arch!" If he wanted any of the others, he simply cried, "Eh, younker!" and the one who happened to be nearest would answer. He never allowed a bell in the house. "Thank you very much," he would say; "but please do not turn the place into a public hotel." I never understood how

Irinarch managed it, but no matter at what moment Alexis Sergeivitch might call him, he appeared instantly, as if he had risen up out of the ground, and putting his feet close together, and his hands behind his back, stood before his master, with a morose and even sullen expression, but the perfect type of a zealous servitor.

Alexis Sergeivitch was charitable beyond his means, but did not like to be overthanked for his charity. "In what, pray, am I your benefactor, sir? It is not to you, but to myself, I am doing good." When angry or pleased he always said *you* and never *thou*. "If a beggar ask for alms," he used to say, "give to him once, twice, three times. But if he comes a fourth time, you must still give, only do not forget to say: I advise you, brother, to choose some means of livelihood, instead of always keeping your mouth open to be fed." "But tell me, suppose that even after that advice he comes a fifth time?" "Well, what then? Of course, give him something the fifth time too." All the sick who came to him for help were attended to at his cost, though he himself had no faith in doctors and would never allow one to come near him. "My departed mother," he explained, "cured all illnesses with a little olive oil and salt, which she applied internally or externally, as the case required, and it is wonderful how well it answered. And you know who my mother was? Think only; she was born in the reign of Peter the Great!"

In everything Alexis Sergeivitch was a thorough Russian. He liked Russian cookery; he liked the Russian songs, and heartily hated the concertina—"a manufactured toy;" he liked to watch the village girls in their choral dances and to see the village women dance. It is said that when young he himself was no mean singer and dancer. But most of all, he liked to steam himself in the bath, to such an extent that Irinarch, who attended him when bathing, having beaten him well with beech branches soaked in beer, rubbed him down with bast-wisps and linen towels, and washed him well with soap—this same faithful Irinarch, each time that he came out of the bath "as red as a new bronze statue," would cross himself and ex-

claim, "God be praised that I, His slave, am still alive; but who will save me the next time?" Alexis Sergeivitch spoke pure Russian, somewhat old-fashioned in style, but elegant and correct, and was fond of introducing into his speech certain favorite words, such as, God bless me, As a man of honor, My good sir; and the like.

But before I tell you more of Alexis Sergeivitch, let me say something of his wife, Malania Pavlovna.

II.

MALANIA PAVLOVNA was born at Moscow, and in her younger days was acknowledged to be the reigning beauty of the capital, *la Vénus de Moscou*. When first I knew her she was an old gaunt woman, with delicate, inexpressive features, a small mouth, protruding irregular teeth, a number of little curls falling over her forehead, and well-traced eyebrows. She always wore a high cap of pyramidal shape, with rose-colored ribbons, a stiff collar round her neck, a short white dress, and prunella shoes with red heels; and over the dress a blue satin jacket, with a loose sleeve hanging from the right shoulder. This costume was of exactly the same fashion as that which she had worn on St. Peter's day, in the year 1789. On that memorable day, then a young girl, she had gone with her parents to the Chodienski Plain to see the great boxing match, given under the immediate patronage of the famous Orloff. "And Count Alexis Grigorovitch," how many times have I heard the old lady tell the story! "directly he saw me came up, and, taking off his hat with both hands, made the lowest of bows, and said, 'My fair beauty, why is that pretty loose sleeve hanging from your shoulder? Can it be that you mean to enter the lists with me? So be it; but I warn you beforehand, you have already conquered, and I yield myself your prisoner.' And all round regarded me with envy and surprise." From that day she always wore the same kind of dress. "Only, I did not wear a high cap, but a cap *à la bergère de Trianon*; and though of course my hair was powdered, it shone like gold—oh, how it shone!" She was what may be called sublimely

stupid, and would chatter in the most inane manner, perfectly unconscious that she was talking nonsense. This was especially the case whenever she spoke of Orloff. Indeed, Orloff may be said to have formed the crowning subject of interest in her life. She generally entered, or rather swam into a room, placidly wagging her head like a pea-hen, marched up to the centre, and then, pushing out one foot from under her dress, and daintily holding the end of the hanging sleeve with the tips of two fingers—no doubt a pose that had in former days enchanted Orloff—threw a proud indifferent glance all round, as became an acknowledged beauty, gave a little pettish snort, murmured, "Well, really!" as if some saucy cavalier had been making her an over-bold compliment, and passed on with a stamp of the foot and a light shrug of the shoulder. She had a tiny snuff-box, from which she supplied herself by means of a little gold spoon; and from time to time, especially when talking with some new acquaintance who pleased her, would raise—not to her eyes, but to her nose, for she saw perfectly well—a double eyeglass in the shape of a horse-shoe, which she whirled round and round her forefinger, and thus showed her white hand. Malania Pavlovna has described to me a thousand times her wedding in the Church of the Ascension—"such a beautiful church!"—and how all Moscow was there—"such a crowd! perfectly awful!" "And the archbishop himself married us, and preached such a lovely sermon that everybody wept; look where I would, nothing but tears; and the governor general came in a *troika* of magnificent bay-colored horses. And how many flowers and bouquets! a perfect shower of them!" Nor did she forget to tell me how a certain rich foreigner, rich beyond words, shot himself for love! Orloff of course was there. He came up to Alexis Sergeivitch to congratulate him, and said "he was a lucky fellow." And, in answer to these gracious words, Alexis Sergeivitch made a most charming bow, lightly waving his hat from left to right close to the ground. "I hope your Excellency will not forget that there is now a line between you and my wife which you must never try to overstep." And Orloff at once un-

derstood the hint, and was pleased with Alexis for giving it." "Yes, that was indeed a man, a wonderful man. And then, another time, long after my marriage, we were invited by him to a ball, and he wore the most beautiful diamond buttons. I could not help remarking and admiring them. And what do you think? He took a knife from off the table, and cutting off one of the buttons, presented it to me with these words: "You, *golouboushka*—my little dove—have eyes that outshine a hundred diamonds; look for a moment in that glass, and you will see how dull my diamonds are in comparison." I felt obliged to look in the mirror, and all the while he stood close by my side. "Well, am I not right?" he asked, and fixed his eyes on me with such a glance. Poor Alexis Sergeivitch was at first confused, but I said to him, "Alexis, if you please, do not be foolish; you ought to know me better than that." "You may be quite at your ease, Malania," he replied. And those same diamonds I still wear around a miniature of Alexis Grigorovitch; you, of course, have seen it, my dear; I always wear it on holidays, sewn on to the ribbon of St. George; for he was a brave soldier and a valiant hero, a knight of the Order of St. George—why, he once burned a Turk alive!"

With all this Malania Pavlovna was a very good woman, and easily satisfied. "She never worries or annoys you," her maid-servant often told me. She was passionately fond of sweet things, and there was an old woman whose especial charge it was to see that there was a constant supply of preserves, for which reason she was always called "Sweetmeat;" and never less than ten times a day this woman would serve up on a china plate sugared bonbons wrapped in rose leaves, barberies mixed with honey, or sweet cakes dissolved in pine sherbet. Malania Pavlovna hated solitude, and was terribly nervous when alone; and she therefore always tried to be surrounded by a number of her pensioners, whom she would pray and coax to tell her something, and to sit down, "if only to keep the chairs warm;" and then they began chattering and chirping like a brood of canaries. Like Alexis Sergeivitch she was religious, and was very fond of reading

the prayers from the service book; but as she confessed that she had never been properly taught to read them, a poor priest's widow was kept in the house, who "read with such taste, and could go on for a century without once yawning!" And in truth, the widow possessed the rare faculty of reading any number of prayers without the slightest hesitation, or ever seeming to want to take breath, while good Malania Pavlovna listened with a pious expression that showed how deeply she was touched. There was another widow in her service, whose duty it was to relate *shazhkie* (popular tales) to her of a night; "only old ones, I pray you," begged Malania Pavlovna, "for those I know; as to the modern ones, they are made up, and are mere inventions." Malania Pavlovna was extremely frivolous, and like most empty-headed persons was also very suspicious, and from time to time became possessed with the most extravagant fancies. For example, she never had made any open complaint against the dwarf, but was at one time haunted with fear lest in an unexpected moment he should seize her and cry out: "Do you know who I am, and that I am a prince by birth?" after which, she felt sure, he would burn the house down. She was, like her husband, very generous, by nature, but never helped her dependants or the poor with money—"she did not wish to dirty her hands"—but gave them handkerchiefs, earrings, dresses, or ribbons; or sent them a piece of pie or roast meat from the table, and sometimes a glass of wine. On holidays she liked to give a treat to the village women, after having made them dance before the house, while she beat time with her foot, and put herself into a series of the most bewitching attitudes.

Alexis Sergeivitch knew very well that his wife was stupid, but from the very first year of his marriage, had taught himself to behave toward her as if she were the wittiest of women, and as though he feared her sharp tongue. Whenever she began to tattle too much, he would hold up his little finger in a threatening manner, and say: "What a tongue! what a tongue! you will suffer for it in the next world! they will pierce it through and through with a red-hot needle!" And Malania Pavlovna was

not offended by these words, on the contrary she was flattered by them, and would shake her head in a deprecating way, as much as to say, "After all, it is not my fault that I was born a wit."

Malania Pavlovna worshipped her husband, and all her life proved herself to be an exemplary faithful wife. But in her earlier days she had "a tender attachment" for a young nephew, a hussar, whom she always declared to have been killed in a duel, of which she was the innocent cause; though according to a more trustworthy account, he got his death in a rather disgraceful tavern quarrel with one of his fellow-officers. To the last she kept in a secret drawer a water-color portrait of this interesting object. And whenever the name of Kapietonousk was mentioned, she took care to blush deeply; and then Alexis Sergeivitch, holding up his finger by way of warning, would deliver himself of the wise maxim, "Never trust your horse loose in the field, or your wife in the house. Don't talk to me of Kapietonousk, he was a regular Cupid." Then Malania Pavlovna would put on an agitated air, and exclaim: "Really, Alexis, are you not ashamed of yourself? Just because when you were young you yourself were a regular Don Juan, you imagine—" "Well, enough, enough," interrupted Alexis with a smile; "white is your dress, but still whiter is your soul!" "That indeed you may say with truth; whiter, far whiter." "Heavens, what a tongue! word of honor, what a tongue!"—and Alexis would end by softly stroking his wife's hand.

To attribute "opinions" to Malania Pavlovna would if possible be still more ill-placed than to employ such a term in connection with Alexis Sergeivitch; but I once happened to witness a strange revelation of hidden feeling in my aunt. I had accidentally mentioned in the course of conversation the name of the celebrated Scheschkovski, when she immediately became deadly pale, with an agitation which not all her paint and powder could conceal, and in an accent of real, unassumed horror, the more remarkable because she generally spoke in an affected, half-simpering, half-lisping tone—exclaimed: "How dare you speak of him, and in the night too? I

pray you, never, never mention his name." I have often wondered what meaning the name of Scheschkovski could have for so harmless and inoffensive a creature, who, I suppose, had never been guilty in thought or deed of anything that could compromise her. These signs of fear, inspired by the sudden recollection of occurrences of some fifty years before, not unnaturally suggested suspicions of a somewhat unpleasant character.

The events of 1848 would seem to have exercised a fatal influence on Alexis Sergeivitch, and it was in that year that the good old man, then eighty-eight, died. There was something strange in the manner of his death. He appeared to be in his usual health, though his age had for some time kept him prisoner to his easy-chair, when one morning he suddenly called his wife. "Malania, come here!" "What is it, Alexis?" "Nothing, except that my time has come, and I am dying." "God forbid, Alexis; whatever makes you think so?" "I know that it must be so. First of all, each of us should know what is expected of him; and then I happened just now to look down at my legs, and they are no longer mine; at my hands, and they too are another's. My whole body is no more the same, and I feel that I am putting on a new shape. So make haste and send for the priest; but first get me to our little bed, from which I shall never rise again." Malania Pavlovna, scarcely knowing what she did, conducted the old man to his bed, sent for the priest, and sat down by his side. Alexis Sergeivitch made his last confession, took the Sacrament, called in his poor friends and dependants to take farewell of them, and then seemed to fall asleep. Suddenly the wife started up and cried out: "Alexis, don't frighten me! Don't shut your eyes! Are you in pain?" The old man quietly looked up. "No, I am in no pain, but let me breathe; I can't breathe." And for a few minutes all was still. "Malania," he at length murmured, "life is over; but do you remember our wedding-day, and what a handsome pair we were?" "Alexis, my beauty, food of my eyes!" cried the poor wife. And again the old man was silent. "Malania, shall we

meet once more in the world to come?" "I will pray to God that we may meet again." And the old woman burst into tears. "No, no, do not weep, you little silly; God will give us back our youth, and once again we shall be the pair we were in days gone by." "We will, Alexis—we will!" "With God all is possible," whispered Alexis Sergeivitch. "He is all-powerful. Why, he created you, the wisest of women! There, there—I was only joking; give me your hand." And the wife and husband each fondly kissed the clasped hands. After that, Alexis Sergeivitch grew quieter, and then began to wander. Malania Pavlovna sat watching him, one hand still clasped in his, while with the other she from time to time silently wiped away the tears that filled her eyes. Two hours passed. "Has he fallen asleep?" whispered the old woman who read the prayers so wonderfully well, as she came from behind Irinarch, who was standing near the door motionless as a post, watching his dying master. "He is asleep," answered Malania Pavlovna also in a whisper. But suddenly Alexis Sergeivitch opened his eyes. "Malania, my faithful friend," he muttered, in a broken voice; "my own true wife, God's blessing be with thee for all thy true love. I would—but I cannot raise myself—lift me up a little—that I may sign thee with the cross." Malania leaned over him; but the raised hand fell back idly on the quilt, and in a few moments Alexis Sergeivitch had ceased to breathe.

His daughters came with their husbands to the funeral; neither the one nor the other had any children. Though he did not once mention their names on his deathbed, they were not forgotten in his will. "My heart has grown cold toward them," he once said to me. Knowing, as I did, how kind and gentle he was by nature, I was surprised to hear him speak thus of his own daughters. But no one has a right to make himself judge between a father and his children. "A little chink in the ground may in the course of time become a huge ravine." Alexis Sergeivitch said to me on another occasion; "a wound a yard long may heal, but cut out only a fingernail, and it will never grow again." I have been told that the daughters were

ashamed of their old-fashioned parents.

A month had not passed when Malania Pavlovna also died. From the day of her husband's death she took to her bed, was scarcely ever to be seen, and no longer cared how she was dressed. But she was buried in the blue satin jacket, and with Orloff's miniature—only without the diamonds. These her daughters carried off under the pretext that such diamonds were only fit to ornament the picture of their saint; but, in reality, to employ them for the adornment of their own persons.

In such a lively manner do the figures of my dear old friends rise up before me, and my recollections of them are as fresh as if they had died but yesterday. Nevertheless, during the last visit I ever paid them—I was then a student—an incident occurred which somewhat disturbed the impression I had hitherto formed of the patriarchal life led by the Teleguins.

Among the out-door servants was a certain Ivan, the coachman, or coach-boy, as he was called, in consequence of his little stature, which was out of all proportion with his years. He was the veriest mite of a man, extremely nimble in his movements, with a pug nose, curly hair, a face perpetually on the grin, and eyes like a mouse. He was a rare buffoon, and lover of practical jokes; and his tricks and drolleries were infinite. He understood how to let off fireworks, could fly kites, and was a good hand at any game; could ride standing at full gallop, could leap higher than any one else at "giant's stride," and was quite a master at making the queerest of shadows on the wall. No one could amuse children better than he, and Ivan was perfectly happy if he was only allowed to spend an entire day playing with them. When he laughed, the whole house shook, and he was always ready with a joke and an answer. There was no being angry with him, and you were obliged to laugh even while scolding him. It was a treat to see Ivan dance—particularly the "fish dance." The music would strike up, and then the fellow darted out into the middle of the group and began turning, twisting, leaping, stamping with his feet, crawling on the floor, and going through all

the antics of a fish that had been caught and thrown on the dry ground ; and performed such contortions, claspings his neck with his heels, jumping here, springing there, that the very ground seemed to tremble under him. Many a time Alexis Sergeivitch, though, as I have already said, very fond of the choral dances, has interrupted the dancers, and cried out : " Come here, Ivan, my little coach-boy ; give us the fish-dance, and look sharp ! " And then a minute later you heard him exclaiming : " Ah, that's it ; well done, well done ! "

It was, then, during my last visit that this same Ivan came one morning into my room, and without saying a word fell down on his knees before me. " Ivan ! what's the matter ? " " Save me, sir ! " " How ? What has happened ? " And thereupon Ivan related to me all his troubles.

About twenty years before he had been exchanged from the service of a certain Suchinski on to the estate of the Teleguins ; but simply exchanged, without going through any legal formality or being supplied with the necessary papers. The man in whose place he had been taken died, and his old masters had quite forgotten Ivan, so that he remained with Alexis Sergeivitch, as if he had been born a serf in the family. In the course of time his former masters died also, and the estate passed into fresh hands and the new proprietor, who was generally reported to be cruel and brutal, informed the authorities that one of his serfs had been taken into the service of Alexis Sergeivitch without any legal sanction, demanded his immediate surrender, and in case of refusal threatened his detainer with a heavy fine and punishment. Nor was the threat by any means an idle one, since Suchinski was a very high-placed official, a privy counsellor by rank, with great influence throughout the district. Ivan in his fright appealed to Alexis Sergeivitch. The old man took pity on his favorite dancer, and made an offer to the privy counsellor to buy Ivan of him for a good round sum, but the proposal was contemptuously rejected ; and what made matters worse, he was a Little Russian—as pig-headed as the very devil. There was nothing to be done but to give up the poor serf. " I have

lived here, made my home here, served here, eaten my daily bread here, and it is here I wish to die," Ivan cried to me ; " am I a dog, to be dragged by a chain from one kennel to another. Save me, I implore you ; entreat your uncle never to give me up ; do not forget how often I have amused you. And if I do go, the worse for us all ; it can only end in crime ! " " In crime ! what do you mean, Ivan ? " " Why, I shall kill him. I will go, and the first day I will say to him, let me return to my old master, sir ; do not refuse me, or if you do, take care ; I will murder you. "

If a chaffinch or a goldfinch had suddenly spoken, and threatened to swallow a large bird, I should not have been more astonished than I was to hear Ivan speak thus. Ivan, the dancer, buffoon, and jester, the beloved of children, himself a child, this good-souled creature, to become a murderer ! The idea was too ridiculous. Not for a moment did I believe him ; but what I could not understand was that he should even talk of such a thing. I had, however, a long conversation with Alexis Sergeivitch, and employed every form of entreaty that he would somehow or other arrange the affair. " My dear sir," the old man replied, " I should indeed be glad to do so, but it is impossible. I have already offered the pig-headed fellow a good price, three hundred roubles, on my word of honor, and he will not hear of it ; so, what can I do ? Of course it is illegal, and the exchange was made in the old-fashioned way, as between men of honor, and now it promises to end badly. You will see, the man will take Ivan from me by force—he is very powerful, the Governor-General often dines at his house—and he will send soldiers to arrest him. And I have a mortal fear of soldiers ! The time was, I would never have given up Ivan, let him storm as loudly as he chose ; but now, only look at me, what a poor cripple I am. How can I fight against a man like that ? " And in truth, Alexis Sergeivitch had of late aged greatly : his eyes now wore a childish expression, and in place of the intelligent smile that once lit up his features, there played round his lips that mild unconscious simper which I have remarked that very old people will preserve even in their sleep.

I communicated the result of our interview to Ivan, who heard me in silence with his head bent. "Well," he at last exclaimed, "it is given to no one to escape his fate. But I shall keep my word; there is only one thing to do; and I will give him a surprise. If you don't mind, sir, give me a little money to buy some *vodka*." I gave him some, and that day Ivan drank heavily; but in the evening he favored us with the "fish-dance," and danced so that the girls and women were in ecstasies. Never before had I seen him in such force.

The next day I returned home, and three months later, when I was in St. Petersburg, I learned that Ivan had kept his vow. He was sent off to his new master, who at once called him into his study and informed him that he was to act as coachman, that three of his bay horses would be given into his charge, and that it would be the worse for him if he did not look well after them, or in any way neglected his duties. "I am not a man to be joked with," added he. Ivan listened to all his master had to say, and then throwing himself at his feet declared that, whatever his honor might wish, he never could be his serf. "Let me go back, I beseech your honor; or if you like, send me to be a soldier; or before long evil will come upon you!"

His master flew into a furious passion. "Oh, you are one of that sort, are you? How dare you talk to me in that way? First, please to know that I am not your honor, but your excellency; and next, do not forget that you are long past the age for a soldier, even if they would take such a dwarf; and lastly, pray, what is it you threaten me with? Do you mean to burn my house down?" "No, your excellency, I shall never set fire to your house." "What then, are you going to murder me?" Ivan made no reply. "I will never be your serf," he muttered at last. "I will just show you, whether you are my serf or not," roared his master. And Ivan was severely punished; but for all that, the three bay horses were put under his care, and he received the place of coachman.

Ivan appeared to submit to his fate, and as he soon proved that he understood his business, he quickly won the favor of his master, the more so because in general he was quiet and civil in his behavior, while the horses intrusted to him were so well cared for that everybody declared it was a treat to look at them. His master evidently preferred driving out with Ivan to going with any of the other coachmen. Sometimes he would laugh, and say: "Well, Ivan, do you recollect how badly we got on at our first meeting? but I fancy we have driven out the devil after all." To these words Ivan never made any answer. But one day, just about Epiphany time, his master drove to town with Ivan as coachman, the bells jingling merrily from the necks of the three bay horses. They were just beginning to mount a rather steep hill at foot-pace, when Ivan slid off the box and went behind the sledge, as if to pick up something he had let fall. It was a sharp frost, and his master sat huddled up in a thick fur, with a warm cap drawn close over his ears. Then Ivan took from under his long coat a hatchet which he carried in his belt, came close up behind his master, knocked off his cap, and with the words, "I warned you once, Peter Petrovitch, so you have only yourself to thank," at one blow cut his head open. He then stopped the horses, replaced the cap carefully on the head of the dead man, and taking his place again on the box drove into town straight up to the police station.

"I have brought you General Suchinsky's dead body, it is I myself who killed him. I told him I would, and I have done it. So take me."

He was arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to the knout, and then sent for life to the mines in Siberia. And thus Ivan, the gay, light-hearted dancer, disappeared for ever from the world of light.

Yes, involuntarily, but in a different sense, we exclaim with Alexis Sergeievitch: "The old times were good, but they are gone—and peace be with them!"

—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

MR. GIBBON'S LOVE-PASSAGE.

To the large class called general readers the most entertaining part of biography is that which relates to affairs of the heart. One need not go deep into human nature to seek the causes of this predilection, and if one should do so it would be only to repeat truisms and paraphrase proverbs. Indeed, the books devoted to the love-stories of celebrated people would form a curious and not a small collection. It is said that in Germany there are continual publications relating to Goethe's youthful fancy for Frederica Brion, which have come to be called "*Die Frederike-Literatur*;" and in France it seems that the last word has not yet been said about George Sand and Alfred de Musset, notwithstanding several volumes on the subject which came out twenty years ago. There is a branch of literature devoted to people who have been famous for their love-affairs only, of which the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse and of Mlle. Aïssé are specimens, and which increases yearly. There is no apology or explanation necessary, therefore, for offering an account of the single love-affair of one of the greatest English authors, especially as the object of his affection was a woman who has many titles to lasting remembrance herself. In all notices of Gibbon hitherto this passage has been treated as an incident rather than an episode. In the most recent work on him (by Mr. James Cotter Morison in the "*English Men of Letters*") less than half a dozen pages are given to the subject—two to the affair itself, and four to exonerating Gibbon from the accusation of coldness and inconstancy. Perhaps with the data which Mr. Morison had at command when he wrote, he was impartial in acquitting Gibbon from these charges; but even if the latter was excusable for not marrying against his father's will, as without it he could not marry comfortably, there is no excuse offered for his wooing and addressing a young lady without the certainty of his father's consent under those circumstances. Since the appearance of Mr. Morison's notice all the particulars of the story have been made public for the first time. It has an interest

which could not have been guessed from the scanty accounts previously given; the persons connected with it are famous in their own right, and the newly-revealed qualities of the heroine give it a place in sentimental literature which Gibbon's poor figure as a lover could never have commanded. It is impossible to associate romance with the countenance which prompted Porson's scurrile jest, and poor, blind, old Mme. du Deffand's angry suspicion when she tried to find its outlines. Yet in the owner's early days it had attractions for an enthusiastic girl, whose beauty, intelligence, and goodness marked her for the heroine of a love-story. She became, moreover, the friend of the most distinguished men and women of her time, the wife of a chief actor in the stormy prologue to the terrible drama of the Terror, and the mother of Mme. de Staël. The first love of such a woman would be worth knowing, even if the object had been an obscure country pastor or lawyer of her native valleys; and as it was evidently the groundwork of Mme. de Staël's novel of "*Corinne*," it is curious to compare the fiction with the reality.

In the chateau of Coppet, on the lake of Geneva, famous as the home of M. and Mme. Necker and their daughter Mme. de Staël, there is an old tower which has served the family for generations as a muniment-room. In it are stored journals, memoranda, documents of every sort, and a collection of letters, amounting to twenty-seven volumes, addressed to M. and Mme. Necker, and signed by almost every famous contemporary name in France, and by many of other nations, with copies of important letters written in reply. For some unexplained reason, possibly the prolonged life of Mme. de Staël's daughter-in-law, the late owner of Coppet and its archives, who died but three years ago, this treasure of memoir and biography has remained untouched until the past twelvemonth. The mine has been opened at last by M. Othenin d'Haussonville, who has published what he terms a series of studies on the *Salon de Mme. Necker*, his great-great-grandmother. The first

chapter contains a very interesting and touching account of the girlhood of this lady, from which, and the testimony of a few other witnesses, the love-passage of Mr. Gibbon can be truly set forth.

Suzanne Churchod was born in July 1737 in the manse of the little Swiss village of Crassy or Crassier, too insignificant to be even named in Murray's guide-book. Her father, Louis Antoine Churchod, was minister of the Protestant church which stood opposite his unpretending abode, a white-walled, green-shuttered, small, square building, with a strip of garden and small fruit-trees dividing it from the road, like scores which everybody has seen who has been in Switzerland. Her mother's family name was Albert de Nasse; she belonged to the petty nobility of Dauphiny, whence she had fled with her father from the religious persecutions under Louis XV. Suzanne took rather too much pride in her drop of good blood, and at one time in her girlish career she signed herself "Churchod de Nasse," and had her letters addressed to "Mlle. Albert de Nasse." She was an only child and an idol; her good parents spared no pains in teaching and training her; but it is evident that they also spoiled her, and gave her a consequence in her own eyes which they themselves never assumed. Besides her aristocratic pretensions, she inherited from her mother force of character and personal beauty. The latter is so uncommon in Switzerland that Mlle. Churchod's must have been the more striking, and her reputation for personal loveliness was widespread. She has left a portrait of herself at sixteen, according to the custom of the day, which is by no means so complimentary as descriptions given of her by other people. "A face which betrays youth and gayety; fair hair, and complexion lighted up by soft, laughing, blue eyes; a well-shaped little nose, a mouth which curves upward, and a smile which answers to the eyes; a tall, well-proportioned figure, which lacks the advantage of elegance; a rustic deportment, and a certain abruptness of movement which contrasts strongly with a sweet voice and modest expression. Such is the sketch of a portrait which you may think flattered." That it was not flattered any one may see by the en-

graving from a later picture of her in the first volume of Dr. Stevens' "Life and Times of Mme. de Staël;" the nose is aquiline but delicate, and the brows are finely arched in a beautiful, expansive forehead; the expression of the face is of mingled sprightliness and sentiment. The painter has bestowed a grace and ease which the original never possessed, but all contemporary accounts of her speak of her beauty in stronger terms than her own, and the Parisians were dazzled by her brilliant fairness and freshness. She had need to be very handsome, or her erudition would have frightened off her admirers. Her father devoted himself to her instruction, and gave her what was considered a solid education, which included some knowledge of the classics, mathematics, and physical science. She amused herself by writing in Latin to a friend of her father's, who replied in the same language, complimenting her on her Ciceronian style—"et tantam eruditionem in tam molli planta." To these severe acquirements she added the feminine accomplishments of French, music, painting, and embroidery.

At an age when girls are usually in the school-room Suzanne took an active part in the hospitalities of her father's house, and was surrounded by admirers. The first of these were young ministers from Geneva and Lausanne. A favorite stratagem of the clerical adorers was to relieve M. Churchod of his Sabbath services, which necessitated their spending the day and night at Crassy. On Monday morning the volunteer substitute jogged away on the pastor's old gray nag Grison; Grison had to be sent back with a note of thanks which often required a response, and the correspondence devolved upon Suzanne. Among the records of this period is a written promise signed by two young divines, who pledge themselves "to the very charming young lady Mademoiselle Suzanne Churchod, to preach at Crassier as often as she shall exact, without being begged, entreated, pressed, or con-jured, because it was the sweetest of all pleasures to oblige her on every occasion."

Gossips were not wanting at Crassy, Geneva, and Lausanne; the assiduity of the young preachers was commented

upon, and Suzanne was censured for encouraging it. One friend (not in holy orders, it may be supposed) took it upon himself to write her a remonstrance, telling her that when church was over she should "drive them out with a broom, or keep out of the way herself." Interference with a girl who was living at home with her father and mother savors strongly of provincialism and Presbyterianism, but it must be confessed that M. and Mme. Churchod did not take the best care of their daughter. Some of her secular admirers sent her verses which might have scandalized a Paris fine lady. This country parson's daughter at sixteen received very well turned madrigals, which alternately praised her charms and deplored her rigor. It is unlikely that she showed her parents these effusions, although she made no secret of her correspondence or about any of her proceedings. However rigorous, Suzanne in her teens was no prude, probably because of her very innocence. Many years later, Mme. Necker, the paragon of married women and mothers, whose primness was a source of both amusement and annoyance to her visitors, alluded to those delightful days with some shame at her girlish freedom and flightiness; she confessed that she had had no notion of propriety—"my simplicity prevented my understanding it, and my head was turned by flattery."

The young men only did their share in spoiling Suzanne. Before she was fairly grown up she was reported a sort of local prodigy, and set up like a little goddess in the centre of the horizon beyond which her imagination did not reach. Suzanne Churchod's first appearance in Lausanne caused a sensation which the inhabitants and strangers living there at the time well remembered many long years afterward. Lausanne for a hundred and fifty years at least has made its boast of a learned and literary society which can hold its own against that of any city in Europe. Its claims have been recognized, in so far that it has been for a century and a half the chosen resort of distinguished men of various nations. It is enough to mention Voltaire, who there appeared in his own tragedies before an audience whom he pronounced to be "as good judges as

there were in Europe;" Gibbon, who, after paying it several long visits, settled there to finish his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, who at one time had a chair in the Academy; Sainte-Beuve, who there delivered the course of lectures on Port Royal which constitute six volumes of his published works. Notwithstanding all this literature they keep a little behind the times. M. d'Haussonville says wittily that in 1757 they had lost the hour of day, and the town-clock still marked the time of the Hotel Rambouillet. Even during Sainte-Beuve's sojourn there (1837-8) there was a lingering taste for literary travesties and nicknames; the young people carried on their flirtations and love-affairs under cover of his lectures, and the damsels gave their swains the names of defunct young Jansenists of the seventeenth century.

In Suzanne Churchod's heyday free-thinking was coming into fashion throughout the polite world. Religion was an active force among the worthy Swiss. Their morals were pure, their manners were simple, their pleasures were innocent, their tastes were rather pedantic. The Academy, or as we should say College or University, of Lausanne, gave an intellectual bias to the whole society, in which, notwithstanding the preponderance of grave and learned professors and divinity students, young people enjoyed an importance and independence unknown elsewhere. On summer evenings the citizens had the friendly habit of resorting to the open square near the castle, and the fine old Gothic cathedral in the heart of the academic quarter of the town, where the sons and daughters of the old feudal families (in spite of aristocratic distinctions kept up to this hour in that ancient republic) mingled with those of the middle class to talk and dance and sing under the chestnut-trees. There were dancing assemblies, picnics, and clubs or societies on the model of the Italian literary associations. Suzanne Churchod was brought by her parents into this privileged circle, where she was said to excel all the young girls in beauty and all the young men in knowledge. Here the black-coated ranks of her clerical admirers were bro-

ken by the students of the Academy, and beaux of the gay set, and she was acknowledged at once as queen of their balls. A society was founded in her honor, called the Academy of the Springs, from a spring in a neighboring valley where the members often held their sessions; it was organized on the basis of the courts of love of the days of chivalry, but the members took their names from Mlle. Scudéry's romances of "Clélie" and "Le grand Cyrus." Suzanne was made president (we may be sure she was not called chair-woman) under the name of Thémire. Every young man, or knight of the Academy of the Springs, as he was termed, was required to wear the colors of the young lady who pleased him best, the lady to reciprocate the compliment—that is, if she reciprocated the preference we may hope. When a member wished to change his or her colors, the reasons had to be assigned in full session, and the Academy decided upon their validity. Every candidate was required to give a truthful portrait of him or herself, person, mind, and character, and to contribute in turn an original production, either in prose or verse, the reading and discussion whereof was the chief business of the meeting. There were also regular debates on stated topics—as, for instance, Does mystery in itself enhance the pleasure of love, and can friendship of the same sort exist between a man and a woman as between two men and two women? Arcadian days, which dwelt long in the memory of those who had any part in them! Far into this century the spot was still shown in the little valley near the spring where the youthful academicians gathered in fine weather, and the throne of turf from which their lovely president ruled the proceedings.

Suzanne's triumphs, like those of other conquerors, would have been incomplete without the warning voice which bade her remember that she was but human. An older friend, again of the other sex, undertook the part of monitor, and informed her that she showed her desire to please men too plainly, and even although they all believe that to be woman's chief concern, they do not like it to be made too evident; warning her that she would repel instead of captivating them by her manner, etc., etc. Any

attractive young lady can finish the sermon from memory. Suzanne honestly admitted that she liked, the praise of men better than any other sort, and in spite of her unblushing conduct the offended sex did not cease to shower upon her French and Latin verses, declarations of love, and offers of marriage. Although the young coquette confesses that her head was turned by adulation, her heart was apparently untouched until she was nearly twenty. About the time that she was proclaimed queen of wit and beauty, there arrived at Lausanne a young Englishman, who attracted more attention than was generally bestowed upon strangers of his age. After giving promise of achievement by his precocious though desultory taste for letters, he had been dismissed from Oxford for joining the Roman Catholic Church. His father, a Tory M.P., in easy circumstances, sent him to be cured of his errors under the care of a Swiss Protestant minister, M. Pavillard—a change in his mode of life which came very hard at first. This was Edward Gibbon, not yet the fat-faced personage who confronts the title-page of the "Decline and Fall," but a slim, studious youth, who appeared in the estimable society of Lausanne with the twofold distinction of his errors and his reform. He was gradually admitted to their select diversions, and soon made fast friends among them. His foreign birth, his natural place in a wider sphere, his intense application to learning after a brief outburst of dissipation in company with some idle young fellows of his own nation, his speedy reconversion under the influence of his wise and venerable tutor and the Protestant atmosphere of the town, combined to make him a little lion in the intelligent circle to which he was introduced. He heard on all sides of the charms and talents of Mlle. Churchod, and had a great curiosity to see her before they met. When the fated day came he wrote in his diary: "I have seen Mlle. Churchod—*Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori.*"

This was in June, 1757, when they were both twenty; he was her senior only by a few months. Suzanne has left a picture of him as he first appeared to her blue eyes, which is engaging enough: "He has handsome hair, a pretty hand,

and the bearing of a person of condition. His face is so singular, so full of cleverness, that I know none which resembles it. He has so much expression that one constantly finds something new in it. His gestures are so appropriate that they add much to his words. In short, he has one of those extraordinary physiognomies which one never tires of studying, depicting, and following." Gibbon in his memoirs gives a still more flattering description of the young girl. His account of the events which ensued is brief and dry, but he implies that at first, although his suit was not discouraged, he was much the more enamored of the two. The affectation of seeming worse than one is had not come into vogue. Gibbon had to the full the decent desire of putting his best foot forward which belonged to his respectable class and times. He took no pride in making himself out a *Lovelace* to this village beauty, but left it to be inferred that he, and not she, was the honorable victim of the affair. But there are many ways in which a man may ruin a young girl, and that Gibbon did not destroy Suzanne Churchod's happiness for life is due to the vigor of her intellect and character. After making her acquaintance he improved his opportunities to the utmost, obtained permission to visit her at her home, which he did several times during the course of that summer and autumn, once staying as long as a week. An interchange of letters soon began. His at first betrayed more vanity and wish to dazzle his fair correspondent than sentiment. Like other lovers, real and feigned, he counts the sand since the glass was turned on his banishment, and tells her that it is "a hundred and twenty-one hours eighteen minutes and thirty-three seconds since Crassy disappeared in the clouds." In the next, it is a week since he has seen her, "and to say that it seems like a century would be true but hackneyed." He professes himself unwilling to use the language of ordinary lovers, and thus to forfeit the epithets of "original and unique" which she has bestowed upon him; yet how shall he convey a notion of the tedium of existence since they parted? He then relates how he once passed three weeks in a stupid country-house with a cross old crone who

talked to him about Gog and Magog, Antichrist, and her private interpretation of the Apocalypse, with no books and no neighbors, except an old invalid who described all his ailments, and two country gentlemen who had ruined themselves by lawsuits, and believed that their only hope for better days lay in the division of Germany; but one being a Prussian and the other an Austrian, they could not agree about the conditions. Well!" he cries, "those three weeks did not seem half so long as the time I have been absent from you." After all, this is not an excess of ardor. He pays her elaborate compliments at the expense of every other woman in the world, and tells her of a picture he has seen in a studio and taken for a portrait of her, but the painter assured him that it was a fancy piece, his ideal of female loveliness, which he had sought for in vain all over the world; Gibbon relates this adventure only to exalt the graces of Mlle. Churchod's mind and character above those of her person. This artificial and labored tone continues throughout the correspondence on his side; it was the tone of the time, but neither in love-letters nor in the ludicrous poetry which he addresses to her in defiance of the rules of French syntax and prosody, is there one touch of true tenderness or a single spark of real passion. Gibbon's French verses are curiosities of literature, as he wrote French prose with remarkable correctness and fluency. At length he began to write as an accepted suitor, yet he did not depart from the conventional form in which he professed himself to be "with the utmost esteem and affection, her very humble servant."

There are no letters of Suzanne's belonging to the early stages of the correspondence. Gibbon's rejoinders prove that she usually wrote in a bantering strain. From the beginning of her engagement she kept copies of her letters—a strange precaution; but although she had perfect confidence in his attachment, misgivings as to the result of the connection beset her from the first. The warmth and depth of her feelings pervade her letters to him, yet she wrote with a dignity and self-restraint which showed how fast she matured under the influence of love. But already the fear of objections on his father's part, and

her determination not to resist them, were openly expressed. Clouds soon arose from this source. Suzanne made it a condition of her acceptance that her lover must make his home in Switzerland as long as her parents should live. To this Gibbon at first joyfully subscribed, but before long he began to complain of it. On a little journey to Fribourg he wrote her a letter in which he was ungenerous and uncandid enough to hint that, as she saw so many obstacles on both sides, perhaps an avowal of indifference from him would be a welcome release to her. With many reproaches for this supposed coldness and protestations of his own devotion, he admits his fears that the condition she has affixed to their marriage cannot fail to wound his father both in his parental affection and in his ambition; still he, Edward, does not despair of reconciling him to it; he goes on to retail with insufferable egotism and cumbrous complication of suppositions, the arguments with which he will soften his father's resistance, his own absence of ambition, indifference to worldly honors, philosophical superiority to wealth; he will remind his father that knowledge has been his only passion until love awoke in his heart. It was a letter to dispel a girl's illusions. Suzanne replied with much controlled emotion; she reiterated that she could not allow her lover to disobey or even to distress his father—the love she bears her own parents is her measure for what he owes to his; but she will not justify herself against his insinuation of her wishing for an avowal of indifference on his part. "I never supposed for a moment you could imagine such a thing; it was too far from my heart to enter my thoughts."

Her forebodings were verified. Gibbon's stay at Lausanne was drawing to a close when they first met, and in the spring of 1758, about six months after their engagement, he went home to England. He wrote twice to her on the journey, letters which seem to have gone astray; then followed a languishing correspondence, a present of his first work, "*Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*," which was written in French; finally a letter announcing his father's relentless opposition to their marriage, and his own mournful acquiescence in it. From

Gibbon's account in his memoirs one is led to suppose that the rupture of his engagement took place shortly after his return to England, and ended all communication between himself and Mlle. Churchod: "I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided in friendship and esteem." The deliberate misrepresentation of the course of events is proved by the date of the aforesaid letter, August 1762, when they had been affianced for nearly five years. In it he repeats the final conversation between himself and his father, which the older man closed by saying: "Marry your foreigner—you are independent. But remember that you are a son and a citizen." Whereupon his son retired to his chamber, and remained there two hours. "I will not endeavor to describe my condition to you. I came forth to tell my father that I would sacrifice the happiness of my life to him." The epistle concludes with the obligatory protestations of his own misery, and prayers for the lady's happiness, and an entreaty that she will not altogether forget him.

In the meantime other griefs were gathering about Suzanne's joyous existence, and gradually shutting out its brightness altogether. Early in the year 1760 she lost her too fond and indulgent father; Crassy passed into the care of a new pastor; the widow and orphan of M. Churchod were left almost in penury. It was then that the strength and worth of Suzanne's character first asserted themselves. She turned her talents and education to account by teaching. There is a tradition in the Pays de Vaud of the beautiful Mlle. Churchod jogging about on a little donkey to the houses of pupils who lived out of town. For upward of three years she followed the hard calling of a daily governess bravely, still rejecting offers of marriage, still clinging to the belief in a conditional engagement to Gibbon—a cruel situation,

a sickening change. The young woman's courage did not forsake her, but the serene and even temper for which she had been praised, and for which she was remarked in after times, gave way under the trials and suspense of her lot. Her intercourse with her mother became troubled; who knows with what complaints and regrets for better days the poor woman, whose life had been full of reverses, may have irritated and embittered her daughter's laborious and anxious existence?—with what taunts for her fidelity to a faithless lover when there were eager suitors who would restore them to comfort and consideration? That painful phase is known only by the daughter's bitter self-reproaches after she lost her mother, and even into middle age. It is likely that Suzanne exaggerated her shortcomings as she exaggerated everything, for all the letters of condolence which she received on Madame Churchod's death, early in the year 1763, laid stress on the consolation which the sense of her duteousness and devotion must afford her.

And now the poor girl was alone in the world—father, mother, home, and lover gone—earning her bitter bread by uncongenial drudgery; an object of charity where she had been a goodess; still admired and courted, yet with nothing before her except the dismal perspective of the life of a daily governess, or a marriage without love. Sentimental and romantic, with feelings which had been roused by a real passion, any alternative seemed better to her than the last. Gibbon's letter of August 1762 would doubtless, with the aid of time, have ended the struggle, but for his unexpected return to Switzerland about six months afterward, soon after Madame Churchod's death. So strange a step under the circumstances, coupled with the expressions of attachment and unhappiness with which he concluded his farewell, naturally rekindled Suzanne's hopes. She was at Geneva when he reached Lausanne, but there is no mention of their meeting either in the records of Coppel or in his account of this visit in his memoirs, although he descants on the welcome and pleasures he found at his old abode. There is no reason to think that he wrote to her or sought her out, but his return gave force to his pe-

tition for remembrance; and Suzanne, with the faith of a love which had strengthened while he was forgetting, ascribed it to fidelity. Unable to endure her agitation and uncertainty, she wrote to him in the following passionate and pathetic terms: "Sir, I blush for the step I am about to take. I would fain hide it from you; I would hide it from myself. Great God! can an innocent heart abase itself to such depths? What humiliation! I have had more terrible sorrows, but none which I have felt so poignantly. But I owe the effort to my peace of mind; if I lose this opportunity, there is no more peace for me. . . . For five years I have sacrificed everything to a chimera; but at last, romantic though I am, I begin to perceive my mistake. I beg you on my knees to undeceive my infatuated heart; sign an avowal of your complete indifference to me, and my soul will accept its destiny—certainty will bring the calm which I crave." She adjured him to answer her sincerely, and not to trifle with her repose, as she had too long persuaded herself that what were perhaps symptoms of coolness on his part were proofs of delicacy and disinterestedness. She implored him with a sort of frenzy never to betray the appeal even to her most intimate friend. "My horror of such a punishment is the gauge of my fault, and, as it is, I feel that I am committing an outrage on my modesty, my past conduct, and my present feelings." These are the accents of Corinne and Delphine.

Gibbon was gentleman enough to return the letter; it remains among the archives of Coppel, with its address, its black seal, the token of her recent loss and loneliness, and her own superscription, in English: "A thinking soul is punishment enough, and every thought draws blood." His reply must have wounded her love and pride too cruelly; it was not kept. Even at this day, when the tears have been so long dried, the pulses so long stilled, when, as Sainte-Beuve says in another case, it cannot matter much whether her love was crossed or successful, one is forced to regret that Mlle. Churchod should have made any rejoinder. She wrote again the same week, goaded by two emotions, which breathe through every sentence—

outraged pride and the impossibility of breaking off with him at once and forever. The proceeding was not dignified, but the tone of the letter is strictly so. "Sir, five years' absence was insufficient to effect the change which I have just undergone. It is to be regretted for my sake that you should not have written in this way sooner, that your previous letter was not in a different strain. The expression of suffering and sorrow, elevated and enhanced by the semblance of virtue, is calculated to excite another person to great follies, and you ought to have spared me five or six irreparable ones which have decided my fate in this life." She thanks him for having opened her eyes and revived her self-esteem, enough, at least, for her to be conscious of its smart. "It was not to you that I sacrificed it, but to an imaginary being, who could exist only in a romantic crack-brain like mine. From the moment your letter undeceived me you re-entered the ranks of ordinary men, and from being the only one I could ever love, you have become the last whom I should fancy, because you are most unlike my sentimental (*celadonique*) ideal." But she did not stop there; she proposes that they shall bury the past together, offers him her friendship, proposes to give him a letter of introduction to Rousseau, and asks his advice about an occupation. She had been thinking of taking a position as lady's companion, and was hesitating between England and a German court; she begged for the benefit of his counsel and experience in the choice. Gibbon allowed this letter to lie unanswered for three weeks, which adds a stamp of brutality to his conduct. His reply was formal and cautious; he thanked Mlle. Churchod for the offer of her friendship, but said that a renewal of their intercourse and correspondence would be too dangerous for himself—and possibly for her; on all necessary occasions she should find him a friend on whom she could rely; the position of companion in England, as elsewhere, was uncertain, depending on the character of those with whom one lived. "But you, Mademoiselle, have everything to hope from it. It would be impossible for any one to deny you their respect, and difficult not to award you their friendship."

This stilted and cold-blooded composition is signed "De Guibon," as if to emphasize its unguineness.

Here decidedly Mlle. Churchod should have stopped. That she did not do so is the sole excuse for Gibbon's hardness and frigidity. But she actually permitted her friends, the Pastor Moulton and Jean Jacques Rousseau—an odd coalition—to devise a little project for winning back her recreant lover by singing her praises to him, and repeating the admiration and attentions of which she was the object. This was too like pursuit, and foreshadows the terror with which her famous daughter inspired some of the men whom she honored with her friendship. It is needless to say that the little conspiracy did not succeed; Rousseau declined to carry out his part in it, and wrote M. Moulton: "M. Gibbon's cooling off toward Mlle. Churchod makes me think ill of him."

Any man who does not feel her value is unworthy of her, but one who, having known and felt it, could forswear her, is a man to despise." M. Moulton himself wrote: "Dear friend, I conjure you not to torture yourself; you rend my heart. If this man is worthy of you, he will return to you; if he is a wretch, let him go; he does not deserve a single regret." This was soon proved, but it required a sharper wrench yet to uproot the attachment which had fastened round the very corner-stone of her woman's nature. She fancied, poor girl, that it was on his imaginary perfections she had built her trust; it had long rested on the bare strength of her own affection. Toward the end of the same summer (1764) Mlle. Churchod and Gibbon met at Ferney, where Voltaire had collected the cream of the Vaudois society, which was so much to his taste. On this occasion, when Suzanne was making a brave effort to seem in good spirits and wear her willow gayly, Gibbon treated her with an insulting rudeness which left her no choice but a breach. She wrote him one long last letter, the outpouring of wounded vanity and pride—an endeavor at least to reinstate herself in the respect which she had apparently forfeited by her constancy. She recalled all the circumstances of their acquaintance—of his courtship, of their engagement, his oft-repeated assertion that he

would not give her up for his father's dissent, and her own reiterated determination not to go counter to it; the advantageous offers which she had refused in his absence, and which she valued only as proofs of her disinterestedness; it was to his knowledge of two of them, from men of good standing and fortune, that she had ascribed his renunciation of her when their union seemed indefinitely postponed. As she heard that he was not seeking any other woman in marriage, what wonder that she had set down his conduct to delicacy and unselfishness, and preference of what he deemed her good to his own happiness? Strong in this belief, when her father died she had valiantly rejected the home and ease and assured future which were laid at her feet, and adopted a mode of life which she detested, to support her mother and herself. She could not resist the temptation of alluding to the conquests which still marked her path; but it was with a burst of bitterness that she recalls how, in the hour of her bereavement, when rejected lovers, mere acquaintances, even strangers, had hastened to offer her comfort, the only one who had given no sign of sympathy was he to whom her heart belonged. Yet she thanks Heaven for having saved her from a marriage which would have resulted in mutual misery: "Hard heart, which I once thought so tender! What did I ask of you? What did I want? Your father was still alive, and my resolve was unshaken; I asked for the only sentiment which remained to us.

. . . I consider you a man of honor incapable of breaking a promise, seducing, or betraying; but capable of tearing a heart to shreds for your amusement by the most ingenious tortures. I no longer invoke the wrath of Heaven upon you, as I did in my first anger; but I need be no prophet to assure you that the day will come when you will regret the irreparable loss which you incurred when you estranged for ever the too frank and tender heart of S. C."

So ends the chapter of Suzanne Churchod's romance. With her wounds cauterized, but still burning, it now only remained for her to decide upon her future. Many homes were open to her upon her own terms. She was living temporarily with the excellent Pastor

Moulton, a former lover, who had become a faithful and devoted friend. Disappointed of his early love, he had married her friend, Mlle. Cayla. Suzanne, in order not to be a burden to these kind hosts, filled the post of governess to their children while going on with her other lessons. How irksome, how intolerable, these duties, associations, and scenes had become to her one may well guess. She longed to escape; the only alternative was a marriage of reason or braving the unknown trials of a lady's companion. In her dread of the latter, she lent an ear to the proposals of a lawyer from Yverdon, who had been sighing about her for some time, but she would not commit herself finally without further respite.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century it was the fashion in France for fine ladies in delicate health to go to Geneva and consult Dr. Tronchin. There was a floating society among the lacustrine villas, drawn together by the strange medley of tastes and ideas which rose to the surface in the ferment preceding the Revolution. People resorted to the shores of Lake Lemman—some for Dr. Tronchin, or for change of climate; some for the scenery, for Voltaire, for Rousseau; some because they were sentimental, and cultivated sensibility; some because they were strong-minded, and practised inoculation; most of them for the reason which takes idle folks anywhere—because they found it amusing. The head of this society was the Duchesse d'Anville, a Rochefoucauld both by birth and marriage, who prided herself on her literary tastes and liberal ideas. She had made Madame Churchod's acquaintance about the time of her father's death, and had interested herself in various ways in the young lady's behalf. There was another fair patient of Dr. Tronchin's, a young widow from Paris, Madame de Vermeux, rich, intelligent, attractive, and fond of amusement. She liked clever men and had them about her; she also liked clever women, and falling in love with Suzanne, proposed to take her back to Paris as her companion. Suzanne was between twenty-six and seven, the same age as Madame de Vermeux, and her pride and love of independence had in-

creased with poverty; she hesitated when it came to the point of even temporarily surrendering her liberty. The influence of her friend M. Moulton, steadied her wavering inclination; she accepted the proposal, and set out in this humble position to find a cure for her grief in new scenes, while Gibbon's steps were drawing toward Rome, and that memorable hour of meditation in the ruins of the Capitol which gave the world his immortal work.

The eighteenth century was at its apogee in France when Mlle. Churchod first went to that country. The great lights of the age were still shining, if some were on the wane; there was an extraordinary concourse of men and women of genius, talent, and learning in Paris. Suzanne's natural taste for literature and the intercourse of clever, cultivated people had been sharpened by her acquaintance with Rousseau, Voltaire, and the people of note whom she met at Ferney. She entered upon her new life with eager expectations, too high-pitched to be satisfied; she had probably indulged in visions of the Encyclopædists sitting in a circle, each talking like a book, and imagined Parisian society as only a larger and more brilliant debating club than her little Academy of the Springs. Her first letters to Switzerland express disappointment and betray provincial prejudices, although she met Marmontel, Bonstetten, and other celebrated men at Madame de Vermeaux's. Of the last-named Suzanne has nothing to say but praise for her kindness, consideration, generosity, and sympathy. The only drawback to her position as companion, besides a melancholy which she could not always hide, was the difficulty of dressing properly on an income of about sixteen pounds a year. She received no salary; Madame de Vermeaux loaded her with presents, and would have supplied all her wants if Mlle. Churchod's pride had permitted them to be suspected. The charm began to work, and the enjoyment and excitement of the new life to be felt, and to promote her moral cure, which was rapid in proportion to the anguish of her undeception and disillusion. She began to live again. At the same time she felt that she was merely passing through those new scenes; that the sit-

uation was becoming daily more untenable from her want of means; that the way before her was narrowing to the issue of a return to her pupils or the marriage of reason at Yverdon.

The *deus ex machina* who descended to deliver her from this hard alternative was her countryman James Necker, of the Swiss banking-house of Necker & Thélusson, which had lately been established in Paris. He had been captivated by Madame de Vermeaux's airy graces before she went to Geneva; she had been unable either to take him or let him go, and on her return to Paris he was still a suitor on probation. It was in this light that Mlle. Churchod first made his acquaintance in July, 1764. She liked him, and seconded his suit with her friend. Madame de Vermeaux's first experience of matrimony had been unfortunate; she was rich enough to care little for M. Necker's fortune, nor did she wish to lose her aristocratic position by a plebeian marriage; yet Necker was not a man to discard unadvisedly. In short, she shilly-shallied, and while she did so the wind veered to another quarter. M. Moulton's suspicions pointed in the right direction first; early in October Mlle. Churchod was forced to admit that he was right; she wrote to him that M. Necker preferred her, but that probably nothing would come of it, as he had started on a journey to Switzerland without offering himself. She confessed that she was far from indifferent to the result; and in a later letter she declared that if this brilliant castle in the air should dissolve, she would accept the lawyer of Yverdon, on condition of his allowing her to spend two months every year with her friends. But the crisis was at hand. On M. Necker's return from Geneva, he lost no time in addressing Mlle. Churchod, who replied by a little note, "written," says her descendant, "in a trembling hand: 'If your happiness, sir, depends upon my feelings for you, I fear that you were happy before you desired it.'"

It was true. Suzanne loved again, and with the whole force of her nature; this time it was no longer a girl's ardent fancy for a youth who appeared to her as a lover on their first meeting, and whom she endowed with all the attrib-

utes which a pure and highly-wrought imagination could supply; she had studied Necker with a keen, impartial scrutiny, but when she gave him her heart it was his to the day of her death, and she loved him with a tender and passionate admiration such as seldom endures the friction of domestic life in any relation. It is impossible not to think that she over-rated him, but he was one of those unusual men whose qualities maintain their ascendancy over the persons with whom they are in the closest and most constant intercourse. On the eve of their marriage Suzanne wrote her future husband a letter in which she told him all her love for him; she wished that he should know once for all the intensity and extent of her affection, and with noble candor she confessed it all, and the boundless happiness with which it filled her soul. Many women might say as much, at such a moment, but there was not a day in her married life when she would not have signed it, and the last expression of her affection, written as she felt her end draw near, is in the same deep and fervent strain.

The news of Mlle. Churchod's good fortune soon reached Switzerland and caused a general jubilation in the Pays de Vaud. Congratulations rained upon her, upon M. Necker, upon the Moultois. Even the poor lawyer of Yverdon, writhing under the blight of hopes which had been kept alive for several years, and the smart of knowing that he had been tolerated only as Jack-at-a-pinch, heartily joined his good wishes and prayers for her welfare to the chorus of happier voices, and absolved her "*mademoiselle et ma plus chère amie*," for the pain she had inflicted. What Mme. de Verme-noux had to say we are not told. It is significant that the pair were married rather on the sly, and that Suzanne informed her benefactress of the event afterward, with many excuses and explanations. However, if there were any displeasure or vexation, they were soon dispelled; Mme. de Verme-noux was the godmother of their first and only child, and their fast friend to the end of her short life.

The marriage took place toward the close of the year 1764. M. and Mme. Necker established themselves in a vast old-fashioned house in the interesting

quarter of Paris called the Marais, even then no longer fashionable, but highly respectable, where the firm of Necker & Thélusson had its banking-house. She entered at once upon a large and luxurious style of living, the scale of which she found somewhat bewildering and oppressive until her energy and system gave her the control of its details. It was here that Gibbon found her on his return from Italy, a few months after her marriage. All readers of his memoirs will remember the letter, with its undertone of pique and fatuity, in which he relates his first visit to her; he asks comically if anything could be more mortifying than Necker's going off to bed and leaving him alone with his former flame, but he did not feel to the full the almost contemptuous security of the proceeding. It did not strike him that Mme. Necker might be taking a gentle revenge for his declining her friendship on the plea of its dangers for her as well as himself.

When the little chagrins and embarrassments attendant on the renewal of their intimacy wore off, Gibbon found a great and lasting resource in the friendship of the magnanimous woman whose love he had slighted, and of her husband. His name occurs, and his letters appear throughout the record of Mme. Necker's life; and when she and her family were forced to seek refuge at Coppet from the fury of popular fickleness, which pursued Necker alternately with huzzas and hooting until it drove him from France, they found Gibbon at Lausanne writing his "*Decline and Fall*." No guest was more frequent or welcome at Coppet than he. M. Morison alludes to Mme Necker's letters to Gibbon at this period as testifying "a warmth of sentiment on her part which, coming from a lady of less spotless propriety, would almost imply a revival of early affection for an early lover." M. Morison was not aware of the tendency to exaggeration which was a life-long characteristic of Mme. Necker's, contrasting singularly with her rigid circumspection of conduct; she was fully conscious of the defect herself, and tried to correct it in her daughter. One need only compare with these letters her expressions in writing to her husband to get the measure of her feeling for the

two men. One need but compare the appearance and attitude of the two, and turn from little Gibbon, round and replete, dining with Lord Sheffield and other patrons, to Necker's imposing figure, even after he had grown unwieldy with corpulence, his fine dark head and face lighted by its penetrating smile, and the magnificent eyes which his daughter inherited from him—a sort of hero in overthrow.

Gibbon was probably conscious of his unfitness for romantic situations. His brief love for Suzanne is the single sen-

timental episode of which there is any trace in his life, except the absurd and apocryphal story of his getting on his knees to Mme. — and having to be helped up from them. The nobility of Mme. Necker's character invests the affection she cherished for Gibbon with a dignity and interest which is reflected upon him. The imagination dwells with pleasure on their return to the scenes of their early love, reunited by a worthy friendship which ended only with death. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

X.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE. (*Concluded.*)

IN the beginning of this chapter I have observed how little we think of the assumptions which are involved in putting such questions as that respecting the origin of religion. And here we have come to a point in our investigations at which it is very needful to remember again what some of these assumptions are. In order to do so let us look back for a moment and see where we stand.

We have found the clearest evidence that there is a special tendency in religious conceptions to run into developments of corruption and decay. We have seen the best reason to believe that the religion of savages, like their other peculiarities, is the result of this kind of evolution. We have found in the most ancient records of the Aryan language proof that the indications of religious thought are higher, simpler, and purer as we go back in time, until at last, in the very oldest compositions of human speech which have come down to us, we find the Divine Being spoken of in the sublime language which forms the opening of the Lord's Prayer. The date in absolute chronology of the oldest Vedic literature does not seem to be known. Professor Max Müller, however, considers that it may possibly take us back

5000 years.* This is probably an extreme estimate, and Professor Monier Williams seems to refer the most ancient Vedic hymns to a period not much more remote than 1500 B.C.† But whatever that date may be, or the corresponding date of any other very ancient literature, such as the Chinese, or that of the oldest Egyptian papyri, when we go beyond these dates we enter upon a period when we are absolutely without any historical evidence whatever, not only as to the history of religion, but as to the history and condition of mankind. We do not know even approximately the time during which he has existed. We do not know the place or the surroundings of his birth. We do not know the steps by which his knowledge "grew from more to more." All we can see with certainty is that the earliest inventions of mankind are the most wonderful that the race has ever made. The first beginnings of human speech must have had their origin in powers of the highest order. The first use of fire and the discovery of the methods by which it can be kindled; the domestication of wild animals; and above all the processes by which the various cereals were first developed out of some wild grasses—these are all discoveries with which in ingenuity and in importance no subsequent discoveries may compare. They are all

* Hibbert Lectures, p. 216.

† "Hinduism," p. 19.

unknown to history—all lost in the light of an effulgent dawn. In speculating, therefore, on the origin of these things, we must make one or other of two assumptions—either that man always had the same mental faculties and the same fundamental intellectual constitution that he has now, or that there was a time when these faculties had not yet risen to the level of humanity, and when his mental constitution was essentially inferior.

On the first of these assumptions we proceed on the safe ground of inquiry from the known to the unknown. We handle a familiar thing; we dissect a known structure; we think of a known agency. We speculate only on the matter of its first behavior. Even in this process we must take a good deal for granted—we must imagine a good deal that is not easily conceivable. If we try to present to our own minds any distinct image of the first man, whether we suppose him to have been specially created or gradually developed, we shall soon find that we are talking about a being and about a condition of things of which science tells us nothing, and of which the imagination even cannot form any definite conception. The temptation to think of that being as a mere savage is very great, and this theory underlies nine-tenths of all speculations on the subject. But, to say the very least, this may not be true, and valid reasons have been adduced to show that it is in the highest degree improbable. That the first man should have been born with all the developments of savagery, is as impossible as that he should have been born with all the developments of civilization. The next most natural resource we have is to think of the first man as something like a child. But no man has ever seen a child which never had a parent, or some one to represent a parent. We can form no picture in our mind's eye of the mental condition of the first man, if we suppose him to have had no communication with, and no instruction from, some intelligence other than his own. A child that has never known anything, and has never seen example, is a creature of which we have no knowledge, and of which therefore we can form no definite conception. Our power of conceiving things is, of course, no measure of their

possibility. But it may be well to observe where the impossibilities of conception are, or may be, of our own making. It is at least possible that the first man may not have been born or created in the condition which we find to be so inconceivable. He may have been a child, but having, what all other children have, some intimations of authority and some acquaintance with its source. At all events, let it be clearly seen that the denial of this possibility is an assumption; and an assumption too which establishes an absolute and radical distinction between childhood as we know it, and the inconceivable conditions of a childhood which was either without parents, or with parents who were comparatively beasts. Professor Max Müller has fancied our earliest forefathers as creatures who at first had to be "roused and awakened from mere staring and stolid wonderment," by certain objects "which set them for the first time musing, pondering, and thinking on the visions floating before their eyes." This is a picture evidently framed on the assumption of a fatherless childhood—of a being born into the world with all the innate powers of man, but absolutely deprived of all direct communication with any mind or will analogous to his own. No such assumption is admissible as representing any reasonable probability. But at least such imaginings as these about our first parents have reference to their external conditions only and do not raise the additional difficulties involved in the supposition that the first man was half a beast.

Very different is the case upon the other of the two assumptions which have been indicated above. On the assumption that there was a time when man was different in his own proper nature from that nature as we know it now—when he was merely an animal not yet developed into a man—on this assumption another element of the unknown is introduced, which is an element of absolute confusion. It is impossible to found any reasoning upon data which are not only unknown, but are in themselves unintelligible and inconceivable. Now it seems as if many of those who speculate on the origin of religion have not clearly made up their minds whether they are proceeding on the first of these assump-

tions or on the second; that is to say, on the assumption that man has always been, in respect to faculty, what he now is, or on the assumption that he was once a beast. Perhaps, indeed, it would be strictly true to say that many of those who speculate on the origin of religion proceed upon the last of these assumptions without avowing it, or even without distinctly recognizing it themselves. It may be well, therefore, to point out here that on this assumption the question cannot be discussed at all. We must begin with man as man, when his development or his creation had made him what he is; not indeed as regards the acquisitions of experience or the treasures of knowledge, but what he is in faculty and in power, in the structure and habit of his mind, in the instincts of his intellectual and moral nature.

But, as we have also seen at the beginning of this chapter, there are two other assumptions between which we must choose. Besides assuming something as to the condition and the powers of the first man, we must also make one or other of two assumptions as to the existence or non-existence of a being to whom his mind stands in close relation. One is the assumption that there is no God; and then the problem is, how man came to invent one. The other is that there is a God; and then the question is, whether He first formed, and how long He left, His creature without any intuition or revelation of Himself?"

It is really curious to observe in many speculations on the origin of religion how unconscious the writers are that they are making any assumption at all on this subject. And yet in many cases the assumption distinctly is that, as an objective reality, God does not exist, and that the conception of such a being is built up gradually out of wonderings and guessings about "the Infinite" and "the Invisible."

On this assumption I confess that it does not appear to me to be possible to give any satisfactory explanation of the origin of religion. As a matter of fact, we see that the tendency to believe in divine or superhuman beings is a universal tendency in the human mind. As a matter of fact, also, we see that the conceptions which gather round this belief—the ideas which grow up and are

developed from one consequence to another respecting the character of these superhuman personalities and the relations to mankind—are beyond all comparison the most powerful agencies in molding human nature for evil or for good. There is no question whatever about the fact that the most terrible and destructive customs of barbarian and of savage life are customs more or less directly connected with the growth of religious superstitions. It was the perception of this fact which inspired the intense hatred of Religion, as it was known to him, which breathes in the memorable poem of Lucretius. In all literature there is no single line more true than the famous line—"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum." Nor is it less certain, on the other hand, that the highest type of human virtue is that which has been exhibited in some of those whose whole inspiration and rule of life has been founded on religious faith. Religious conceptions have been historically the centre of all authority, and have given their strength to all ideas of moral obligation. Accordingly, we see that the same hatred which inspired Lucretius against religion because of its power for evil, now inspires other men against it because of its power for good. Those who wish to sever all the bonds which bind human society together, the State, the Church, the family, and whose spirits are in fierce rebellion against all law, human or divine, are and must be bitter enemies of religion. The idea must be unendurable to them of a Ruler who cannot be defied, of a throne which cannot be overturned, of a kingdom which endureth throughout all generations. The belief in any Divine Personality as the source of the inexorable laws of nature is a belief which enforces, as nothing else can enforce, the idea of obligation and the duty of obedience.

It is not possible, in the light of the unity of nature, to reconcile this close and obvious relation between religious conceptions and the highest conditions of human life with the supposition that these conceptions are nothing but a dream. The power exercised over the mind and conduct of mankind, by the belief in some divine personality with whom they have to do, is a power of

having all the marks that indicate an integral part of the system under which we live. But if we are to assume that this belief does not represent a fact, and that its origin is any other than a simple and natural perception of that fact, then this negation must be the groundwork of all our speculations on the subject, and must be involved, more or less directly, in every argument we use. But even on this assumption it is not a reasonable explanation of the fundamental postulates of all religion—namely, the existence of superhuman beings—to suppose that the idea of personality has been evolved out of that which is impersonal; the idea of will out of that which has no intelligence; the idea of life out of that which does not contain it.

On the other hand, if we make the only alternative assumption—namely, that there is a God, that is to say, a Supreme Being, who is the author of creation—then the origin of man's perception of this fact ceases to have any mystery other than that which attaches to the origin of every one of the elementary perceptions of his mind and spirit. Not a few of these perceptions tell him of realities which are as invisible as the Godhead. Of his own passions his perception is immediate—of his own love, of his own anger, of his own possession of just authority. The sense of owing obedience may well be as immediate as the sense of a right to claim it. Moreover, seeing the transcendent power of this perception upon his conduct, and, through his conduct, upon his fate, it becomes antecedently probable, in accordance with the analogies of nature and of all other created beings, that from the very first, and as part of the outfit of his nature, some knowledge was imparted to him of the existence of his Creator, and of the duty which he owed to Him.

Of the methods by which this knowledge was imparted to him, we are as ignorant as of the methods by which other innate perceptions were implanted in him. But no special difficulty is involved in the origin of a perception which stands in such close relation to the unity of nature. It has been demanded, indeed, as a postulate in this discussion, that we should discard all notions of antecedent probability—that we should

take nothing for granted, except that man started on his course furnished with what are called his senses, and with nothing more. And this demand may be acceded to, provided it be well understood what our senses are. If by this word we are to understand nothing more than the gates and avenues of approach through which we derive an impression of external objects—our sight, and touch, and smell, and taste, and hearing—then, indeed, it is the most violent of all assumptions that they are the only faculties by which knowledge is acquired. There is no need to put any disparagement on these senses, or to undervalue the work they do. Quite the contrary. It has been shown in a former chapter how securely we may rest on the wonder and on the truthfulness of these faculties as a pledge and guarantee of the truthfulness of other faculties which are conversant with higher things. When we think of the mechanism of the eye, and of the inconceivable minuteness of the ethereal movements which that organ enables us to separate and to discriminate at a glance, we get hold of an idea having an intense interest and a supreme importance. If adjustments so fine and so true as these have been elaborated out of the unities of nature, whether suddenly by what we imagine as Creation, or slowly by what we call development, then may we have the firmest confidence that the same law of natural adjustment has prevailed in all the other faculties of the perceiving and conceiving mind. The whole structure of that mind is, as it were, revealed to be a structure which is in the nature of a growth—a structure whose very property and function it is to take in and assimilate the truths of nature—and that in an ascending order, according to the rank of those truths in the system and constitution of the universe. In this connection of thought too great stress cannot be laid on the wonderful language of the senses. In the light of it the whole mind and spirit of man becomes one great mysterious retina for reflecting the images of eternal truth. Our moral and intellectual perceptions of things which in their very nature are invisible, come home to us as invested with a new authority. It is the authority of an adjusted structure—of a men-

tal organization which has been molded by what we call natural causes—these being the causes on which the unity of the world depends.

And when we come to consider how this molding, and the molding of the human body, deviates from that of the lower animals, we discover in the nature of this deviation a law which cannot be mistaken. That law points to the higher power and to the higher value in his economy of faculties which lie behind the senses. The human frame diverges from the frame of the brutes, so far as the mere bodily senses are concerned, in the direction of greater helplessness and weakness. Man's sight is less piercing than the eagle's. His hearing is less acute than the owl's or the bat's. His sense of smell may be said hardly to exist at all when it is compared with the exquisite susceptibilities of the deer, of the weasel, or of the fox. The whole principle and plan of structure in the beasts which are supposed to be nearest to him in form, is a principle and a plan which is almost the converse of that on which his structure has been organized. The so-called man-like apes are highly specialized; man on the contrary is as highly generalized. They are framed to live almost entirely on trees, and to be dependent on arboreal products, which only a very limited area in the globe can supply. Man is framed to be independent of all local conditions, except indeed those extreme conditions which are incompatible with the maintenance of organic life in any form. If it be true, therefore, that he is descended from some "arboreal animal with pointed ears," he has been modified during the steps of that descent on the principle of depending less on senses such as the lower animals possess, and more and more on what may be called the senses of his mind. The unclothed and unprotected condition of the human body, the total absence of any organic weapon of defence, the want of teeth adapted even for prehension, and the same want of power for similar purposes in the hands and fingers—these are all changes and departures from the mere animal type which stand in obvious relation to the mental powers of man. Apart from these, they are changes which would have placed the new creature at a hope-

less disadvantage in the struggle for existence. It is not easy to imagine—indeed, we may safely say that it is impossible to conceive—the condition of things during any intermediate steps in such a process. It seems as if there could be no safety until it had been completed—until the enfeebled physical organization had been supported and reinforced by the new capacities for knowledge and design. This, however, is not the point on which we are dwelling now. We are not now speculating on the origin of man. We are considering him only as he is, and as he must have been since he was man at all. And in that structure, as it is, we see that the bodily senses have a smaller relative importance than in the beasts. To the beasts these senses tell them all they know. To us they speak but little compared with all that our spirit of interpretation gathers from them. But that spirit of interpretation is in the nature of a sense. In the lower animals every external stimulus moves to some appropriate action. In man it moves to some appropriate thought. This is an enormous difference; but the principle is the same. We can see that, so far as the mechanism is visible, the plan or the principle of that mechanism is alike. The more clearly we understand that this organic mechanism has been a growth and a development, the more certain we may be that in its structure it is self-adapted, and that in its working it is true. And the same principle applies to those other faculties of our mental constitution which have no outward organ to indicate the machinery through which their operations are conducted. In them the spirit of interpretation is in communication with the realities which lie behind phenomena—with energies which are kindred with its own. And so we come to understand that the processes of development or of creation, whatever they may have been, which culminated in the production of a being such as man, are processes wholly governed and directed by a law of adjustment between the higher truths which it concerns him most to know, and the evolution of faculties by which alone he could be enabled to apprehend them. There is no difficulty in conceiving these processes carried to the most perfect consummation, as we do see

them actually carried to very high degrees of excellence in the case of a few men of extraordinary genius, or of extraordinary virtue. In science the most profound conclusions have been sometimes reached without any process of conscious reasoning. It is clearly the law of our nature, however, that the triumphs of intellect are to be gained only by laborious thought, and by the gains of one generation being made the starting-point for the acquisition of the next. This is the general law. But it is a law which itself assumes certain primary intuitions of the mind as the starting-point of all. If these were wrong, nothing could be right. The whole processes of reasoning would be vitiated from the first. The first man must have had these as perfectly as we now have them, else the earliest steps of reason could never have been taken, the earliest rewards of discovery could never have been secured. But there is this great difference between the moral and the intellectual nature of man, that whereas in the work of reasoning the perceptions which are primary and intuitive require to be worked out and elaborately applied, in morals the perceptions which are primary are all in all. It is true that here also the applications may be infinite, and the doctrines of utility have their legitimate application in enforcing, by the sense of obligation, whatever course of conduct reason may determine to be the most fitting and the best. The sense of obligation in itself is, like the sense of logical sequence, elementary, and, like it, is part and parcel of our mental constitution. But unlike the mere sense of logical sequence, the sense of moral obligation has one necessary and primary application which from the earliest moment of man's existence may well have been all-sufficient. Obedience to the will of legitimate authority is, as we have seen in a former chapter, the first duty and the first idea of duty in the mind of every child. If ever there was a man who had no earthly father, or if ever there was a man whose father was, as compared with himself, a beast, it would seem a natural and almost a necessary supposition that, along with his own new and wonderful power of self-consciousness, there should have been associated a consciousness also

of the presence and the power of that creative energy to which his own development was due. It is not possible for us to conceive what form the consciousness would take. "No man has seen God at any time." This absolute declaration of one of the apostles of the Christian Church proves that they accepted, as metaphorical, the literal terms in which the first communications between man and his Creator are narrated in the Jewish Scriptures. It is not necessary to suppose that the Almighty was seen by His first human creature walking in bodily form in a garden "in the cool of the day." The strong impressions of a spiritual presence and of spiritual communications which have been the turning-point in the lives of men living in the bustle of a busy and corrupted world, may well have been even more vivid and more immediate when the first "Being worthy to be called a man" stood in this world alone. The light which shone on Paul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus may have been such a light as shone on the father of our race. Or the communication may have been what metaphysicians call purely subjective, such as in all ages of the world do sometimes "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." But none the less may they have been direct and overpowering. The earliest and simplest conception of the Divine nature might well also be the best. And although we are forbidden to suppose the embodiment and visibility of the Godhead, we are not driven to the alternative of concluding that there never could have been anything which is to us unusual in the intimations of His presence. Yet this is another of the unobserved assumptions which are perpetually made—the assumption of an uniformity in nature which does not exist. That "all things have continued as they are since the beginning" is conceivable. But that all things should have continued as they were since before the beginning is a contradiction in terms. In primeval times many things had then just been done of which we have no knowledge now. When the form of man had been fashioned, and completed for the first time, like and yet unlike to the bodies of the beasts; when all their organs had been lifted to a higher significance in his;

when his hands had been liberated from walking and from climbing, and had been elaborated into an instrument of the most subtle and various use; when his feet had been adapted for holding him in the erect position; when his breathing apparatus had been set to musical chords of widest compass and the most exquisite tones; when all his senses had become ministers to a mind endowed with wonder and with reverence, and with reason and with love—then a work had been accomplished such as the world had not known before, and such as has never been repeated since. All the conditions under which that work was carried forward must have been happy conditions—conditions, that is to say, in perfect harmony with its progress and its end. They must have been favorable, first to the production and then to the use of those higher faculties which separated the new creature from the beasts. They must have been in a corresponding degree adverse to and incompatible with the prevalence of conditions tending to reversion or to degradation in any form. That long and gradual ascent, if we assume it to have been so—or, as it may have been, that sudden transfiguration—must have taken place in a congenial air and amid surroundings which lent themselves to so great a change. On every conceivable theory, therefore, of the origin of man, all this seems a necessity of thought. But perhaps it seems on the theory of development even more a necessity than on any other. It is of the essence of that theory that all things should have worked together for the good of the being that was to be. On the lowest interpretation, this “toil co-operant to an end” is always the necessary result of forces ever weaving and ever interwoven. On the higher interpretation it is the same. Only, some worker is ever behind the work. But under either interpretation the conclusion is the same. That the first man should have been a savage, with instincts and dispositions perverted as they are never perverted among the beasts, is a supposition impossible and inconceivable. Like every other creature, he must have been in harmony with his origin and his end—with the path which had led him to where he stood, with the work which

made him what he was. It may well have been part of that work—nay, it seems almost a necessary part of it—to give to this new and wonderful being some knowledge of his whence and whither—some open vision, some sense and faculty divine.

With arguments so deeply founded on the analogies of nature in favor of the conclusion that the first man, though a child in acquired knowledge, must from the first have had instincts and intuitions in harmony with his origin and with his destiny, we must demand the clearest proof from those who assume that he could have had no conception of a Divine being, and that this was an idea which could only be acquired in time from staring at things too big for him to measure, and from wondering at things too distant for him to reach. Not even his powers could extract from such things that which they do not contain. But in his own personality, fresh from the hand of nature—in his own spirit just issuing from the fountains of its birth—in his own will, willing according to the law of its creation—in his own desire of knowledge—in his own sense of obligation—in his own wonder and reverence and awe—he had all the elements to enable him at once to apprehend, though not to comprehend, the Infinite Being who was the author of his own.

It is, then, with that intense interest which must ever belong to new evidence in support of fundamental truths that we find these conclusions, founded as they are on the analogies of nature, confirmed and not disparaged by such facts as can be gathered from other sources of information. Scholars who have begun their search into the origin of religion in the full acceptance of what may be called the savage theory of the origin of man—who, captivated by a plausible generalization, had taken it for granted that the farther we go back in time the more certainly do we find all religion assuming one or other of the gross and idolatrous forms which have been indiscriminately grouped under the designation of Fetishism—have been driven from this belief by discovering to their surprise that facts do not support the theory. They have found, on the contrary, that up to the farthest limits which are reached by

records which are properly historical, and far beyond those limits to the remotest distance which is attained by evidence founded on the analysis of human speech, the religious conceptions of men are seen as we go back in time to have been not coarser and coarser, but simpler, purer, higher—so that the very oldest conceptions of the Divine Being of which we have any certain evidence are the simplest and the best of all.

In particular, and as a fact of typical significance, we find very clear indications that everywhere idolatry and fetishism appear to have been corruptions, while the higher and more spiritual conceptions of religion which lie behind do generally even now survive among idolatrous tribes as vague surmises or as matters of speculative belief. Nowhere even now, it is confessed, is mere fetishism the whole of the religion of any people. Everywhere, in so far as the history of it is known, it has been the work of evolution, the development of tendencies which are deviations from older paths. And not less significant is the fact that everywhere in the imagination and traditions of mankind there is preserved the memory and the belief in a past better than the present. "It is a constant saying," we are told, "among African tribes that formerly heaven was nearer to man than it is now; that the highest God, the Creator Himself, gave formerly lessons of wisdom to human beings; but that afterward He withdrew from them, and dwells now far from them in heaven." All the Indian races have the same tradition; and it is not easy to conceive how a belief so universal could have arisen unless as a survival. It has all the marks of being a memory and not an imagination. It would reconcile the origin of man with that law which has been elsewhere universal in creation—the law under which every creature has been produced not only with appropriate powers, but with appropriate instincts and intuitive perceptions for the guidance of these powers in their exercise and use. Many will remember the splendid lines in which Dante has defined this law, and has declared the impossibility of man having been exempt therefrom:

Nell' ordine ch'io dico sono accline
Tutte nature per diverse sorti
Più al principio loro, e men vicine;

Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' essere; e ciascuna
Con istinto a lei dato che la porti.

Nè pur le creature, che son fuore
D'intelligenza, quest' arco saetta,
Ma quelle c' hanno intelletto ed amore.*

The only mystery which would remain is the mystery which arises out of the fact that somehow those instincts have in man not only been liable to fail, but that they seem to have acquired apparently an ineradicable tendency to become perverted. But this is a lesser mystery than the mystery which would attach to the original birth or creation of any creature in the condition of a human savage. It is a lesser mystery because it is of the essence of a being whose will is comparatively free that he should be able to deviate from his appointed path. The origin of evil may appear to us to be a great mystery. But this at least may be said in mitigation of the difficulty, that without the possibility of evil there could be no possibility of any virtue. Among the lower animals obedience has always been a necessity. In man it was raised to the dignity of a duty. It is in this great change that we can see and understand how it is that the very elevation of his nature is inseparable from the possibility of a fall. The mystery, then, which attaches to his condition now is shifted from his endowments and his gifts to the use he made of them. The question of the origin of religion is merged and lost in the question of the origin of man. And that other question, how his religion came to be corrupted, becomes intelligible on the supposition of wilful disobedience with all its consequences having become "inherited and organized in the race." This is the formula of expression which has been invented or accepted by those who do not believe in original instincts or intuitions, even when these are in harmony with the order and with the reasonableness of nature. It may well therefore be accepted in a case where we have to account for tendencies and propensities which have no such character—which are exceptions to the unity of nature, and at variance with all that is intelligible in its order, or reasonable in its law.

If all explanation essentially consists

* "Paradiso," canto i 110-120.

in the reduction of phenomena into the terms of human thought and into the analogies of human experience, this is the explanation which can alone reconcile the unquestionable corruption of human character with the analogies of creation.

For the present I must bring these papers to a close. If the conclusions to which they point are true, then we have in them some foundation-stones strong enough to bear the weight of an immense, and, indeed, of an immeasurable superstructure. If the unity of nature is not a unity which consists in mere sameness of material, or in mere identity of composition, or in mere uniformity of structure, but a unity which the mind recognizes as the result of operations similar to its own; if man, not in his body only, but in the highest as well as in the lowest attributes of his spirit, is inside this unity and part of it; if all his powers are, like the instincts of the beasts, founded on a perfect harmony between his faculties and the realities of creation; if the limits of his knowledge do not affect its certainty; if its accepted truthfulness in the lower fields of thought arises out of correspondences and adjustments which are applicable to all the operations of his intellect, and all the energies of his spirit; if the moral character of man, as it exists now, is the one great anomaly in nature—the one great exception to its order and to the perfect harmony of its laws; if the

corruption of this moral character stands in immediate and necessary connection with rebellion against the authority on which that order rests; if all ignorance and error and misconception respecting the nature of that authority and of its commands has been and must be the cause of increasing deviation, disturbance, and perversion—then, indeed, we have a view of things which is full of light. Dark as the difficulties which remain may be, they are not of a kind to undermine all certitude, to discomfit all conviction, and to dissolve all hope. On the contrary, some of these difficulties are seen to be purely artificial and imaginary, while many others are exposed to the suspicion of belonging to the same class and category. In some cases our misgivings are shown to be unreasonable, while in many other cases, to say the least, doubt is thrown on doubt. Let destructive criticism do its work. But let that work be itself subjected to the same rigid analysis which it professes to employ. Under the analysis, unless I am much mistaken, the destroyer will be destroyed. That which pretends to be the universal solvent of all knowledge and of all belief, will be found to be destitute of any power to convict of falsehood the universal instinct of man, that by a careful and conscientious use of the appropriate means he can, and does, attain to a substantial knowledge of the truth.—*Contemporary Review*.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

LADY! in this night of June,
Fair like thee and holy,
Art thou gazing at the-moon
That is rising slowly?
I am gazing on her now:
Something tells me, so art thou.

II.

Night hath been when thou and I
Side by side were sitting,
Watching o'er the moonlit sky
Fleecy cloudlets flitting.
Close our hands were linked then;
When will they be linked again?

III.

What to me the starlight still,
Or the moonbeam's splendor,
If I do not feel the thrill
Of thy fingers slender?
Summer nights in vain are clear,
If thy footstep be not near.

IV.

Roses slumbering in their sheaths
O'er my threshold clamber,
And the honeysuckle wreathes
Its translucent amber
Round the gables of my home:
How is it thou dost not come?

V.

If thou camest, rose on rose
From its sleep would waken;
From each flower and leaf that blows
Spices would be shaken;
Floating down from star and tree,
Dreamy perfumes welcome thee.

VI.

I would lead thee where the leaves
In the moon-rays glisten;
And, where shadows fall in sheaves,
We would lean and listen
For the song of that sweet bird
That in April nights is heard.

VII.

And when weary lids would close,
And thy head was drooping,
Then, like dew that steepes the rose,
O'er thy languor stooping,
I would, till I woke a sigh,
Kiss thy sweet lips silently.

VIII.

I would give thee all I own,
All thou hast would borrow;
I from thee would keep alone
Fear and doubt and sorrow.
All of tender that is mine,
Should most tenderly be thine.

IX.

Moonlight! into other skies,
I beseech thee wander.
Cruel, thus to mock mine eyes,
Idle, thus to squander
Love's own light on this dark spot;—
For my lady cometh not!

A NEW LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THREE years ago, on the occasion of the Voltaire and Rousseau centenary, I had the honor of writing something about it in these pages. Shortly after the appearance of the article I met a young lady—an old pupil of mine—who saluted me with the reproachful greeting: "I see you have been praising that wretch Voltaire. How could you do it?" Although I was fully aware that considerable numbers of presumably sane human beings still thought and spoke of Voltaire as a wretch, I confess I was a little startled to find that among them were persons of intelligence and cultivation, as this lady certainly was. The astonishment was perhaps unphilosophical, for prejudice in general and ignorance in particular will account for most things. But the general prejudice against Voltaire has certainly not died out, and it may be doubted whether knowledge as to what he actually said, wrote, and thought is as yet very widely spread in England. It is certainly not necessary to say to readers of the *Fortnightly Review* that we have in English admirable works of the biographical essay kind on Voltaire of much more recent date than Mr. Carlyle's famous and still indispensable study; but no work of the compass of those alluded to can possibly do more than summarize the events and comment on the productions of a life so long and so busy as Voltaire's. The sort of book that is now wanted is a book that shall contain in full measure and orderly arrangement the *pièces*—the supporting documents and facts of Mr. Carlyle's and our editor's conclusions, and of such conclusions as may be formed by a reader who likes to create for himself, and who yet does not care to work through the hundred volumes supplemented by all the biographies from Duvernet to Desnoiresterres, and all the criticisms from Folland to Martin. This is what Mr. Parton has attempted to supply. I do not purpose in this place to examine very

minutely into the manner in which he has performed his task; though I must say briefly that it is not well performed. The author, I believe, is an American journalist of some position, and a recent article of his on American politics has excited a good deal of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. He writes fairly well, and seems to have taken a great deal of trouble with his work; but he does not appear to possess anything like the width of literary culture which is the necessary equipment of any one who writes on Voltaire. He makes a good many grotesque blunders, and his critical powers seem to me altogether defective. But he has got together a very great deal of information about his hero from a very large number of different sources, and his book, with the exception of the eight volumes of Desnoiresterres, gives probably the most extensive and the fullest store of information on the subject to be found between the covers of any single work. I shall, therefore, in this article busy myself very little with Mr. Parton, and almost entirely with the portrait of Voltaire's life and works which Mr. Parton has got together.

The knowledge of the general English public as to Voltaire may be said to begin with his second Bastille experience, his exile to England, and the "Henriade." Before that time his Jesuit education, the Ninon legacy, and perhaps the love affair in Holland, almost sum up the list of events in his life which have held their ground with most of us. Mr. Parton has filled up this somewhat scanty outline with plenty of interesting detail. His indications of the society and atmosphere in which the future patriarch acquired or developed the peculiarities which afterward distinguished him are sufficiently full. The home with the solid and business-like father, the Jansenist elder brother, the mother of whom so little is known, but whose attraction for the men of letters and wits of the period had so much to do with her son's future career, can be sufficiently realized from his pages. An exposition of the profound ethnicism which resulted

* "Life of Voltaire." By James Parton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

by way of development almost equally from the Cartesian philosophy and the Gassendian, by way of reaction from the iron formality on religious matters of the court of Louis XIV., in its later days, requires indeed a greater knowledge of French seventeenth century literature to explain it than Mr. Parton seems to possess. But if he does not know much of St. Evremond and the early *philosophes*, he knows something of the Abbé de Chateauneuf and the Abbé de Chaulieu, of Dangeau and St. Simon, and duly sets it before his readers. To the company of abbés and fine gentlemen to whom a "Moïsade" was the greatest of delights, if only because it was a forbidden luxury, something at least of the attitude of Voltaire toward matters religious may fairly be traced. His apparently contradictory attitude in politics may, with equal fairness, be assigned in part—all such assignments are delusive if they pretend to explain the whole—to the company of his childhood at the Collège Louis le Grand, where the sons of the greatest men of the kingdom underwent the equal justice of Jesuit corporal punishment in common with Voltaire and other *cuistres*, as the elegant phrase of the day would have put it. Voltaire himself was never exactly a parasite, but, like a man of greater if less varied genius—Swift—he very early mastered the truth that an ingenious mixture of flattery and independence was more efficient for the purpose of making his way than flattery pure and simple, and that independence pure and simple was certain to bar the way to success of any kind. The anecdotes of his youth, it is well known, are for the most part derived from his own authority, an authority, which, as to plain matters of fact, is deservedly regarded with a certain suspicion even by very well-affectioned critics. From these anecdotes, however, and from the ascertained facts which accompany them, a very fair picture can be made out of the boy who in this case was unquestionably father to the man. His liking for good society and the liking of good society for him, his fertility of composition and conversation, his generally amiable character, joined as it was to a faculty of playing monkey tricks, which recalls Pope much more than Swift, already appear. In

these early days he was somewhat extravagant; indeed it would not be correct to say that he was ever parsimonious. But he had, like Scott, and presumably like Shakespeare, a deep conviction that independence in matters of money was indispensable to independence in matter of speech and writing, and he had inherited from his father a business capacity of a very remarkable kind. In later days speculation was to Voltaire what sport pure and simple is to some people, and art pure and simple to others—an employment which had an irresistible attraction from the mere fact of his own proficiency in the game. At this time, however, he was unsophisticated, and capable enough of extravagance of the most whimsical kind. Nothing more whimsical, perhaps, is recorded of him than the following anecdote:

"There is an anecdote, also, of a great lady giving him a hundred louis for correcting her verses, and of the use he made of the money which may have some basis of truth. Going along the street, overjoyed to find himself the possessor of so large a sum, he came to where an auctioneer was selling a carriage, a pair of horses, and the liveries of a coachman and footman. He bid a hundred louis for the lot, and it was knocked down to him. All day he drove about Paris, giving his friends rides, supped gayly in the city, and continued to ride till late in the evening, when, not knowing what else to do with them, he crowded the horses into his father's stable, already full. The thundering noise of this operation woke the old man, who, on learning its cause, turned young scapegrace out of doors, and, the next day, had the carriage and horses sold for half price."

These and other freaks may very well have determined his father as a kind of compromise between his own desire that Voltaire should settle down to a recognized profession and the young man's craving for literature, to send him into Holland as *attaché* to the Marquis de Chateauneuf. But if Voltaire had previously shown himself young in matter of money—it appears that he considerably "dipped" the Ninon legacy, and continued to regard that windfall as more convenient for the floating of bills than for the purchasing of books—he now showed that he was a very natural and unprecocious person in another way. The affair with Olympe Dunoyer would be a pathetic but commonplace piece of calf-love if it were not for the extraor-

dinary fertility of brain which the young man showed in fighting against the obstacles which were thrown in the path of true affection. Mr. Parton has not shown, and, indeed, no biographer has shown, how it was that an adventuress, as Pimpette's mother undoubtedly was if Pimpette was not, could for a moment have supposed him to be an eligible match, considering his insignificant rank, his want not merely of money but of any great prospect of money, and his extreme youth. That he was sincerely and honestly in love with the young lady—it is needless to say that she was two or three years his senior—there can be no doubt. Here is a letter and an incident of the courtship:

"Send me three letters," he wrote, "one for your father, one for your uncle, and one for your sister; that is absolutely necessary; but I shall only deliver them when circumstances favor, especially the one for your sister. Let the shoemaker be the bearer of those letters; promise him a reward; and let him come with a last in his hand, as if to mend my shoes. Add to those letters a note for me; let me have that comfort on setting out; and, above all, in the name of the love I bear you, my dear, send me your portrait; use all your efforts to get it from your mother: it had better be in my hands than in hers, for it is already in my heart. The servant I send you is wholly devoted to me, and if you wish to pass him off to your mother as a snuff-box maker, he is a Norman and will play the part well I shall do all that is possible to see you to-morrow before leaving Holland; but, as I cannot assure you of it, I bid you good-by, my dear heart, for the last time, and I do it swearing to you all the tender love which you merit. Yes, my dear Pimpette, I shall love you always. Lovers the least faithful say the same; but their love is not founded, as mine is, upon perfect esteem. I love your goodness as much as I love your person, and I only ask of Heaven the privilege of imbibing from you the noble sentiments you possess. . . . Adieu once more, my dear mistress; think a little of your unhappy lover, but not so as to dash your spirits. Keep your health if you wish to preserve mine. Above all, have a great deal of discretion; burn my letter and all that you get from me; it were better to be less generous to me and take better care of yourself. Let us take comfort from the hope of seeing one another very soon, and let us love one another as long as we live. Perhaps I shall even come back here in quest of you, and, if so, I shall be the happiest of men. But, after all, provided you get to Paris I shall be only too well satisfied; for, wishing only your welfare, I would willingly secure it at the expense of my own, and should feel myself richly recompensed in cherishing the sweet assurance that I had contributed to restore you to happiness."

"So far, so well. This was the letter of an honest lover, and the scheme seemed feasible. But when he summoned Lefèvre to convey the epistle to the young lady, the valet told him he had received orders to deliver to the ambassador any letters his master might charge him with. Away with prudence! He *would* see his mistress, despite the vigilance of his chief, one of the most experienced diplomatists in Europe. Favored by an unavoidable delay in setting out, he engaged in a series of manoeuvres precisely such as we laugh at at the theatre, when an imaginary Figaro exerts his talents to help or baffle a fictitious count. He wrote a letter to Pimpette, which he meant the marquis to read, and told his valet to deliver it to him, as ordered. He corresponded with her continually, and had several interviews with her. One night, at the rising of the moon, he left the embassy in disguise, placed a carriage near the adored one's abode, made the usual comedy signal under her window, received her to his arms, and away they rode, five miles into the country to the seaside village of Scheveningen; and there, with the ink and paper which he had provided, she wrote the three letters that he desired for use in Paris. This certainly was the entertainment to which he invited her, and which appears to have been carried out."

Mr. Parton's "appears" seems to me a rather risky expression, but the plan is romantic enough and characteristic enough of the young man's state of mind, even if it was never carried out.

How the cruel father interfered, how Pimpette rapidly consoled herself, and how banishment from Paris awaited Voltaire on his return to France, follows but too certainly. The interval between his return and the production of "Œdipe" is not so well known generally, and the recently published "Sottisier de Voltaire" has, as Mr. Parton says, thrown a good deal of light on it. As soon as he was pardoned, was restored to Paris, and had brought forth nominal fruits of repentance by entering a lawyer's office (where he giggled and made giggle no less than other persons of similar temperament in similar circumstances), he returned also to his favorite pastime of frequenting and occasionally lampooning the great. The following sonnet, which Mr. Parton quotes from the "Sottisier," is certainly not unworthy of him in style:

"Que l'Eternel est grand! Que sa bonté
puissante

A comblé mes désirs, a payé mes travaux;
Je nais demoielle et je devins servante:
Je lavai la vaisselle et frottai les bureaux.

- " J'eus bientôt des amants : je ne fus point ingrate ;
De Villarceaux longtemps j'amusai les transports ;
Il me fit épouser ce fameux cul-de-jatte
Qui vivait de ses vers, comme moi de mon corps.
- " Il mourut. Je fus pauvre, et vieille devenue
Mes amants, dégoûtés, me laissaient toute nue,
Lorsqu'un tyran me crut propre encore au plaisir.
- " Je lui plus, il m'aima : je fis la Madeleine,
Par des refus adroits j'irritai ses desirs ;
Je lui parlai du diable, il eut peur. . . .
Je suis reine." *

Like most literary men in France at all times, Voltaire was inclined to be a *Frondeur*, and his particular patrons happened to be *Frondeurs* also. In the Temple, under the patronage of Vendôme—Mr. Parton gives a fair sketch of this curious Epicurean colony, though he has not made the most of his opportunities—at Sceaux, under the patronage of the Duchess du Maine, he was not indeed exactly an enemy of the Regent's, but at any rate an associate of the Regent's unfriends. He might have written sonnets against Madame de Maintenon to his heart's content had he not been suspected of more dangerous matter. That Mr. Parton is right in exonerating him from the "Puerio Regnante" and the "J'ai Vu"—partisan and rather platitudinous libels on the Regent and the government—there cannot be much doubt. It is certain, however, that he was at this time grossly imprudent, that almost at all times he gave his tongue the rein with some indiscretion, and that he fell into the toils of a government spy, who either maliciously reported things that were not meant seriously or invented things that were never said. This was the cause of Voltaire's first acquaintance with the Bastille. Despite the better knowledge of French affairs which is now at the disposal of Englishmen, the name of the Bastille still exercises such a power of erroneous impression that it may be worth while to quote a passage from Mr. Parton which is perfectly justified by history. He himself, by subsequently comparing Voltaire's lot with Diderot's, seems not quite to realize the

facts of the case. The Bastille was very different from Vincennes, just as Vincennes itself was very different from Mont St. Michel :

" The king gave his guests an excellent table ; nay, a luxurious one. Marmontel's treatment, so amusingly described in his Memoirs, was that of many prisoners during the last century of the Bastille's reign. It was cold when Marmontel entered : the valets of the château made him a blazing fire and brought him plenty of wood. He objected to the mattresses ; they were changed. A very good Friday dinner was served, with a bottle of tolerable wine, and, after he had eaten it, he was informed that it was meant for his servant. His own dinner followed. 'Pyramids of new dishes, fine linen, beautiful porcelain, silver spoon and fork, an excellent soup, a slice of juicy beef, the leg of a broiled capon swimming in its gravy, a little dish of fried artichokes, one of spinach, a very fine pear, some grapes, a bottle of old Burgundy, and some of the best Mocha coffee.' His servant, on seeing this banquet, said, Monsieur, as you have just eaten my dinner, allow me in turn to eat yours." 'It is but just,' replied his master, and the valet entered upon the work.

" We may conclude, therefore, that Arouet did not have to wait long for his breakfast on the morning of his arrest, and that he had on that day, and every day, whatever was requisite for his bodily comfort. Indeed, we know that he dined sometimes with the governor. Almost every literary man of note who lived in the reign of Louis XV. was at least once a prisoner in the Bastille, and they agree in describing it as the least painful of prisons. There were but forty-two rooms in the structure, and many of them were usually vacant. There was much familiar intercourse between the prisoners and the officers of the château, and most of the prisoners, as it seems, received visitors in their rooms, and were allowed to keep a private store of wine and dainties for the entertainment of guests. They could send out for books published with permission. There was a billiard-room, a bowling-alley, and a large courtyard for exercise and conversation, to all of which most of the prisoners had some daily access. Persons accused of serious crime, or who had given offence to a favorite or a mistress, were treated with more severity ; were compelled to take their exercise alone, under the eye of a sentinel ; were confined to their rooms, and could not receive visitors. For contumacious or disorderly inmates there were dungeons, damp and dark, at the bottom of each of the eight towers ; but these were seldom used, and never except for short periods."

His release from this easy captivity was followed by a positive piece of good fortune—the representation and success of "Œdipe." The curious want of critical discernment which characterizes his present biographer

* Le Sottisier de Voltaire, Paris, 1880.

could hardly be better illustrated than by the fact, that after expiating on the boy's early initiation and interest in the Racine-Corneille controversy, Mr. Parton quotes, without comment or indication of their insincerity, the words in which Voltaire tries to persuade the Duchess du Maine that he knew nothing about French plays, had never thought that love affairs could be mixed up with them, and had been determined to the writing of "*Œdipe*" solely by hearing the French translation of the "*Iphigenia*," which her favorite, Malézieu, had executed at her command. Mr. Parton seems never to have heard of the Stone of Blarney, a historical monument which it was quite superfluous for Voltaire to visit or venerate. There is, however, a full and interesting account of "*Œdipe*" and of its representation; when the play, in almost exactly the same way as its earlier contemporary "*Cato*," united, partly by good luck and partly owing to the adroitness of the poet, the suffrages of the most opposite parties in the state and in literature.

The history of Voltaire after "*Œdipe*" becomes better known, though certainly not less interesting. Presuming on his success, he wrote "*Artemire*" (Queen to Cassander, a king of the time of Alexander the Great, as Mr. Parton puts it, with the oddity which characterizes most of his allusions to classical matters), and "*Artemire*" was not a success. But socially his good fortune continued for the most part. He successfully rebutted the imputation of Lagrange-Chancel's "*Philippiques*" to him. He did not very clean work for Dubois. He was, alas! bastinadoed by the spy who had been the immediate cause of his imprisonment. But he made a kind of triumphant progress to Brussels, where his memorable quarrel with J. B. Rousseau took place; he laid the foundation of his fortune and got the "*Henriade*" with some difficulty printed in its first form. Then came the Rohan business, the second imprisonment, and the forced flight to England. Mr. Parton's account of this English Hegira and its results is interesting enough, despite some blunders (one gross one, for instance, about Sarah of Marlborough, whom he takes to have been Congreve's

legatee), and despite a certain tendency to take Voltaire's lively dramatic accounts of what he might have seen in England for historic records of what he actually did see. I do not think the lines to Laura Harley, which if they were his unaided work, show a very remarkable power of adaptation to the current fashions of verse in a foreign language, are even yet as well known as they should be:

TO LAURA HARLEY.

"Laura, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed,

"In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own."

The exile came to an end, however. It had provided Voltaire with a good sum of money (Mr. Parton gives no good reason for thinking that the usual estimate of this sum is exaggerated); it had thoroughly confirmed him in the political and religious ideas, or rather in the ideas as to Church and State, which were to last him through life; and it had supplied him with the materials of those English Letters, which, though they brought him a good deal of trouble, are among the most striking and were among the most influential of his earlier works. It seems, however, that his exile had taught him caution, and he was more than ever intent upon making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness:

"After a short period, then, of apprehension and of wandering from one obscure lodging to another, we find him settled, restored to his rights and to his friends, hard at work upon his book, and sharing in the social life of Paris. He soon set Thieriot at work getting his pensions restored, and his arrears paid up; in which they succeeded, minus the deductions imposed on all pensioners by a cardinal avaricious for his king. Nor did he delay to put to good use those two or three thousand solid guineas that he brought from England. Accident helped him to a capital speculation. Supping one evening this spring with a lady of his circle, the conversation turned upon a lottery recently announced by the controller-general, Desforts, for liquidating certain onerous city annuities. La Condamine, the mathematician, who was one of the guests, remarked that any one who should buy all the tickets of this lottery would gain a round million. Voltaire silently reflected upon this statement. At the

close of the feast he hurried away to moneyed friends, doubtless to the brothers Paris, now restored to their career in Paris, who were closely allied to the richest banker of the day, Samuel Bernard. A company was formed; the tickets were all bought, and the prizes demanded. The controller-general, overwhelmed with confusion at this exposure of his blunder, refused to pay. The company appealed to the council, who decided in their favor. Voltaire gained a large sum by this happy stroke, exaggerated by one chronicler to half a million francs. He made, it is true, an enemy of the minister, who was *dévoit*; and he deemed it best to disappear from Paris, and spend some weeks with the Duke of Richelieu at the waters of Plombières; as lucky men with us go from Wall Street to Saratoga. But Desforts was soon after displaced, and the poet could safely return. Paris-Duverney did not forget the favor done him on this occasion, and before many years had rolled away he was able to make a substantial return in kind.

"Voltaire never wanted money again, and never missed a good opportunity to increase his store. Later in the year 1729 we see him dropping work, starting in a poste-chaise at midnight for Nancy, a hundred and fifty miles distant, a ride of two nights and a day, for the purpose of buying shares in public funds of the Duke of Lorraine. Arriving, more dead than alive, he was informed that, by order of the duke, no shares were to be sold to strangers. But, as he related to President Hénault, 'after pressing solicitations, they let me subscribe to fifty shares (which were delivered to me eight days after), by reason of the happy resemblance of my name to that of one of his Royal Highness's gentlemen. I profited by the demand for this paper promptly enough. I have trebled my gold, and trust soon to enjoy my doubloons with people like you.' Ever after, as long as he lived, he was in the habit of performing feats of this kind; as attentive to business as though he had no literature; as devoted to literature as though he had no business. His life was to be henceforth, as it had been hitherto, a continuous warfare with powers that wielded the resources of a kingdom. He had need to provide himself with the sinews of war."

Moreover, from this time he adopted a most elaborate system of precaution, and (as Mr. Parton, partial biographer as he is, frankly admits) disowned every dangerous work of his own with what some people may call remarkable courage and others remarkable effrontery. It was not very long, too, after the return from England that Voltaire "ranged himself" as such ranging went then, and took to housekeeping with Madame du Châtelet. Of the famous Cirey sojourn and all its ups and downs, the magnificence of the poet's installation, his business relationships with the useful Abbé Moussinot, his ex-

periments with iron and the nature of fire, his entertaining of strangers, his perpetration of constant additional cantos of "Jeanne" and his subsequent terrors lest some one should get hold of them, his extraordinary wrath with Rousseau and Des Fontaines, his occasional escapes from the watchful jealousy of his Megæra (Mr. Parton calls it Megara, an imputation on the unlucky wife of Hercules for which I know no warrant of scripture, and which I am much tempted to take in connection with a statement of his that a double false quantity of the most atrocious kind was "in the ancient Republic of Letters a capital offence")—of all these things full information will be found in these volumes. Madame de Grafigny of course is the chief authority, and two extracts may be given from her to show the calms and storms of Cirey:

"Between half-past ten and half-past one, they summon every one to coffee, which is taken in Voltaire's hall. The meal usually lasts an hour, more or less. Precisely at noon, the people who are called here the coachmen go to dinner. These coachmen are the lord of the castle, the fat lady, and her son; the latter never appearing except when there is something to be copied. After coffee, we—that is to say, Voltaire, madame, and myself—remain half an hour. Then he makes us a low bow, and tells us to go away; upon which we return to our rooms. Toward four o'clock, sometimes, we take a slight repast. At nine we sup and remain together till midnight. *Dieu!* what suppers! They are always the suppers of Damocles. All the pleasures are in attendance; but, alas, how short is the time! Oh, *mon Dieu!* Nothing is wanting to them, not even the Damocles sword, which is represented by the swift flight of time. The lord of the castle takes his place at the table, does not eat, falls asleep, consequently says not a word, and goes out with the tray. . . . Yesterday after supper, there was a charming scene. Voltaire had the pouts on account of a glass of Rhine wine which madame prevented his drinking; he would not read *Jeanne* as he promised, being in an extremely bad humor. The brother and myself, by force of pleasantries, succeeded at last in restoring him. The lady, who was also pouting, was unable to keep it up. All this made a scene of delicious jests, which lasted a long time, finishing with a canto of *Jeanne*, which was no better than that scene."

" . . . The more I talked, the less I convinced him. I was silent. This frightful scene lasted at least an hour; but it was nothing to what was coming; it was reserved for the lady to put the climax to it. She came into my room like a fury, screaming with passion and repeating almost the same things,

while I still kept silence. Then she drew a letter from her pocket, and, almost thrusting it into my face, cried out, 'See, see the proof of your infamy! You are the most unworthy of creatures! You are a monster whom I took into my house, not from friendship, for I had none for you, but because you knew not where else to go; and you have had the infamy to betray me, to assassinate me, to steal from my desk a work for the purpose of copying it.'

"Ah, my poor friend, where were you? The thunder-bolt which falls at the feet of the solitary traveller overwhelms him less than these words overwhelmed me. This is all I can recollect of the torrent of insults which she uttered; for I was so distracted that I soon ceased to hear and understand her. But she said much more, and unless Voltaire had restrained her she would have boxed my ears. To all that she said I only replied, Oh, be silent, madame; I am too unhappy for you to treat me so unworthily!"

"At these words Voltaire seized her round the waist, and snatched her away from me; for she said all this right in my teeth, and with such violent gestures that at every moment I expected she would strike me. When she had been removed, she strode up and down the room uttering loud exclamations upon my infamy. Observe, all this was uttered in so loud a voice that Dubois [maid of Madame Graigny] who was two rooms off, heard every word. For my part, I was long without the power to pronounce a syllable; I was neither dead nor alive."

This latter tempest in a teacup was only caused by one of Voltaire's periodical fits of hysteria about "Jeanne," his very amusing and very disreputable daughter.

How long this life lasted, and how tragically it ended most people are aware. Mr. Parton, except in the matter of physical charms, as to which, though the evidence is conflicting to a bewildering extent, I am inclined to think he is unjust to her, is better disposed toward the respectable Emily than some of her lover's biographers and critics. It is very probable that what with geometry and flirtation, irregularity at meals (though it may be doubted whether it is in the nature of woman to be regular in this respect), and still greater irregularity of temper, she led Voltaire a life. But on the whole he probably found his account in the questionable connection. How bitterly he regretted her may be judged, far better than from the constantly quoted and grotesque rebuke to the young gentleman whom an odd fate made rival to both the greatest men of letters of France, from a passage of Longchamp

which is not so frequently cited as it deserves to be, but which Mr. Parton duly gives:

"During the nights [says Longchamp] he would get up, all agitation, and, fancying he saw Madame du Châtelet, he would call to her and drag himself with difficulty from room to room, as if in search of her. It was the end of October, and the cold was already somewhat severe. In the middle of a certain night, when he could not sleep, he got up out of bed, and after groping a few steps about the room he felt so weak that he leaned against a table to keep from falling. He remained standing there a long time, shivering with cold, and yet reluctant to wake me. At length he forced himself to go into the next room, where almost all his books were heaped upon the floor. But he was far from remembering this, and his head always filled with the same object, he was endeavoring to traverse the room, when, running against a pile of folios, he stumbled and fell. Unable to rise, he called me several times; but so feeble was his voice that at first I did not hear him, although I slept near by. Waking, at last, I heard him groan and faintly repeat my name. I sprang up, and ran toward him. Having no light, and going very fast, my feet became entangled with his, and I fell upon him. Upon getting up, I found him speechless and almost frozen. I made haste to lift him to his bed, and, having struck a light and made a great fire, I endeavored to warm him by wrapping his body and limbs in very hot cloths. That produced a good effect. Gradually I saw him coming to himself; he opened his eyes, and, recognizing me, he said that he felt very tired and had need of rest. Having covered him well and closed his curtains, I remained in his room the rest of the night. He soon fell asleep, and did not wake until near eleven in the morning."

The circumstances of this pathetic experience were in themselves sufficiently pathetic. The quasi-widower had removed to a waste Paris house with all the household gods of Ferney, identified for years to him with Madame du Châtelet, piled in disorder and desolation about the rooms. By degrees he got his Parisian household into better condition. But Paris, as every biographer has remarked, was never a fortunate or congenial residence to him, and the famous invitation to Berlin, which had so remarkable a result, came in more ways than one at a lucky moment. Madame du Châtelet was dead, and he was too old, and probably in his queer fashion too faithful, to attempt another *ménage* of the same kind; while he was not quite old enough to play the patriarch afar off as he afterward did. He had tried court life at Paris with every ad-

vantage, and had found that it would not do. The immediate result of the emigration to fresh fields may have been questionably satisfactory, but there is no doubt that it acted as a tonic and fortifier in the long run.

From the moment when Voltaire set out for Berlin his life divides itself into three or four sharply separated acts, the scenes of which are tolerably familiar even to the most superficially instructed person. The sojourn in Prussia; the fluctuations in *partibus fidelium et infidelium* which followed; the residence at the Delices and at Ferney; the final and fatal pilgrimage to Paris, with the purpose not of worshipping but of being worshipped—are much more generally known than anything which precedes them. Mr. Parton has endeavored to tell their history with the same good-will which shows itself in the rest of his book. As before, all or nearly all the facts are there. Some hundred and fifty large and well-filled pages are devoted to the celebrated sojourn which demonstrated the disadvantages of having two kings in Brentford, when one has all the physical and the other most of the intellectual force at his disposal, and when there is no regular concordat between them. An extract from Mr. Parton may illustrate the sorrowful condition of the physically weaker in the days when flight had become necessary to him. It is a pleasing parallel to the plan of the elder Mr. Weller for rescuing Mr. Pickwick from the Philistines:

"I went sometimes to walk with him in a large garden belonging to the house. When he wanted to be alone, he would say to me, 'Now leave me to dream [*révasser*] a little.' That was his expression, and he would continue his walk. One evening, in this garden, after having talked together upon his situation, he asked me if I knew how to drive a wagon drawn by two horses. I reflected upon it a moment, and as I knew that his ideas must not be at once contradicted, I replied in the affirmative. 'Listen,' said he to me. 'I have thought of a way to get out of this country. You can buy two horses. It will not after that be difficult to purchase a wagon. When we have horses it will not appear strange to make a provision of hay.' 'Very well, sir,' said I; 'what shall we do with a wagon, horses, and hay?' 'Why, this: We will fill the wagon with hay. In the middle of the hay we will put all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, upon the hay, and give myself out for a Protestant pastor who is going to see one of his married daughters in the neighboring

town. You will be my wagoner. We will follow the shortest roads to the frontiers of Saxony, where we will sell wagon, horses, and hay; after that we will take post for Leipsic.' He could not keep from laughing in communicating to me this project, and he accompanied his account with a thousand gay and curious reflections. I answered him that I would do what he wanted, and that I was disposed to give him all proofs of devotion that depended upon me; but that not knowing German, I should not be able to reply to the questions which would be asked me. Besides, not knowing very well how to drive, I could not answer for not upsetting my pastor in some ditch, which would grieve me much. We finished by laughing together over the scheme. He did not much count upon realizing it; but he loved to imagine means of leaving a country where he regarded himself as a prisoner. 'My friend,' said he to me, 'if permission to go does not come in a little while, I will know some way or other of leaving the island of Alcina.' Since they had burned his book, he feared more than ever princes and nobles, and vaunted unceasingly the pleasure of living free and far from them."

Mr. Parton's account of these amusing but deplorable incidents is full, accurate in the main, and a great deal less prejudiced on Voltaire's side than Mr. Carlyle's is on Frederick's, though it is impossible to acquit the biographer of taking too lenient a view both of the Hirsch matter, and of the Dr. Akakia business. The account of the sad Frankfort days is particularly minute; and for the special purposes which Mr. Parton's book is fitted to subserve, it is perhaps not much of a drawback that he seems a little insensible to the ludicrous side of the matter. But Voltaire, as all men know, survived with his own peculiar vitality this crisis, which like his bastinadoings, imprisonments, complaisances to L'Infâme in the matter of bowing in the house of Rimmon, and other incidents of his singular career, would have been fatal to a man of less genius. He hovered about the outskirts of France till it was obvious that Paris was impossible, and then established himself at Geneva. Perhaps there is on the whole no document which so thoroughly explains the circumstances and the men with which Voltaire had to battle as the Duke de la Vallière's letter of conciliation, which thus appears in Mr. Parton's version:

"I have received, my dear Voltaire, the *sermon* [poem on the Lisbon earthquake] which you sent me, and, despite the sound philosophy

which reigns in it, it has inspired me with more respect for its author than for its moral. Another effect which it has had upon me is to determine me to ask of you the greatest mark of friendship which you could possibly give me. You are nearly sixty years of age; I avow it. You have not the most robust health; I believe it. But you have the most beautiful genius and the best-balanced head; of that I am sure. And if you were to commence a new career under the guise of a young man of fifteen, though he should live longer than Fontanelle, you would furnish him with matter enough to render him the most illustrious man of his age. I do not fear, then, to ask you to send me some psalms embellished by your versification. You alone have been, and are, worthy to translate them. You will obliterate J. B. Rousseau; you will inspire edification; and you will put it in my power to give the greatest pleasure to madame. . . . It is no longer Mérope, nor Sully, nor Metastasio, that we want, but a little David. Imitate him; enrich him. I shall admire your work, and shall not be jealous of it, provided it be reserved to me, poor sinner that I am, to surpass it with my 'Betza-bée.' I shall be content; and you will add to my satisfaction in granting me what I ask with the greatest importunity. Give me one hour a day; show the psalms to no one; and I will instantly have an edition of them published at the Louvre, which will yield as much honor to the author as pleasure to the public. I say to you again, I am sure she will be enchanted with it; and I shall be enchanted also that through you I give her a pleasure so great. I have long relied upon your friendship, as you know; and therefore I expect to receive immediately the first fruits of a certain success which I am preparing for you. But I do not for this release you from your promise to send me the royal 'Mérope' [Frederic's opera], and the defence of my dear friend, 'Jeanne' [La Pucelle]. Adieu, my dear Voltaire; I expect news from you with the greatest impatience. You are sure of my sincere friendship; you can rely not less upon my genuine gratitude."

After a few years the *Délices* were exchanged for Ferney, a residence which had several advantages. It was in France, though hardly of it, and Voltaire's patriotism, a very real quality, was gratified at the same time as his wish to be out of the immediate clutches of L'Infâme, while he could give himself more liberty than under the still austere rule of Geneva. It conferred on him privileges of which he made no bad use, though some of his seigniorial airs gave Fréron an opportunity which he did not neglect. It enabled him, too, to play in a fairly business-like manner at Providence. His farm and his watchmaker colony pleased himself and did a good deal of good to other people. Here is his own description of

the former. It reminds one curiously of Bolingbroke's adoption at Dawley (which, by the way, is not in Shropshire, as Mr. Parton seems to think elsewhere) of the motto, *Satis beatus ruris honoribus*:

"A vast rustic house with wagons loaded with the spoils of the fields coming and going by four great gateways. The pillars of oak, which sustain the whole frame, are placed at equal distances upon pedestals of stone; long stables are seen on the right and on the left. Fifty cows, properly fastened, occupy one side with their calves; the horses and oxen are on the other side; their fodder falls into their racks from immense mows above; the floors where the grain is threshed are in the middle, and you know that all the animals lodged in their several places in this great edifice have a lively sense that the forage, the hay, the oats, which it contains, belong to them of right. To the south of these beautiful monuments of agriculture are the poultry-yards and sheep-folds; to the north are the presses, store-rooms, fruit-houses; to the east are the abodes of the manager and thirty servants; toward the west extend large meadows, pastured and fertilized by all these animals, companions of the labor of man. The trees of the orchard, loaded with fruits, small and great, are still another source of wealth. Four or five hundred bee-hives are set up near a little stream which waters this orchard. The bees give to the possessor a considerable harvest of honey and wax, without his troubling himself with all the fables which are told of that industrious creature; without endeavoring in vain to learn whether that nation lives under the rule of a pretended queen, who presents her subjects with sixty or eighty thousand children. There are some avenues of mulberry-trees as far as the eye can reach, the leaves of which nourish those precious worms which are not less useful than the bees. A part of this vast inclosure is formed by an impenetrable rampart of hawthorn, neatly clipped, which rejoices the sense of smell and sight."*

Here many years were passed, while Voltaire became a centre of pilgrimage to literary Europe, and his literary energy continued and almost increased. Mr. Parton, though perhaps he has hardly dwelt on this interesting period at a length quite proportionate to his account of some earlier periods of the patriarch's life, still deserves, especially in the famous matters of Calas, etc., the credit of fulness and accuracy. By degrees Voltaire began to feel the approaches of old age unmistakably; and if Madame Denis did not do much to lighten his sufferings, there were others who were more thoughtful:

* Voltaire to Dupont. June, 1769.

"He went to bed about ten, and usually slept until five in the morning. Barbara, his housekeeper, whom he used to call *bonne-Baba*, would then come into his room, and bring in his breakfast, which was ordinarily coffee and cream. 'Another day, my *bonne-Baba*,' he would say, when she appeared. 'To-morrow, perhaps, you will be no longer troubled about me. When I shall be out yonder, asleep in my tomb, there will be no more bother of getting my breakfast, nor fear of being scolded.' One day, Duvernet adds, after she had brought him his coffee and gone out again, he took it into his head to perfume the coffee from a bottle of rose-water at his side. This mixture immediately produced nausea and palpitation. He rang violently, and *Baba*, terrified, ran to him as fast as she could. 'What is the matter, then, *monsieur*?' she cried, on entering. 'My good *Baba*,' said he, 'I am in the agonies of death. I put some rose water into my coffee, and it is killing me.' She replied, 'Oh, *monsieur*, with all your *esprit*, you are sillier than your own turkeys.' 'I know it well, good *Baba*,' he replied; 'but you, who are a woman of good sense, hinder me from dying!' He was speedily relieved, and the story remained one of the numerous jests of the *château*."

One of the pleasantest personages who move across the stage of Voltaire's life—perhaps the very pleasantest—is Reine Philiberte de Varicourt, otherwise Belle-et-Bonne. Most men probably, except a very unfortunate minority, have at some time or other their Belle-et-Bonne, some one who is connected with them neither by the commonplace ties of relationship nor by the frail and uncomfortable bonds of passion, but who either in person or as a possession of memory is their ideal of womanly affection, grace, and charm. Sometimes Belle-et-Bonne presents herself in early life, and only an accident prevents her becoming something else than a Belle-et-Bonne, something which in its turn not unfrequently becomes Laide-et-Méchante. Sometimes any such connection is prevented by prior ties on one side or on both, or by an acknowledgment on the part of the friends that the philosophy of Doralice is, after all, the wisest, and that "'tis better as it is. We have drawn off already as much of our love as would run clear, the rest is but jealousies and disquiets, and quarrelling and piecing." Sometimes, again, Belle-et-Bonne makes her appearance when the heyday in the blood is over, and is as a daughter, with the additional charm that her affection is not a matter of duty. This was Voltaire's case. He

saved Reine de Varicourt when she was eighteen from the living tomb of a convent, and with the full consent of Madame Denis adopted her and installed her at Ferney, where she was not merely daughter, but almoner, deputy-manager of the household, and general good angel.

"She made herself the solace and charm of his existence, enlivening every day, adorning every festival, greeting him with caresses in the morning, and giving brilliancy and gladness to the evening. At the *fiête* of St. Francis, celebrated every year in Ferney, by the whole colony with great enthusiasm, she shone with engaging lustre, walking in the procession adorned with flowers, and carrying in her hand a basket containing her two pet doves with white wings and rosy beaks, smiling and blushing as she passed.

"She loved to wait upon him. He had contrived a hanging-desk over his bed, which he could lower or raise at pleasure, upon which were placed all the means of continuing his work at any hour day or night. It was her hand that put this apparatus in order at night, and arranged his bed as he liked to have it. She took charge of the minor needs and habits of the old man; while he, on his part, loved to give her lessons in dancing and to show her how the great ladies of the court paid their homage to the king and queen. On his table he always kept a box with money in it for the poor, and now this store was given in charge to Belle-et-Bonne. 'She is,' he would say, using a convent expression, 'my *sœur du pot*,' and she carried the purse of the poor *ex officio*. It was remarked by the household that, in her presence he was never in ill-humor, and that, in the midst of his demonstrative and harmless anger, if she appeared upon the scene, the tempest was instantly stilled. 'You put me on good terms with myself,' he would say to her. 'I cannot be angry before you.' When she entered in the morning, he would say sometimes, 'Good-morning, *belle nature*!' as he kissed her forehead. She, apt to catch the humor of the place, would reply, as she kissed his cheek, 'Good morning, *mon dieu tutélaire*!' He wondered how she could be willing to place her smooth young face against his death's head, and when she repeated the application he would say it was Life and Death embracing.* Not the least of her triumphs was that she could be all this to the uncle and retain the lively affection of the niece."

The last scene, like the sojourn at Berlin, is among the best known, but I do not know that in English it has been told before so fully. Mr. Parton is inclined to acquit Madame Denis, in part at least, of the abominable plot of which she is accused by Wagnière, the stragem of inducing her uncle to remain at

* Duvernet, page 435. Paris, 1797.

Paris at the risk of his life by a false note of warning as to the hostile intentions of the court. The good lady was perfectly capable of anything that selfishness and ingratitude could suggest, but the powers of life were distinctly failing in Voltaire, and the question of the end was probably a question only of months, perhaps of days. He had lived a very different life from Fontenelle; and, with all deference to professional opinion, it may be doubted whether in any case he would have equalled the days of that easy-going personage. Perhaps Mr. Parton (carrying out a principle which he announces in his preface of passing over idle rumors instead of combating them) has been too little emphatic in his account of the quiet and composure which, according to the best authorities, distinguished Voltaire's end. There is every reason for believing that his death was distinguished by a placidity and dignity which had too often failed him in the more trying and sometimes even in the less trying circumstances of his life.

Of nearly all the events of this remarkable life Mr. Parton has given an account, sometimes faulty in form, but sufficient and complete in substance. His book, though it may give some new facts, will of course not materially alter the idea of Voltaire to those who have previously studied his life and his works; but to those who do not already possess much knowledge of him it furnishes a convenient means of informing themselves. A book of thirteen hundred pages, deformed by American misspelling of the English tongue, and by references to "inflationists" and such-like irrelevances, not to mention constant expressions of the author's sentiments, which are, to say the least, unimportant, may seem a formidable undertaking. But its copiousness of incident and anecdote and its abundant quotations lighten the task of reading very considerably. At the end of it he must be a somewhat thoughtless reader (if, indeed, any such be likely to reach the end) who does not endeavor to make up for himself, assisted by the critical comments of those of Mr. Parton's predecessors to who Pallas has been more kind, some notion of the singular personality here portrayed. Mr. Parton's own notion of that personality is decided enough. In

his own marvellous language he tells us that Voltaire's empty sepulchre "is vocal, it is resonant, it booms and thunders over the earth." The superstition-crusher pushes everything and everybody else aside in his estimate. I think, for my own part, that from such a standpoint it is as difficult to judge Voltaire rightly as from that of my friend who called him a wretch, from that of Johnson, or from that of George III.

The truth seems to be that Voltaire was an extremely complicated character; the wonderful diversity of his literary work only reflects this complexity in part, though the one no doubt is the reason of the other. As I can hardly think of any man who displayed so many different forms of the literary faculty, so I can hardly think of any man, whether of letters or of business, who united the capacity and in a way the actual performance of so many different parts. Of his varied ability in practical administrative business there is proof almost as ample as of his varied ability in literary work. If he failed anywhere in what he undertook it was in diplomacy, and it is fair to remember that he had an antagonist to contend with there by whom it was no shame to be beaten. He has not, like Wordsworth, left us explicit intimations that in his own opinion his mission was to be Prime Minister, or Archbishop of Canterbury, or Commander-in-Chief, or Lord Chancellor, or all of them together. But I have no doubt that if the opportunity of any or all of these posts had come in his way he would have accepted it cheerfully, and would have performed the duties on the whole very well. The complementary defect of the quality of Jack-of-all-trades is well known. Voltaire suffered from it less than most people, but he did suffer from it. In no literary style, except in that of satirical prose fiction, or allegory of the social kind, can he be said to have attained the highest mastery. In work requiring research of any kind he was rather rapid than thorough, and he carried to excess the national habit of hasty deduction from insufficiently investigated premises. His moral and intellectual character, with which we are here more specially concerned, shows inconsistencies and blemishes of all kinds. Let us try and sum up what the devil's advocates say

against him. He was an unscrupulous liar; he was extraordinarily vain; he was utterly destitute of reverence; he had an impure imagination which was not checked by the slightest sense of even external decency; he was given to filthy lucre; he was spiteful and revengeful in the extreme toward his personal enemies. This is an ugly catalogue, and it is unfortunately true that no single article in it can be struck out entirely by the most uncompromising defender who knows and respects the facts. Mitigating pleas are all that is possible. His lying, which is a very unpleasant feature to English examiners of his character, has to be taken in conjunction with the fact that it was, so to speak, official and professional lying for the most part. The absurd and iniquitous political and social system of the time and country necessitated and in a manner recognized it. It was little more than the conventional "not guilty," not so much as the equally conventional "not at home." The charge of vanity must be admitted *sans phrase*, but it is not a very damning one. The lack of reverence also is not contestable, though there are some circumstances on the other side, notably the mountain-top story, which I have not noticed in Mr. Parton, and his lifelong cult of the starry heavens. This was, however, a distinct and inevitable consequence of his peculiar faculty of ridicule, which must also excuse as far as it can (and that is not very far) the uncleanness of his writings. I shall frankly own that that uncleanness is to me the most unpleasant variety of the disease that I know, with the possible exception of Dryden's. His carrying out of the maxim *non olet* is another blot on his character. There is nothing inexcusable, though perhaps there is something rather undignified, in a poet's making money by stockbroking and money-changing; but the Hirsch matter, as to which something has been said already, cannot be defended, and the persistent way in which the author of "L'Homme aux Quarante Ecus" and a hundred other protests against financial mismanagement allowed himself to profit by contracts, loans, and so forth, where the profit was due to corrupt administration, is a still greater blot. With respect to Fréron, Desfontaines, et Cie.,

perhaps the worst thing that can be said about Voltaire is that in point of malignity there is sometimes nothing and generally very little to choose between himself and his adversaries.

And yet I have not the least intention of admitting that Voltaire was a wretch, or anything of the kind. All the worst of his faults were emphatically the faults of his time and his education. His merits, on the other hand, were personal and his own, a distinction which, however hackneyed it may be, is almost the only one available in this world of ours. These merits Mr. Parton's book ought to make clear to everybody who is not hopelessly prejudiced. One of the chief of them was an extraordinary kindness of heart and affection for his friends, relations, and, indeed, everybody with whom he was not brought into violent collision. Madame du Châtelet and Madame Denis, the feminine plagues of the greater part of his long life, certainly had nothing to complain of in him. Notwithstanding his occasional fits of ill-temper all his servants and dependents were fond of him, and even the passionate Collini did not find those fits intolerable. His friendship for Thieriot, a person of very doubtful merit, and not unfrequently, as in the Desfontaines affair, and in the matter of the employments which Voltaire sought to procure for him from Richelieu, a troublesome and even treacherous friend, was unwearying. No one, even of his enemies, fails to acknowledge his remarkable benevolence to oppressed or unfortunate persons of every degree of merit, from Calas and Lally to La Barre and Desfontaines. Something, perhaps must be allowed for his love of playing the grand seigneur in estimating his good deeds at Ferney; but even when that allowance is made a solid amount will remain to his credit. Unscrupulous as he was in some ways in the getting of money, he neither spent it unworthily nor hoarded it for the mere sake of hoarding; his object being, as has been said, the securing of independence, which in his time and country no man, who was neither a priest nor a noble, could hope for without a competent estate. These things are, of course, perfectly well known to students of French literature and French history; but the

general reader is less likely to be acquainted with them. Such a reader will find in Mr. Parton's book a good deal to amuse him, and a good deal to correct and heighten his idea of Voltaire as a man. It has been hinted that the merits of the book, as a literary commentary, are hardly equal to its merits

as a repository of fact. In the former respect, however, as has also been suggested, more than one *scriptor haud paulo melior quam ego aut*, Mr. Parton has supplied the deficiency in English by anticipation, and it is therefore superfluous to say any more on that score. —*Fortnightly Review*.

FLORIO: A LITTLE TRAGEDY.

It is night in Venice. CLELIA is alone in her balcony. She sings in a low voice lazily:

Death with my heart in a thin cold hand,
O dear Death that art dear to me—
Love of my heart, the wide waste land,
O my lost love, holds nought but thee!
There is nought in the land, or sea, or
sky,
But thou, and the man that once was I.

A pretty farrago of love and death! Whether this youth be singing to death or to his lady-love; whether love be death, or death love; whether his lady be dead, or he be dead, or both; let my little Florio say, if he can, for he made the verses and the music. How these children lisp of love and death! One would think they cared not a jot which of the two came to kiss them. It is all a matter of the minor key. If a round-shot knocked the mandolin from young master poet's fingers, would he not crouch behind the chair with his milk-teeth chattering? I have not seen my little poet, my singer of love-lorn songs for days. He makes pretty verses, and not too powerful. They are not so weak either. Wonderful is the power of song. I have but to sing this rhyme of love and death a little louder, only a little louder; and at the signal, from the low black arch opposite creeps noiseless a gondola. So slight a thread may draw a strong man, one who dare sing of death and face him too. Three notes of this poor melody—of dear death, forsooth—would bring Duke Angelo from his great black palace. So one may lure spiders. But I will sing to myself only—softly—softly—

No perfume is left on the fair broad earth
But the scent of thy raiment passing
No gold of price, no— [sweet;
What man is that?

Florio (who has climbed unseen to her balcony). No man.

Clelia. A poet, then. Why have you come?

Fl. Why!

Cl. Because the night is fair, and craves for song? Have you some new numbers, little poet? This exquisite pale night is like a lady faint with passion, a dumb queen who longs to sing. Find her a voice, Florio. Sing for her and for me.

Fl. My song of death and love?

Cl. No. Any song but that. Not that—not yet. Where have you been these many idle days?

Fl. Away from you.

Cl. Where?

Fl. I know not. Only I know that I was not with you. I meant to see you no more.

Cl. 'Twere pity, Florio.

Fl. Only a few days have gone; only a few nights like this night, accursed, which burns me like a shirt of fire; and I am here again. Yesterday I was far from this place. I had left you. I thought that I was free. And now I am here—here with you. Venice breathes flame to-night; and you are Venice. How beautiful you are!

Cl. Yes, in the shadows; beautiful as this night. Yes, I am Venice. She is a queen in tarnished gold, is she not? Venice and I are growing old, and are most beautiful in the loving shadow of a night that half conceals. And this night is like fire to you? Boy, it is full of coolness and softness, bountiful, tender, sweet. I am young to-night. Sing to me.

Fl. I have forgotten how to sing since you taught me to love.

Cl. Song without love is a cup without wine. If you had ever loved, your heart would be full of melodies, as the night is full of stars.

Fl. Cut like a gallant's love into a myriad little fires.

Cl. Often so—not always. There are many stars, but only one moon.

Fl. I am full of one love, as this night is filled to overflowing by one moon.

Cl. You are too young to love.

Fl. Why am I here, then?

Cl. To be with me.

Fl. And is that not love?

Cl. Or habit. There are many kinds of love. Listen, Florio. There is the love of a child for sweetmeats. Is yours such a love? There is the love of a youth for himself—a vanity which needs feeding by girls' glances; and this the young do for the most part mistake for love. Then there is the love of a man,—but that is terrible.

Fl. Is there no love of women?

Cl. Women are loved. They like to be loved. They love love. Florio, on such a night as this, I feel that every girl in Venice dreams that she is loved. Breathless she awaits her lover. There is a sound of the guitar and mandolin; the whisper of a song; the soft lisp of the gondolier's oar, and the drip of silver drops from the blade that turns in the moonlight. Then in the black shadow a little window opens; there is a faint light in the room; half hidden behind the curtain she stands trembling; she wishes him away, and she wishes him near; her lips speak without her will, and she hears his name in her ears, and her ears grow hot with shame. "Angelo," she whispers—"Angelo!"

Fl. Angelo!

Cl. Or Beppo or Pippo or Cecco: it matters not a jot who the man is, so he be man and lover. There is a girl. I have painted her, complete from head to heel—a girl of Venice.

Fl. The night is sultry. I am stifled.

Cl. Ah, little one, you cannot feel the passion of this night. You cannot be a woman, poet though you be.

Fl. Poet! I was a bird with one note. You tamed me to your hand; and I am dumb.

Cl. Then I shall whistle you away. What! keep a songless thrush! Pipe to me, pipe. Think of all the maidens dreaming around us, dreaming all of love; think of them; dream of them; sing for them. Sing to me.

Fl. I can think of no girl but one; and she dreams of no lover. Or if she dream of a lover, dreams of no man, but of some being pure as she and noble—such as men are not—or are not here in Venice.

Cl. And who is this girl? Some convent sparrow?

Fl. My little sister.

Cl. A tall girl, too, and a pretty. I have seen her. And she does not dream of a lover? Is there no brown boy, no—

Fl. No. I have told you. If she have dreamed of love, it is of some angel-lover, noble and pure—as she thought me. And I shall make her weep! A curse fell on me when I saw your face.

Cl. My Florio.

Fl. My love! (*He falls at her feet, and the hand which she yields him is wet with his tears.*)

Cl. And you tried to leave me? Ungrateful. You will not leave me. This hour is for us. Is not this hour beautiful? Beautiful for me and thee?

Fl. For me and thee.

Cl. Sing to me, my bird with the sweet voice—sing to me

Fl. I cannot sing. It is so good to be silent when I am near you.

Cl. Sing; and I will give you this rose from my breast. See! It is pale in the moonlight, but the scent is sweet. Sing to me, Florio; and as your song, like this queen rose, fills the night full with perfume; so like a rose my heart will open to love, as my arms open now. (*She stretches her arms to the dark palace opposite.*)

Fl. Drop your arms. They strangle me. They are great white snakes.

Cl. See how I obey you! Obey me. Sing to me—sing to me of love; but not of love and death—not yet.

Fl. (*sings*).—

If face of mine this night
My lady dreaming see,
I pray that kind and bright
With gentle thoughts it be.

May no rude look of mine
Trouble my lady's breast;
But dreams of me incline
Her soul to sweeter rest.

(*As the last note of the music trembles to silence, she laughs.*)

Fl. Ah! why do you laugh? It is horrible.

Cl. It is the song of a young monk. A pretty pale face to look into a dreaming woman's dream, and make her sleep the sounder. This is a night too exquisite for sleep. It is a night of all the loves.

Fl. Of all the infamies! The hot air stifles me. It is full of the sighs of men, who lie deep in slime below these creeping waters. Every breath is heavy with awful memories; of secret judgment, and noiseless murder; foul love and quick revenge; blood of a thousand knives; fumes of a thousand cups, and in each cup poison; poison in the very flowers of God—in this rose poison!

(*He sets his foot upon the rose; she laughs again.*)

Cl. Do you think that I would kill you?

Fl. Have you not killed me? You have killed hope in me; you have killed my faith in woman. And here you stand close to me—your gown touches me—and smile, as if a smile could warm the dead to life. You cannot warm me to life. Will that crushed rose open its heart again, because you smile? I am dead in a dead world. The world was all so beautiful to me—a web of color, a fountain of sweet scent, its air all music. And then one day you smiled on me, as you are smiling now; and perfume, song, and color rushed together, and were one—were you; they found one exquisite form, and it was yours; and love found a language in your eyes.

You held my heart in your hand, and you have frozen it. And you have killed truth too. I can believe no more; and you have made me lie. When I am away from you, I comfort my soul with lies, and find torture. I prove to myself that you love me. I have a thousand unmistakable proofs. Oh, I can argue with a fine subtlety. I explain to myself your every word, your slightest look. I show myself why I may be sure that I am loved. These are all lies. I am never deceived. I know that you are cold to me, as the grave will be cold. I know that you would play with me, and crush me, as this rose under my heel, when you are weary of me. I know you. I have judged you.

Cl. And condemned? My Florio, look in my eyes, and tell me I am condemned. Look at me.

Fl. I will not. I know your power.

Cl. Why should I hurt you?

Fl. For knowledge. Mine is the loving heart, and yours the surgeon's knife. You are cold and curious.

Cl. Cold on this night! I think it is the beating of warm hearts that makes this pulse of the air. And what if it be true?—what if I cannot love?—should you not pity me? Pity me, my Florio.

Fl. You did not pity me.

Cl. I almost love you for your scorn of me.

Fl. Yes, you can almost love. I pity you.

Cl. I am tired of men's praises. Give me more blame— But no! Sing to me.

Fl. That you may laugh again.

Cl. There will be no laughter. Sing before you go—

Fl. I am to go, then?

Cl. All good things go. Sing me your song of Death and Love.

Fl. It was the first song I ever sang to you—that spring day on the island.

Cl. I remember. For my sake, Florio! Sing it to me now. (*He begins to murmur the song, but she stops him.*) Louder and clearer, Florio. Let the night hear it all.

Fl. (*sings*).—
Death with my heart in a thin cold hand,

O dear Death that art dear to me—

Love of my heart, the wide waste land,

O my lost love, holds nought but thee!

There is nought in the land, or sea, or sky,

But thou, and the man that once was I.

No perfume is left on the fair broad earth

But the scent of thy raiment passing sweet;

No gold of price, no faune of worth,

But only the place where we did meet:
O Death!—do I call on Death? Ah me!

I thought to call on Death, but I cry sweet love to thee.

Cl. Do you know why you sang that song?

Fl. To please you.

Cl. To please me ; yes.

Fl. What do you mean ?

Cl. It is my signal to Duke Angelo.

Fl. What if he find you dead ?

Cl. Put up your dagger. You dare not use it.

Fl. If I struck here, here in my heart, I should feel no more. You know me—you know I dare not strike. You have killed courage in me, as you killed faith, and hope, and love. There, take my dagger at your feet. God pardon you.

(*He leaps from the balcony. She leans her bosom on the edge and looks into the water below.*)

Cl. Will he drown ? No. There, he rises ; he swims. I knew it. They do but sing of death.

O Venice, mother of mine, what think you of the brood of men that crawl upon your waters ? Dukes and fishermen, blowers of glass or breathers of song, they are all men—and that's the pity. Florio has sung, and Angelo has heard his song. How sharply the black gondola severs itself from the darkness of the low archway ! So death might steal from the shadows. It seems as I had seen this thing long ages since in some dead world. More music ! (*From the canal rises the Duke's voice singing the song of Florio.*) Ah me, but I am tired of that song ! (*She tosses him the rose, which Florio's heel had crushed, and so begins to laugh again.*)—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GOSSIP OF AN OLD BOOKWORM.

BY WILLIAM H. THOMS.

I AGREE with Charles Lamb : " Every-body should have a hobby," even though, like Lamb's friend John Tipp, that hobby should be only a fiddle. John Tipp of the Old South Sea House, as Elia tells us, " thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it. And John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours"—as it has done those of wiser and greater men than John Tipp. I could point at this moment to one of the most valuable and hard-worked of public servants who found in his hobby, a fiddle, " refreshment and almost rest" during the sixty years of his busy and most useful official life, and now, at upward of fourscore, finds in it a pleasant change from that " arrear of reading" which in his well-earned leisure he is trying to reduce.

More fortunate than John Tipp, I have had more than one hobby. How we get our hobbies is matter for curious speculation. Some, I suspect, are born with us, and we are indoctrinated with others from accidental circumstances, while my chief hobby was, I think, the result of that beautiful system of compensation on the part of Providence of which, as we pass through life, we see so many proofs.

I was always so extremely short-sighted that I was quite unfitted to take part in the majority of those athletic sports, such as cricket, in which boys delight. Indeed, there was only one branch of them in which I was at all an adept, and in these refined days I almost blush to refer to it ; I was said to handle the gloves very nicely.

The consequence of my infirmity was, that almost as soon as I ceased to be one of the " spelling" public I became one of the reading public ; and on our holidays at school, instead of investing my small weekly allowance at the " tuck shop," I used to borrow from the small circulating library in the neighborhood materials for an afternoon's reading. I suppose I began with the " Mysteries of Udolpho," the " Scottish Chiefs," etc. ; but before I left school in 1819 I had read and re-read all Scott's novels that had then appeared.

When I left school, and by the kindness of the late Lord Farnborough, received an appointment in the Civil Service, my wise and good father, disregarding Shakespeare's condemnation of " home-keeping youths," and believing that for a youth who was released from his office and official restraints at four o'clock, there was no place like home to keep him out of mischief, gave up to me

the small room in which his, if limited, still well-selected library of the best English writers was shelved, and made it mine, the room of which I was henceforth to be lord and master, with full liberty to invite to me there and at all times such friends as I pleased. I can never be too grateful for this thoughtful kindness. Perhaps my tendency to very varied if not omnivorous reading may be attributed to the fact that my father, who was a diligent reader of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, had a complete set of them; and there, with the *Literary Gazette*, which I began to take in on my own account, became great favorites with me.

My father was an inveterate walker, and yet so punctual a man of business that I do not believe during the many years he held his then office he was ever five minutes after ten, or ever missed his hour's walk before ten, or his hour's walk after four; and he strongly enjoined me to keep up my health by regular daily pedestrian exercise.

Hence my two hobbies, my love of books, my love of walking, made up my great hobby, which I venture to designate *bookstalling*, and to the pursuit of that hobby I owe not only much enjoyment, but in a great measure the rather curious collection of literary treasures which during fifty years of bookstalling I have gathered round me. I wonder how many hundred miles I walked during the fifty years from 1819 to 1869, during which I pursued, with greater or less activity, my gleanings from old bookstalls.

Fortunately for me catalogues are now showered upon us thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa; though I agree with a late dear friend of mine who was the exception to Chaucer's dictum that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, and was at once the greatest clerk and the wisest man I ever knew, and who, speaking to me once on the formation of a library, expressed his belief that the majority of his most valuable books had been picked by him from the shelves of the booksellers, and not ordered from their catalogues, since from a catalogue you only get the title of the book, often very imperfect and deceptive, while turning over the pages of the book itself for a few minutes shows its scope and object

sufficiently to enable you to decide how far it is worth your buying.

After all, a bookstall is only an open shop where you can, without troubling the owner, turn over such volumes as may strike your fancy; and with this additional advantage, that the books are not only generally priced, but the outdoor prices are, as a rule, considerably lower than those pencilled in mysterious symbols, known only to the bookseller, on the shelves of his shop. It is matter for curious speculation how many of the "*rarissimi*" in the famous Roxburghe Library, which sold in 1812 for upward of 22,000*l.*, and would in these days have produced three times that amount, had been picked up by the noble duke from the bookstalls which he delighted to visit. For he did visit them, and, with the view of himself bringing home any rarities he might pick up, he had the hind pockets of his overcoat made large enough to contain a small folio. This I state on the authority of one who knew him well, the late Francis Douce.

A great portion of the library of the Lord Macaulay had been collected by the same means. I remember meeting him many years since, very far east, and his then telling me that he had been looking over the bookstalls in the neighborhood of the City Road and Whitechapel.

I remember the great historian telling me the curious incident which put him in possession of some French *mémoires* of which he had long been endeavoring to secure a copy but without success. He was strolling down Holywell Street when he saw in a bookseller's window a volume of Muggletonian tracts. Having gone in, examined the volume, and agreed to buy it, he tendered a sovereign in payment. The bookseller had not change, but said, if he (Mr. Macaulay) would just keep an eye on the shop, he would step out and get it. I remember the shop well and the civil fellow who kept it. His name, I think, was Hearle, and he had some relatives of the same name who had shops in the same street. This shop was at the west end of the street and backed on to Wych Street; and at the back was a small recess, lighted by a few panes of glass generally somewhat obscured by the dust of ages. While Macaulay was looking round the shop a ray of sunshine fell through this

little window on four little duodecimo volumes bound in vellum. He pulled out one of them to see what the work was, and great was his surprise and delight at finding these four volumes were the very French *mémoires* of which he had been in search for many years.

Macaulay spared no pains, no personal exertion, to secure a book he wanted. I remember a bookseller who resided in Great Turnstile telling me, many years ago, that one morning, when he began to take down his shutters, he saw a stout-built gentleman stumping up and down with his umbrella, who, as soon as the shop was fairly opened, walked in and asked for a book which was in the catalogue which the bookseller had sent out the day before. He eventually found out that the purchaser was Mr. Macaulay, who had come all the way from Kensington, thus early, in order to secure the volume in question.

Let me go back for a moment to Holywell Street, and tell another story about Hearle's shop there, outside of which there was always a goodly array of books of all kinds. A dear and accomplished friend of mine, who took special interest in the political history of the closing half of the last century, had long been anxious to secure a copy of a certain collection of political tracts, published either by Almon or Debrett, the precise title of which I do not at this minute recollect. There was not a bookseller in the United Kingdom known to have a large stock who had not been applied to for a copy; and a literary friend of his who was travelling in the United States (to which so many books of this character are consigned), was commissioned to secure a copy at any price. But all was in vain. The anxious searcher after the book in question had given up all hopes of obtaining a copy when, strolling one afternoon through Holywell Street and casting his eyes on the volumes ranged outside Hearle's shop, he was startled and delighted to see the long-sought-for collection of tracts. I need scarcely add that he at once secured the precious volumes, and, although not provided with the capacious pockets of Roxburghe's Duke, carried them away with him in triumph.

It was perhaps two or three years after I was first attacked with bibliomania,

and, adopting to a certain extent Chaucer's opinion:

That out of olde bookes in good faith
Cometh all this new science that men lere—

had begun to turn my long walks to good account among the bookstalls, that I had the good fortune to meet Leigh Hunt several times at dinner at the house of a mutual friend. I shall never forget the delight with which I listened to his after-dinner talk, especially the first time I met him. Of course he monopolized the talk. On that occasion his discourse was nearly akin to Elia's quaint and charming essay "On Grace before Meat," and he discoursed on the propriety of "a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, and a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the 'Faery Queen.'" But I remember I was somewhat startled by a hint as to "grace, not only before such super-sensual enjoyments as those which I have named, but before others of less intellectual character and more allied to what I heard Crabbe Robinson describe as "the animality of our nature." When I read lately what his and my old friend Cowden Clarke said of his conversational powers, I felt he had done Leigh Hunt no more than justice, "Melodious in tone, alluring in accent, eloquent in choice of words, Leigh Hunt's talk was as delicious to listen to as rarest music."

I remember on one of these memorable occasions being startled by what seemed to me "a parlous heresy" on the part of Leigh Hunt. The subject of his after-dinner oration on that occasion was books, and old books specially; and in the course of his varied criticisms and opinions he declared "no one had ever found anything worth having in the 'sixpenny box' at a book-stall."

When he had wound up, and there was a lull in the conversation which followed, I ventured to dissent from this dogma; and though I am bound, in justice to the eloquent poet, to say he did not snub the short-sighted nervous stripling who had ventured to differ from him, the objection urged against his heterodoxy only confirmed him in it. I was recently reminded of this incident by coming across one of the very books

which I had so picked up out of a "sixpenny box" and had quoted in support of my view—an early copy of Thomas Randolph's "Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher."

"Never find anything at a bookstall in the 'sixpenny box!'" A greater mistake was never made. Some years ago a very able critic was stopped in the preparation of an article on a very interesting historical question for want of a certain pamphlet on the subject which, when published some twenty or thirty years before, had excited great attention. All the booksellers had been canvassed without success. At last he advertised for it, naming, as the price he was willing to give, about as many shillings as it was worth pence. He had a copy within eight and forty hours, with a large "6d." pencilled on the title-page, showing that it had been picked out of one of these despised receptacles for curiosities of literature.

Not find anything worth having in the "sixpenny box" at a bookstall! Psha! When the collected edition of Defoe's works was published some thirty years ago, it was determined that the various pieces inserted in it should be reprinted from the editions of them superintended by Defoe himself. There was one tract which the editor had failed to find at the British Museum or any other public library, and which he had sought for in vain in "the Row" or any bookseller's within the reach of ordinary West-end mortals. Somebody suggested that he should make a pilgrimage to Old Street, St. Luke's, and perhaps Brown might have a copy. Old Brown, as he was familiarly called, had great knowledge of books and book rarities, although perhaps he was more widely known for the extensive stock of manuscript sermons which he kept indexed according to texts, and which he was ready to lend or sell as his customers desired. I am afraid to say how many sermons on the text "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" he is reported to have sold on the death of the Duke of Wellington, and it is said he might have disposed of hundreds more if he had had them in stock. But to go back to my story. The editor inquired of Brown whether he had a copy of Defoe's tract.

"No," said Brown, "I have not, and I don't know where you are likely to find one. But if you do meet with one you will have to pay pretty handsomely for it." "I am prepared to pay a fair price for it," said the would-be customer, and left the shop. Now Old Brown had a "sixpenny box" outside the door, and he had such a keen eye to business, that I believe, if there was a box in London which would bear out Leigh Hunt's statement, it was that box in Old Street. But as the customer left the shop his eye fell on the box, turned over the rubbish in it, and at last selected a volume which he found there. "I'll pay you for this out of the box!" "Thank you, sir," said Brown, taking the proffered sixpence; "but, by the by, what is it?" "It is a tract by Defoe," was the answer, to old Brown's chagrin. For it was the very work of which the purchaser was in search. Who, after this, will back Leigh Hunt's unfounded dogma that you will never find anything worth having in a sixpenny box at a bookstall?

But there are other hiding-places than those of which I have just been speaking, where curious out-of-the-way books may be found. At small brokers' shops, one drawer of a chest is frequently left open to show that it contains books for sale. I have before me at this moment a curious little black-letter 16mo, containing early English translations of Erasmus, which a shilling rescued from such company as it was then in.

As the accounts of these curious English versions in Lowndes are very imperfect, I venture to give a short notice of them. They are four in number, the first and fourth being unfortunately imperfect.

No. 1 is the first part of the "Garden of Wisdom" selected by Richard Taverner. It wants the title and first four folios, and ends on verso of folio xlvi. with the words "Here endeth the fyrst booke" and "These bookes are to be sold at the west dore of Poules by Wyllyam Telotson."

No. 2 is "The Second Booke of the Garden of Wysedome, wherein are conteyned wytty, pleasaunt and nette sayenges of renowned personages, collected by Rycharde Tauerner. Anno MDXXXIX. Cum privilegio ad im-

primendum solum," and ends on the verso of folio 48 "Prynted at London by Richard Bankes. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum."

No. 3 is "Flores aliquot Sententiarum ex variis collecti scriptoribus. The Flovvers of Sentces [*sic*] gathered out of sundry wryters by Erasmus in Latine and Englished by Richard Tauerner. Huic libello non male conveniunt Mimi illi Publiani nuper ab eodem Richardo uersi. Londini ex ædibus Richardi Tauerner, anno MDXL," and ends on verso of B. iii., "Printed in Flete strete very diligently under the correction of the selfe Richard Tauerner by Richard Bankes."

No. 4, the last, is "Proverbes and Adagies gathered out of the Chiliades of Erasmus by Richarde Tauerner. With newe additions as well of Latyn proverbes as of Englysshe. Edwardus Whytchurche excudebat anno MDXLV." This is unfortunately imperfect, wanting all after folio lxx.

A quaint writer is Master Richard Taverner, and his Erasmus tracts repay the attention of students of early English.

My next prize from a similar source was one of greater curiosity and value. As I was hurrying to my office one morning some forty years ago, I espied on the top of a chest of drawers outside a broker's shop, opposite the Royal Mews in Pimlico, a pile of books. I looked over them, but there was only one which interested me—a small thin folio, which on opening proved to be an early Latin manuscript. The worthy broker said it was "very old and very curious," and asked a larger sum for it than I was prepared to pay without a fuller examination than I had then time to give to it. So I left it, but was vexed with myself for the rest of the day that I had done so, fearing it might have been sold when I returned homeward in the afternoon. Fortunately it was still on the top of the drawers when I returned; and although I had until then never indulged in the luxury of buying manuscripts, the result of my further examination was to show me that the broker was right, and that the manuscript was curious as well as old, and I risked a sovereign, or a sovereign and a half, which was the price asked for it, and

secured it, as it contained a collection of Latin stories with moralizations; and I came to the conclusion that it was an early manuscript of the world-renowned "Gesta Romanorum." But my learned friend Mr. Thomas Wright, a great authority upon all such matters, who saw it soon after I had bought it, pronounced the manuscript to be of the thirteenth century, and confirmed my opinion as to the interest and value of it, for it was obviously an English collection, the scene of many of the tales being laid in this country. At his suggestion I transcribed a number of the tales and sent them to that interesting German antiquarian journal, edited by Moriz Haupt and Heinrich Hoffman, entitled "Altdeutsche Blätter (Leipzig, 1836-40), the precursor of Wright and Halliwell's curious collection, the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ." The tales so transcribed will be found at pp. 74-82 of the second volume. My impression is that when transferred to the British Museum, which it was at the earnest solicitation of Sir Frederic Madden, the manuscript was ascertained to be one of Odo de Cerington. But on this I cannot, after so many years, speak with certainty. But I must be pardoned if I make a short digression before I tell the story of my third prize from a broker's shop.

In the year 1846 I addressed a letter to the editor of a well-known periodical suggesting an article which I thought might be suitable to it, and in consequence of his invitation called upon him at his office to talk the matter over with him. That was a day "lapidi candidiore notare." It was the first time I met one who became one of my most dear and most honored friends. How often had I regretted that I had not known him before. At that interview I was charmed and struck by his strong common sense and thorough right-mindedness; but it was only when it was my privilege to know him intimately that I became aware that, great as were the good qualities in him which I had at once recognized, they were but as straw in the balance as compared with his kindly and affectionate nature. Advisedly I do not mention his name, that I may not be suspected of self-glorification. Those who know me, and who knew the excellent man to whom I re-

fer, will easily recognize him, and will judge the emotion with which, after our friendship had extended oversome twenty years, I read these touching lines from his excellent son: "My dear father loved you too well for me to let you learn from the newspapers that he died this morning." Peace to his memory. It is very dear to me.

At this our first interview our business matter was soon settled, and after a long gossip on books and men I left the office quite delighted with the acquaintance which I had made.

My next interview with him was at a bookstall in the neighborhood of Drury Lane, which, after a long and pleasant chat, ended with his inviting me to call upon him and renew our gossip at home, an invitation as cordially accepted as it was heartily given. As I soon found my old friend, for he was nearly twenty years my senior, interested in many points of literary history on which I was curious and he learned, my visits became very frequent, and to me very instructive. Who was Junius? was one of these, and I shall not readily forget the pleasure with which he one day received a copy of an early Wheble edition of the letters, which he had long been looking for without success, and which I had a day or two before picked out of a "six-penny box."

A few weeks later it was my good luck to pick up a Junius tract which my old friend had not got, and which he was delighted to see; but before I left him he said to me, with that characteristic frankness which was one of his charms: "I can't tell you the pleasure you give me by thinking of me in this way, and how pleased I am to get these additions to my collection. But you can double my obligation to you." I stared, and he explained. It would be by letting him pay for whatever I did so pick up for him. I saw it was his wish, so consented at once upon condition that if I brought him any book which he already possessed he would at once tell me so, and I would keep that for my own collection. The treaty was at once concluded, and from that time I gave him the choice of every Junius book I got hold of.

No, not every one. My "vellum Junius," which came off a stall in Maid-

en Lane, and which Joseph Parkes persuaded himself was the veritable vellum copy bound for Junius, but which is more than doubtful. I must some day, but not now, tell the story of Lord Brougham showing that copy to the late Lord Lansdowne, and of the curious conversation that followed.

But to return to books and brokers. One summer's evening, strolling along the Blackfriars Road after a fruitless search for literary treasures in the New Cut, I saw a few books at a broker's, and on turning them over, I found a quarto volume containing five tracts connected with the charge made by Lord Sandwich against Wilkes of having written the "Essay on Woman," when there is, I fear, little doubt that he must then have known, as we all know now, that that infamous production was written by Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of course I purchased the volume, and a few days after, took it to my old friend, who was a great admirer of John Wilkes and knew more about him, his real character, foibles, weaknesses, and strong religious feelings, than I believe at that time did any half dozen men in England put together.

I had determined, as I went along, that on this occasion I would have the pleasure of giving him a book which would, I was sure, delight him. He was delighted at the sight of it, and as he turned over the leaves kept asking, "Where did you pick it up? What did you give for it?" "You shall know all about it if you will let me give it to you," was the answer. He consented, and I don't know which of the two was the more pleased; and when I told him where I had found it and the price—eighteen pence—he very irreverently hinted that I had the luck of the Prince of Darkness as well as my own.

But I was not always blessed with that "joint-stock luck" with which I was credited. More than once have I been interrupted in the course of my small literary efforts by my inability to act up to the wise suggestion of one of great experience who laid it down as a rule "not to take anything for granted," in consequence of failing to get sight of the particular book which would have settled some point at issue, and this not

always a rare book. For instance, one evening wanting to see the original of a passage translated from one of the "Colloquies" of Erasmus, I was first annoyed at not being able to lay my hands on my own copy, and secondly still more annoyed when, as time was an object, I started off at once to Holywell Street, sure, as I thought, to find one at Poole's, or if he should fail, which is rarely the case, at one of his neighbors'; but neither from Poole nor any of his brother booksellers there, nor Bumstead nor Baldock in Holborn, nor anywhere, could I get a copy of this comparatively common book, and I returned home *re infecto*. When I afterward came across my own copy, my interest in the point had vanished.

In my early days of book-hunting there was no book more frequently to be met with, at prices varying from one shilling to half a crown, than Theobald's "Shakespeare Restored." But when, interested in the quarrel between Pope and Theobald and the merits of their respective editions of Shakespeare, both of which I had, I wanted, in order to investigate the matter thoroughly, to get a copy of "Shakespeare Restored," I hunted London through, I might almost say, in vain; for the only copy I found was in the possession of one who asked at least ten times as much as it was worth, and wanted to make a favor of parting with it at that price. I declined to accept his favor, and have now a nice copy at a tithe of what he asked me.

But a marked change in the character of the stock of every bookseller has taken place during the last half-century. No longer does

The folio Aldus load their bending shelves,
Though dapper Elzevirs, like fairy elves,
Show their light forms amid the well-gilt
twelves.

I do not believe that at the present day twenty-five per cent. of the quartos, certainly not of the folios, are to be seen on their shelves compared with what there were formerly.

The explanation given to me by many dealers in old books some six or seven years since when I was looking out for a certain folio, which I remember as by no means a rare book, was that these large books took up too much room in

their shops, that now nobody liked large books, especially folios, and that what had not gone to America had been what is technically called "wasted," *i.e.* sold to the butter shops. The folio to which I have just referred is Nalson's "True Copy of the Journal of the High Court of Justice for the Tryal of King Charles I. as it was read in the House of Commons, and attested under the hand of Phelps, Clerk to that infamous Court."

Until 1872, when I published in *Notes and Queries* a little paper entitled "The Death Warrant of Charles the First: Another Historic Doubt," I do not know of a writer on the subject of the death of that monarch who was aware that the warrant for his execution—a strip of parchment measuring some eighteen inches wide by ten deep, on which there are about a dozen lines of writing and some threescore seals and signatures—a document familiar to every body from the numerous fac-similes which have been made of it—a document second to none in existence in interest and importance—brief as it is, abounds with erasures, some of them in passages of vital importance.

Having repeatedly seen this warrant, I had long been aware of this fact, and I cannot now say positively what it was that determined me to see if I could throw any light on the origin of these erasures. My impression is, that, while pointing them out to somebody to whom I was showing the warrant, the thought suddenly occurred to me that seeing how short the document was, and looking at the erasures, I came to the conclusion in my own mind—which was afterward confirmed by an experienced public writer—that it would have taken less time to write out another fair copy of it than to make the erasures and corrections which now appear upon it.

I knew, of course, that Nalson was the great authority to be consulted with respect to the proceedings of the so-called High Court of Justice; but although I have D'Israeli's Commentaries and many other works connected with Charles the First, I had not Nalson's. Neither had the library of the House of Lords nor that of the House of Commons. I consoled myself with the thought I shall be sure to find it at the

Athenæum. No, it is not even in that best of club libraries. Thence I turned to Burlington House—no Nalson in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. I next tried the Royal Institution, of which I am not a member, but by the courtesy of Mr. Vincent, the careful editor of Haydn's indispensable "Dictionary of Dates," I had an opportunity of running my eyes over the pages of Nalson in that library.

Now I am something like the boy who could only read out of his own book. I can only work comfortably in my own room and with my own books about, and what I had seen of Nalson showed me pretty clearly that if I were to go thoroughly into the inquiry which I had proposed to myself, I must secure a copy of that book. What efforts I made to procure one, it were long to tell. But, alas! all were in vain; and probably this good intention would have been added to the number of proverbial paving-stones which I have laid down, but for the kindness of a gentleman, an entire stranger to me, who, happening to hear from Salkeld, the worthy and intelligent bookseller of Orange Street, Golden Square, that I was in search of a copy of Nalson, said he had one, wanting the portrait and plate of the trial, which was at my service. That gentleman was the late Mr. John Soper Street-er, a distinguished medical practitioner of Bloomsbury, editor of the "Icones Obstetricæ" of Moreau and other valuable works; and I deeply regret that this public recognition of his thoughtful kindness comes too late. He died in 1875.

This act of courtesy is only one of many similar kindnesses which I have from time to time received; and I am convinced that what Chaucer said in his noble description of the Scholar of Oxenforde—

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche—
might be said, with a slight verbal alteration, of all *true* lovers of books:

"Full gladly would they give and gladly take."

I have several curious old German books given me some half century since by one of my earliest and most revered friends, Francis Douce; and my collection of books in connection with Mrs. Serres, *soi-disant* Princess Olive of Cum-

berland, owes much of its completeness to similar acts of considerate courtesy. I am indebted for more than one of these to the liberality of Mr. William Lee, the author of the interesting "Life and newly discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe." My kind old friend, so long the distinguished head of the British Museum, the late Sir Henry Ellis, took from a volume of pamphlets his copy of the "Princess Olive's Proofs of her Legitimacy," inscribed on the title-page in her handwriting (I copy *literatim*) 'with the Princesses' respects for your acceptance,' and on the last page, "Princess being at present at Crawford Street No. 7, may be seen at one any morning." I am indebted for several others to gentlemen who were entire strangers to me, but who sympathized with my endeavors to discover whether there was any fragment of truth in the claim originated by Mrs. Serres and afterward brought forward by Mrs. Ryves.

Oddly enough, I first took up that inquiry, which has resulted in what a noble and learned lord has good-naturedly characterized as "Serres on the brain," in consequence of the gift from Lord Brougham, when at a visit to him at Brougham, in 1858, of Mrs. Ryves' "Appeal for Royalty," and was encouraged to pursue it by the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock telling me how much he envied my pointing out that the certificate of Mrs. Serres' birth, whose mother, it should be remembered, was the daughter of a Fellow of Trinity, who was *never married*, by a Polish princess who *never existed*, on Tuesday, April 3d, 1772, must clearly be a forgery, inasmuch as the 3d of April, 1772, fell on a Friday and not on a Tuesday. The mistake of the writer was not knowing that the old style, under which the 12th of April would have been on Tuesday, was altered in 1752.

But asking forgiveness for this digression, and going back to the matter of books—though, for obvious reasons, I scarcely like to write it—I really believe it is almost more blessed to give than to receive. There is nothing more delightful than to put into the hands of a book-loving friend a volume one feels sure he will prize and enjoy.

When I had picked up, as I did occasionally, an old Carolinian tract, and

added it to the remarkable collection of them which my almost brother John Bruce had gathered together, I am sure his satisfaction could not exceed mine; and great as were the pleasure and heartiness with which my frequent correspondent Professor De Morgan—whom it was my misfortune never to have known personally—expressed his thanks for two or three early books on arithmetic which I had discovered in some sixpenny boxes, and added to his collection. I am sure I was as much pleased as he was.

It is undoubtedly a real source of satisfaction to feel that a volume which has any special interest connected with it is in proper keeping. When, on the evening of one of the *soirées* given by the President of the Royal Society, I had rescued from a miserable lot of dirty old books in a back slum near Clare Market a copy of Sprat's "History of the Royal Society" which contained unmistakable evidence that it had once belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, what was more natural than that on that evening I should place that copy in the hands of the noble lord who then held the office which Sir Isaac had formerly occupied, and that that volume should find a home in the Society's library?

Again, what more natural than that, having, as the result of an afternoon's bookstalling, brought home a copy of Bishop Burnet's "Funeral Sermon on the Death of Queen Anne," as fresh as if it had just come from the press, I should place it in the hands of Mr. Macaulay, whom I was then seeing almost daily in my room at the House of Lords, where he was working up materials for his "History of England;" and I had the pleasant duty of bringing under his notice the records of the House, which had not then been calendared. About that time I should have given him another interesting book, a Dublin edition of a certain well-known English classic which I told him I had lately secured. He thought I was wrong in my impression about it. So in the course of a few days, being anxious to set myself right, when he had seen all the papers he was then prepared to go through, and near about to leave, I recalled his attention to the book. The result was

that he poured forth an oration delicious to listen to, full of distinct proofs

That what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass;

that no such book containing what I had stated it did contain could exist; and when he had brought his brilliant discourse to an end shook hands and bade me "good-bye," convinced, I have no doubt, in his own mind, that he had convinced me, because, in the face of all he had said, I had not impudence sufficient, even if he had waited, to pull the book in question out of that pocket in which I had brought it with me for the purpose of giving it to him. I would have given much to have had present a short-hand writer who could have taken down that wonderful specimen of Macaulay's power of talk.

I never heard anything at all to be compared with it but once. That was during a stroll over Weybridge Common with that warm-hearted friend and profound scholar, the great Saxonist John Mitchell Kemble; when he descanted upon his great theme, the Saxons in England, the nature of the "mark," and other cognate points, with such overpowering eloquence that I could scarcely tear myself away from him when the train came that was to bring me back to London. I remember two things he mentioned on that day. The first was that he never wrote down a single line of any paper or book—the "Saxons in England," for instance—until the paper or the book was arranged and composed in his own mind. The second, that among other illustrations of ancient tenures, forest rights, etc., which he had picked up at Addlestone (where he was then living, and to which the old forest of Windsor had formerly extended), was the custom of deciding how far the rights of the owner of land extended into the stream, on which his property is situated, by a man standing on the brink with "one foot on the land and the other in the water and throwing a tenpenny hatchet into the water; where the hatchet fell was the limit. This he had learned from an old man born and bred in the forest who remembered having once seen it done.

Such of my readers as know Jacob Grimm's "Deutsche Rechts-Alter thü-

mer" will remember that a similar practice is recorded in that vast monument of legal archæology. I often wonder that no young barrister has had the courage to translate this work. Probably it would not be remunerative in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence, but it could not fail to give him a high position in his profession; or, what would be unquestionably more popular, use the book as Michelet did in his "Origines du Droit Français," make Grimm's work the basis of a clear and interesting history of the antiquities of English law.

But if books occasionally disappear like certain classes of insects, like them also they as suddenly reappear, of which I have myself experienced several curious proofs. Talking of books and insects, I should like to know why it is that so many bookmen and antiquaries, like Douce and Albert Way, have been entomologists. That inquiry has connected with it a good story about Francis Douce and Cobbett which must wait some more fitting time to tell.

Reverting to the curious reappearance of books, and to the manner in which, after having given up all hopes of obtaining some much-desired volume, no sooner is one copy found than a second one turns up, I had a curious experience with respect to one of my Junius volumes. I had long been looking out in vain for a copy of "The Vices, a Poem in Three Cantos," from the original MS. in the presumed handwriting of the author of "The Letters of Junius, 1828," and which a well-known Junius collector had repeatedly advertised for without success, when, taking up one of Wilson's catalogues, always worth going through, I saw in it, to my great delight, "The Vices." But my delight was somewhat diminished when I recollected I had had the catalogue some days, but had been too busy to read it. I started off at once to Great Russell Street (it was before he removed to King William Street), but, as I feared, the book was gone. On asking Wilson who was the lucky purchaser, he named a nobleman, then a member of the House of Commons, who, he said, he was sure would willingly lend it to me for a few days if I asked him. As I had not the advantage of being known to the

fortunate purchaser, it was not till I had received reiterated assurances of his invariable kindness in such matters that I summoned up resolution to follow this advice. My application was most promptly and courteously granted. I at once went through the book, and came to the conclusion that it was not by Junius, but by the notorious William Combe, the author of "Doctor Syntax," of that precious repository of Georgian scandal in nine volumes, the "Royal Register," the "Diaboliad," etc. The book contains a fac-simile of the original MS., with a fac-simile of one of Junius's Letters; but as of the many Junius claimants there is not one whose claim is not based on identity of handwriting, I place no faith in such supposed identity. Of course I returned the book almost immediately, and had no sooner done so than I saw in a catalogue from some bookseller at Islington another copy marked at rather a high figure. This I secured, and it is now before me, and I see by a memorandum in it my attention was first called to "The Vices" by Lord Brougham, when he mentioned to me the "Verses addressed to Betty Giles" which form so important a feature in the magnificent volume on the "Handwriting of Junius" by M. Chabot, with Preface and Collateral Evidence by the Hon. Edward Twisleton, of which I have a presentation copy from the editor, to whom I had lent for this book a letter from Lord Lyttleton dated "Maestricht, November 27, 1771," which, by showing, as it does, that Lord Lyttleton had been and was then travelling on the Continent, completely negatives his claim to be the writer of the Letters of Junius which were at that very time publishing in the *Public Advertiser*. That letter was one of several by him which I purchased at a second-hand book and print shop in the Blackfriars Road.

But a second instance in my own experience of this turning up, about the same time, of a duplicate copy of a book which had been long and anxiously looked for, is the more curious, inasmuch as the volume to which I am referring is of greater rarity and literary importance than "The Vices." I refer to the then very rare and most interesting collection of Neapolitan fairy

tales, "Il Pentamerone del Cavalier Giovan Battista Basile."

My interest in the "Pentamerone" was first excited by the references made to it in Edgar Taylor and Mrs. Austin's admirable selection from it in their "German Popular Stories" so admirably translated by them from the collection of the Brothers Grimm, and so wonderfully illustrated by George Cruikshank, and of which my copy—*væ mihi!*—has been thumbed away by two generations of juvenile readers; that book stimulating the curiosity as to the history of fiction, and its cognate subject nursery literature, which had been awakened in me by the admirable articles so entitled in the *Quarterly* from the pen of the late Sir Francis Palgrave; and I mastered German enough to wade through the three little Almain quarto volumes of the original "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen" published at Göttingen in 1822. There I learned more about the "Pentamerone," and tried hard to secure a copy of it, but waited long before that most courteous and clever of caterers for such literary wants (of whom more anon), Tom Rodd, got me that which I now possess, which is of the edition printed at Naples in 1674.

But during the ten or fifteen years which elapsed before I got this copy of Basile, the idea which I had entertained of mastering the Neapolitan dialect and translating Basile's stories into English had passed away, and I had other work in hand; and I only secured the book in case, at some future time, I might take up again the idea of preparing an English version of it.

Within a month of getting this copy I was offered another—and, strangely enough, at a shop also in Newport Street, and within fifty yards of Tom Rodd's. I of course secured that, and had the pleasure of giving it to Crofton Croker, the author of the "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," who, like myself, had long been on the look-out for one.

What a number of old friends and pleasant associations in connection with them will the sight of an old book sometimes recall to our minds! I have already mentioned the accomplished authors of the "Lays of the Minnesingers" and of "Maistre Wace his Chron-

icle of the Norman Conquest," Edgar Taylor and Crofton Croker. To these I must add the name of Felix Liebrecht, the learned translator and annotator of Dunlop's "History of Fiction," a book which I commend to the attention of any publisher or editor of a new edition of Dunlop. I owe my knowledge of this accomplished scholar to Sir George Lewis, who, when Liebrecht visited England some five and twenty years since, did me the kindness to give him a letter of introduction to me. Strangely enough, I did not then know that he had translated the "Pentamerone" into German. His translation in two volumes, with a preface by Jacob Grimm, was published at Breslau, in 1846. English antiquaries are indebted to him also for a work of special interest to them, but which, I have reason to think, is not known so generally as it ought to be. I allude to "Des Gervasios von Tilbury Otia Imperialia. In einer Auswahl neu herausgegeben und mit Ammerkungen begleitet 8vo, 1856." It is dedicated to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, and the fifty or sixty pages of the original text of Gervase are accompanied by upward of two hundred pages of most valuable notes. I had also the pleasure of numbering among my friends the late John Edward Taylor, the English translator of the "Pentamerone," published in 1848 with illustrations by George Cruikshank, and of rendering him some small service in connection with it. He had heard me say that my friend and near connection, the Rev. James Morton, Vicar of Holbeach, the learned editor of the "Ancient Riwle" and other semi-Saxon and Early English poems, had a Neapolitan glossary, and Taylor asked me if I could borrow it for him. I wrote at once to the vicar, and the answer was one confirmatory of what I have already insisted upon. Mr. Morton presented me with Galiani's "Del Dialetto Napolitano" and the accompanying two volumes of the same author's "Vocabolario Napolitano-Toscana," in order that I "might have the pleasure of lending them" to John Edward Taylor.

But perhaps the most curious and valuable recovery of a book long sought for occurred to the late Mr. Grenville, whose most munificent bequest of his extraordinary library to the British Mu-

seum entitles him to the gratitude of all scholars. I mention the fact on the authority of my late honored friend Mr. Amyot, the secretary, friend, and biographer of Wyndham, and for so many years Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries and Director of the Camden Society. Among the choicest books in his library Mr. Grenville possessed one of two volumes of an excessively rare fifteenth-century, I think, the Mazarine Bible, printed on vellum and magnificently bound. Of course he was very anxious to get a copy of the missing volume also on vellum, but he hoped almost against hope. After many years, however, he had the unexpected and almost unexampled good fortune to get not only a copy on vellum, but the identical copy, as shown by the binding, which had been so long separated from the one in his possession. Mr. Grenville, when showing the books to Mr. Amyot and to Samuel Rogers, who was there at the same time, told the history of his good fortune.

Amyot said it was the most remarkable coincidence he had ever heard.

Rogers did not quite agree to this, and proceeded to mention the following, which he thought still more remarkable.

An officer who was ordered to India went, on the day before leaving England, to his lawyers in Lincoln's Inn

Fields. The day being wet, he took a hackney coach, and when he got out, as he was paying the driver, dropped a shilling. He looked in the mud and slush for it in vain, and so did the coachman. On his return home after some years' service he had again occasion to go to his lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When leaving, he recollected his lost shilling, and by some unaccountable impulse began to look for it, when, strange to say, just at the very spot where he had paid the coachman, and on the very edge of the curbstone, he found—

"The shilling!" was the hasty conclusion of my excellent friend.

"Not exactly," said Rogers, "but twelve-pennyworth of coppers wrapped up in brown paper!"

Samuel Rogers is said to have been great at what Arbuthnot called "The Art of selling Bargains," of which curious tract, with its unquotable and Swiftian leading title (for which the curious reader is referred to Arbuthnot's works, vol. ii. p. 156), I once picked up an original copy which I presented to a worthy member of the Stock Exchange fully capable of enjoying the humor of it. But probably the reader may now be of opinion that "now 'tis time that we shake hands and part," at least for the present. So be it!—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR GRANT ALLEN.

ALTHOUGH the roses, like many other highly respectable modern families, cannot claim for themselves any remarkable antiquity—their tribe is only known, with certainty, to date back some three or four millions of years, to the tertiary period of geology—they have yet in many respects one of the most interesting and instructive histories among all the annals of English plants. In a comparatively short space of time they have managed to assume the most varied forms; and their numerous transformations are well attested for us by the great diversity of their existing representatives. Some of them have produced extremely beautiful and showy flowers, as

is the case with the cultivated roses of our gardens, as well as with the dog-roses, the sweet-briers, the may, the blackthorn, and the meadow-sweet, of our hedges, our copses, and our open fields. Others have developed edible fruits, like the pear, the apple, the apricot, the peach, the nectarine, the cherry, the strawberry, the raspberry, and the plum; while yet others again, which are less serviceable to lordly man, supply the woodland birds or even the village children with blackberries, dewberries, cloudberry, hips, haws, sloes, crab-apples, and rowanberries. Moreover, the various members of the rose family exhibit almost every variety of size and

habit, from the creeping silver-weed which covers our roadsides or the tiny alchemilla which peeps out from the crannies of our walls, through the herb-like meadow-sweet, the scrambling briars, the shrubby hawthorn, and the bushy bird-cherry, to the taller and more arborescent forms of the apple-tree, the pear-tree, and the mountain ash. And since modern science teaches us that all these very divergent plants are ultimately descended from a single common ancestor—the primæval progenitor of the entire rose tribe—whence they have gradually branched off in various directions, owing to separately slight modifications of structure and habit, it is clear that the history of the roses must really be one of great interest and significance from the new standpoint of evolution. I propose, therefore, here to examine the origin and development of the existing English roses, with as little technical detail as possible; and I shall refer for the most part only to those common and familiar forms which, like the apple, the strawberry, or the cabbage rose, are already presumably old acquaintances of all my readers.

The method of our inquiry must be a strictly genealogical one. For example, if we ask at the present day whence came our own eatable garden plums, competent botanists will tell us that they are a highly cultivated and carefully selected variety of the common sloe or blackthorn. It is true, the sloe is a small, sour, and almost uneatable fruit, the bush on which it grows is short and trunkless, and its branches are thickly covered with very short stout thorns; whereas the cultivated plum is borne upon a shapely spreading tree, with no thorns and a well-marked trunk, while the fruit itself is much larger, sweeter, and more brightly colored than the ancestral sloe. But these changes have easily been produced by long tillage and constant selection of the best fruiters through many ages of human agriculture. So, again, if we ask what is the origin of our pretty old-fashioned Scotch roses, the botanists will tell us in like manner that they are double varieties of the wild burnet-rose, which grows beside the long tidal lochs of the Scotch Highlands, or clammers over the heathy

cliffs of Cumberland and Yorkshire. The wild form of the burnet-rose has only five simple petals, like our own common sweetbrier; but all wild flowers when carefully planted in a rich soil show a tendency to double their petals; and by selecting for many generations those burnet-roses which showed this doubling tendency in the highest degree, our florists have at last succeeded in producing the pretty Scotch roses which may still be found (thank Heaven!) in many quiet cottage gardens, though ousted from fashionable society by the Marshal Niels and Gloires de Dijon of modern scientific horticulturists.

Now, if we push our inquiry a step further back, we shall find that this which is true of cultivated plants in their descent from wild parent stocks, is true also of the parent stocks themselves in their descent from an earlier common ancestor. Each of them has been produced by the selective action of nature, which has favored certain individuals in the struggle for existence, at the expense of others, and has thus finally resulted in the establishment of new species, having peculiar points of advantage of their own, now wholly distinct from the original species whose descendants they are. Looked at in this manner, every family of plants or animals becomes a sort of puzzle for our ingenuity, as we can to some extent reconstruct the family genealogy by noting in what points the various members resemble one another, and in what points they differ among themselves. To discover the relationship of the various English members of the rose tribe to each other—their varying degrees of cousinship or of remoter community of descent—is the object which we set before ourselves in the present paper.

Perhaps the simplest and earliest type of the rose family now remaining in England is to be found in the little yellow potentillas which grow abundantly in ill-kept fields or by scrubby roadsides. The potentillas are less familiar to us than most others of the rose family, and therefore I am sorry that I am obliged to begin by introducing them first to my reader's notice rather than some other and older acquaintance, like the pear or the hawthorn. But as they form the most central typical specimen of

the rose tribe which we now possess in England, it is almost necessary to start our description with them, just as in tracing a family pedigree we must set out from the earliest recognizable ancestor, even though he may be far less eminent and less well known than many of his later descendants. For to a form very much like the potentillas all the rose family trace their descent. The two best known species of potentilla are the goose-weed or silver-weed, and the cinquefoil. Both of them are low creeping herblike weeds, with simple bright yellow blossoms about the size of a strawberry flower, having each five golden petals, and bearing a number of small dry brown seeds on a long green stalk. At first sight a casual observer would hardly take them for roses at all, but a closer view would show that they resemble in all essential particulars an old-fashioned single yellow rose in miniature. From some such small creeping plants as these all the roses are probably descended. Observe, I do not say that they are the direct offspring of the potentillas, but merely that they are the offspring of some very similar simple form. We ourselves do not derive our origin from the Icelanders; but the Icelanders keep closer than any other existing people to that primitive Teutonic and Scandinavian stock from which we and all the other people of north-western Europe are descended. Just so, the roses do not necessarily derive their origin from the potentillas, but the potentillas keep closer than any other existing rose to that primitive rosaceous stock from which all the other members of the family are descended.*

The strawberry is one of the more developed plants which has varied least from this early type represented by the cinquefoil and the silver-weed. There is, in fact, one common English potentilla which bears with village children the essentially correct and suggestive name of barren strawberry. This particular potentilla differs from most others of its class in having white petals instead of yellow ones, and in having three leaflets on each stalk instead of five or

seven. When it is in flower only it is difficult at first sight to distinguish it from the strawberry blossom, though the petals are generally smaller, and the whole flower less widely opened. After blossoming, however, the green bed or receptacle on which the little seeds* are seated does not swell out (as in the true strawberry) into a sweet pulpy, red mass, but remains a mere dry stalk for the tiny bunch of small hard inedible nuts. The barren strawberry, indeed, is really an intermediate stage between the other potentillas and the true eatable strawberry; or, to put it more correctly, the eatable strawberry is a white-flowered potentilla which has acquired the habit of producing a sweet and bright-colored fruit instead of a few small dry seeds. If we can get to understand the *rationale* of this first and simplest transformation, we shall have a clue by which we may interpret almost all the subsequent modifications of the rose family.

The true strawberry resembles the barren strawberry in every particular except in its fruit. It is a mere slightly divergent variety of that particular species of potentilla, though the great importance of the variety from man's practical point of view causes us to give it a separate name, and has even wrongly induced botanists to place it in a separate genus all by itself. In reality, however, the peculiarity of the fruit is an extremely slight one, very easily brought about. In all other points—in its root, its leaf, its stem, its flower, nay, even its silky hairs—the strawberry all but exactly reproduces the white potentilla. It is evidently nothing more than one of these potentillas with a slight diversity in the way it forms its fruit. To account, therefore, for the strawberry we must first account for the white potentilla from which it springs.

The white potentilla, or barren strawberry, then, is itself a slightly divergent form of the yellow potentillas, such as the cinquefoil. From these it differs in three chief particulars. In the first place, it does not creep, but stands

* All the potentillas have a double calyx, which certainly was not the case with the prime ancestor of the roses, or else the whole tribe would still retain it.

* Botanically and structurally these seeds, as we always call them, are really fruits; but the point is a purely technical one, with which it is quite unnecessary to bore the reader. I only mention it here to anticipate the sharp eyes of botanical critics.

erect ; this is due to its mode of life on banks or in open woods, not among grass and hedges as is the case with the straggling cinquefoil. In the second place, it has three leaflets on each stalk instead of five, and this is a slight variation of a sort liable to turn up at any time in any plant, as the number of leaflets is very seldom quite constant. In the third place, it has white petals instead of yellow ones, and this is the most important difference of all. But when we come to consider what is the use and object of flowers, we can easily see why this change too has taken place. Flowers are really devices for producing seed ; and in order that the seed should be fertilized, it is necessary that pollen should be carried from one blossom to another either by means of insects or by the wind. All flowers with bright and conspicuous petals are fertilized by insects, which visit them in search of honey or pollen ; and the use of the colored petals is, in fact, to attract the insects and to induce them to fertilize the seeds. Now, yellow seems to have been the original color of the petals in almost all (if not absolutely in all) families of flowers ; and the greater number of potentillas are still yellow. But different flowers are visited and fertilized by different insects, and as some insects like one color and some another, many blossoms have acquired white or pink or purple petals in the place of yellow ones, to suit the particular taste of their insect friends. The colors of petals are always liable to vary, as we all see in our gardens, where florists can produce at will almost any shade or tint that they choose ; and when wild flowers happen to vary in this way, they often get visited by some fresh kind of insect which fertilizes their seeds better than the old ones did, and so in time they set up a new variety or a new species. Two of our English potentillas have thus acquired white flowers to suit their proper flies, while one boggy species has developed purple petals to meet the æsthetic requirements of the marsh-land insects. No doubt the white blossoms of the barren strawberry are thus due to some original "sport" or accidental variation, which has been perpetuated and become a fixed habit of the plant because it gave it a better and surer chance of setting its seeds, and so

of handing down its peculiarities to future generations.

And now, how did the true strawberry develop from the three-leaved white potentilla ? Here the birds came in to play their part, as the bees and flies had done in producing the white blossom. Birds are largely dependent upon fruits and seeds for their livelihood, and so far as they are concerned it does not matter much to them which they eat. But from the point of view of the plant it matters a great deal. For if a bird eats and digests a seed, then the seed can never grow up to be a young plant ; and it has so far utterly failed of its true purpose. If, however, the fruit has a hard indigestible seed inside it (or, in the case of the strawberry, outside it), the plant is all the better for the fact, since the seed will not be destroyed by the bird, but will merely be dispersed by it, and so aided in attaining its proper growth. Thus, if certain potentillas happened ever to swell out their seed receptacle into a sweet pulpy mass, and if this mass happened to attract birds, the potentillas would gain an advantage by their new habit, and would therefore quickly develop into wild strawberries as we now get them. Man carries the same process a step further, for he takes seedlings from the wild strawberries and selects the best from among them, till at last he produces our Hautboys or British Queens. But the difference between the strawberry fruit and the potentilla fruit is to the last a very slight one. Both have a number of little dry seeds seated on a receptacle ; only, in the strawberry the receptacle grows red and succulent, while in the potentilla it remains small and stalk-like. The red color and sweet juice of the strawberry serve to attract the birds which aid in dispersing the seed, just as the white or yellow petals and the sweet honey of the potentilla blossoms serve to attract the insects which aid in fertilizing the flowers. In this way all nature is one continual round of interaction and mutual dependence between the animal and vegetable worlds.

The potentillas and the strawberry plant are all of them mere low creeping or skulking herbs, without woody stems or other permanent branches. But when we get to the development of the bram-

bles or blackberry bushes, we arrive at a higher and more respectable division of the rose family. There are two or three intermediate forms, such as water-avens and herb-bennet—tall, branching, weedy-looking roadside plants—which help us to bridge over the gulf from the one type to the other. Indeed, even the strawberry and the cinquefoil have a short perennial, almost woody stock, close to the ground, from which the annual branches spring; and in some other English weeds of the rose family the branches themselves are much stiffer and woodier than in these creeping plants. But in the brambles, the trunk and boughs have become really woody, by the deposit of hard material in the cells which make up their substance. Still, even the brambles are yet at heart mere creepers like the cinquefoil. They do not grow erect and upright on their own stems: they trail and skulk and twine in and out among other and taller bushes than themselves. The leaves remain very much of the silver-weed type; and although there is a good deal of the potentilla left in the brambles even now.

However, these woody climbers have certainly some fresh and more developed peculiarities of their own. They are all prickly shrubs, and the origin of their prickles is sufficiently simple. Even the potentillas have usually hairs on their stems; and these hairs serve to prevent the ants and other honey-thieving insects from running up the stalks and stealing the nectar intended for the fertilizing bees and butterflies. In the brambles, hairs of the same sort have grown thicker and stouter, side by side with the general growth in woodiness of the whole plant; so that they have at last developed into short thorns, which serve to protect the leaves and stem from herbivorous animals. As a rule, the bushes and weeds which grow in waste places are very apt to be thus protected, as we see in the case of gorse, nettles, black-thorn, holly, thistles, and other plants; but the particular nature of the protection varies much from plant to plant. In the brambles it consists of stiff prickly hairs; in the nettles, of stinging hairs; in the gorse, of pointed leaves; and in the thorn-bushes of short, sharp, barren branches.

Another peculiarity of the bramble

group is their larger white flowers and their curious granulated fruit. The flowers, of course, are larger and whiter in order to secure the visits of their proper fertilizing insects; the fruits are sweet and colored in order to attract the hedgerow birds. But the nature of the fruit in the raspberry, the blackberry, and the dewberry is quite different from that of the strawberry. Here, instead of the receptacle swelling out and growing red and juicy, it is the separate little seeds themselves that form the eatable part; while the receptacle remains white and inedible, being the "hull" or stem which we pick out from the hollow thimble-like fruit in the raspberry. Moreover, there are other minor differences in the berries themselves, even within the bramble group; for while the raspberry and cloudberry are red, to suit one set of birds, the blackberry and dewberry are bluish black, to suit another set; and while the little grains hold together as a cup in the raspberry, but separate from the hull, they cling to the hull in the other kinds. Nevertheless, in leaves, flower, and fruit there is a very close fundamental agreement among all the bramble kind and the potentillas. Thus we may say that the brambles form a small minor branch of the rose family, which has first acquired a woody habit and a succulent fruit, and has then split up once more into several smaller but closely allied groups, such as the blackberries, the raspberries, the dewberries, and the stony brambles.

The true roses, represented in England by the dog-rose and sweet-brier, show us a somewhat different development from the original type. They, too, have grown into tall bushes, less scrambling and more erect than the brambles. They have leaves of somewhat the same sort, and prickles which are similarly produced by the hardening of sharp hairs upon the stem. But their flowers and fruit are slightly more specialized—more altered, that is to say, for a particular purpose from the primitive plan. In the first place, the flowers, though still the same in general arrangement, with five petals and many stamens and carpels (or fruit-pieces), have varied a good deal in detail. The petals are here much larger and of a brilliant pink, and the blossoms are sweet-scent-

ed. These peculiarities serve to attract the bees and other large fertilizing insects, which thus carry pollen from head to head, and aid in setting the seeds much more securely than the little pilfering flies. Moreover, in all the roses, the outer green cup which covers the blossom in the bud has grown up around the little seeds or fruit pieces, so that instead of a ball turned outward, as in the strawberry and raspberry, you get, as it were, a bottle turned inward, with the seeds on the inner side. After flowering, as the fruit ripens, this outer cup grows round and red, forming the hip or fruit-case, inside which are to be found the separate little hairy seeds. Birds eat this dry berry, though we do not, and so aid in dispersing the species. The true roses, then, are another branch of the original *potentilla* stock, which have acquired a bushy mode of growth, with a fruit differing in construction from that of the brambles.

We have altogether some five true wild roses in Britain. The commonest is the dog-rose, which everybody knows well; and next comes the almost equally familiar sweet-brier, with its delicately-scented glandular leaves. The burnet-rose is the parent of our cultivated Scotch roses, and the two other native kinds are comparatively rare. Double garden roses are produced from the single five-petalled wild varieties by making the stamens (which are the organs for manufacturing pollen) turn into bright-colored petals. There is always more or less of a tendency for stamens thus to alter their character; but in a wild state it never comes to any good, because such plants can never set seed, for want of pollen, and so die out in a single generation. Our gardeners, however, carefully select these distorted individuals, and so at length produce the large, handsome, barren flowers with which we are so familiar. The cabbage and moss roses are monstrous forms thus bred from the common wild French roses of the Mediterranean region; the China roses are cultivated abortions from an Asiatic species; and most of the other garden varieties are artificial crosses between these or various other kinds, obtained by fertilizing the seed vessels of one bush with pollen taken from the blossoms of another of a different sort. To a botanical eye, double

flowers, however large and fine, are never really beautiful, because they lack the order and symmetry which appear so conspicuously in the fine petals, the clustered stamens, and the regular stigmas of the natural form.

From the great central division of the rose family, thus represented by the *potentillas*, the strawberry, the brambles, and the true roses, two main younger branches have diverged much more widely in different directions. As often happens, these junior offshoots have outstripped and surpassed the elder stock in many points of structure and function. The first of the two branches in question is that of the plum tribe; the second is that of the pears and apples. Each presents us with some new and important modifications of the family traits.

Of the plum tribe, our most familiar English examples, wild or cultivated, are the sloe or blackthorn, with its descendant the garden plum; as well as the cherry, the apricot, the peach, the nectarine, and the almond. All these plants differ more or less conspicuously from the members of the central group which we have so far been examining in their tree-like size and larger trunk. But they also differ in another important point: each flower contains only one seed instead of many, and this seed is enclosed in a hard bony covering, which causes the whole plum tribe (except only the almond, of which more anon) to be popularly included under the common title of "stone-fruits." In most cases, too, the single seed is further coated with a soft, sweet, succulent pulp, making the whole into an edible fruit. What, now, is the reason for this change? What advantage did the plant derive from this departure from the ordinary type of rose-flower and rose-fruit? To answer this question we must look at one particular instance in detail, and we cannot do better than take that well-known fruit, the cherry, as our prime example of the whole class.

The cherry, like the strawberry, is an eatable fruit. But while in the strawberry we saw that the pulpy part consisted of the swollen stalk or receptacle, in which several small dry seeds were loosely embedded, with the cherry the pulpy part consists of the outer coat of

the fruit or seed vessel itself, which has grown soft and juicy instead of remaining hard and dry. In this respect the cherry resembles a single grain from a raspberry; but from the raspberry, again, it differs in the fact that each flower produces only a single solitary one-seeded fruit, instead of producing a number of little fruits, all arranged together in a sort of thimble. In the raspberry flower, when blossoming, you will find in the centre several separate carpels or fruit-pieces; in the cherry you will find only one. The cherry, in fact, may (so far as its fruit is concerned) be likened to a raspberry in which all the carpels or fruit-pieces except one have become aborted. And the reason for the change is simply this: cherry bushes (for in a wild state they are hardly trees) are longer lived plants than the bramble kind, and bear many more blossoms on each bush. Hence one seed to every blossom is quite as many as they require to keep up the numbers of the species. Moreover, their large and attractive fruits are much more likely to get eaten and so dispersed by birds than the smaller and less succulent berries of the brambles. Furthermore, the cherry has a harder stone around each seed, which is thus more effectually protected against being digested, and the seed itself consists of a comparatively big kernel, richly stored with food-stuffs, for the young plant, which thus starts relatively well equipped in the battle of life. For all these reasons the cherries are better off than the brambles, and therefore they can afford to produce fewer seeds to each flower, as well as to make the coverings of these seeds larger and more attractive to birds. Originally, indeed, the cherry had two kernels in each stone, and to this day it retains two little embryo kernels in the blossom, one of which is usually abortive afterward (though even now you may sometimes find two, as in *philipæna* almonds); but one seed being ordinarily quite sufficient for all practical purposes, the second one has long since disappeared in the vast majority of cases.

The plum scarcely differs from the cherry in anything important except the color, size, and shape of the fruit. It is, as we have already noted, a cultivated variety of the blackthorn, in which

the bush has become a tree, the thorns have been eradicated, and the fruit has been immensely improved by careful selection. The change wrought in these two wild bushes by human tillage shows, indeed, how great is the extent to which any type of plant can be altered by circumstances in a very short time. The apricot is yet another variety of the same small group, long subjected to human cultivation in the East.

Peaches and nectarines differ from apricots mainly in their stones, which are wrinkled instead of being smooth; but otherwise they do not seriously diverge from the other members of the plum tribe. There is one species of nectarine, however, which has undergone a very curious change, and that is the almond. Different as they appear at first sight, the almond must really be regarded as a very slightly altered variety of nectarine. Its outer shell or husk represents the pulpy part of the nectarine fruit; and indeed, if you cut in two a young unripe almond and a young unripe nectarine, you will find that they resemble one another very closely. But as they ripen the outer coat of the nectarine grows jucier, while that of the almond grows stringier and coarser, till, at last the one becomes what we commonly call a fruit, while the other becomes what we commonly call a nut. Here again, the reason for the change is not difficult to divine. Some seeds succeed best by making themselves attractive and trusting to birds for their dispersion; others succeed best by adopting the tactics of concealment, by dressing themselves in green when on the tree, and in brown when on the ground, and by seeking rather to evade than to invite the attention of the animal world. Those seed vessels which aim at the first plan we know as fruits; those which aim rather at the second we know as nuts. The almond is just a nectarine which has gone back to the nut-producing habit. The cases are nearly analogous to those of a strawberry and the potentilla, only the strawberry is a fruit developed from a dry seed, whereas the almond is a dry seed developed from a fruit. To some extent this may be regarded as a case of retrogressive evolution or degeneration.

The second great divergent branch of

the rose family—that of the pears and apples—has proceeded toward much the same end as the plums, but in a strikingly different manner. The apple kind have grown into trees, and have produced fruits. Instead, however, of the seed vessel itself becoming soft and succulent, the calyx or outer flower covering of the petals has covered up the carpels or young seed vessels even in the blossom, and has then swollen into a sort of stalk-like fruit. The case, indeed, is again not unlike that of the strawberry, only that here the stalk has enlarged outward round the flower and enclosed the seeds, instead of simply swelling into a boss and embedding them. In the hip of the true roses we get some foreshadowing of this plan, except that in the roses the seeds still remained separate and free inside the swollen stalk, whereas in the pear and apple the entire fruit grows into a single solid mass. Here, also, as before, we can trace a gradual development from the bushy to the tree-like form.

The common hawthorn of our hedges shows us, perhaps, the simplest stage in the evolution of the apple tribe. It grows only into a tall bush, not unlike that of the blackthorn, and similarly armed with stout spines, which are really short sharp branches, not mere prickly hairs, as in the case of the brambles. Occasionally, however, some of the hawthorns develop into real trees, with a single stumpy trunk, though they never grow to more than mere small spreading specimens of the arboreal type, quite unlike the very tall and stately pear-tree. The flowers of the hawthorn—may-blossom, as we generally call them—are still essentially of the rose type; but, instead of having a single embryo seed and simple fruit in the centre, they have a compound fruit, enclosing many seeds, and all embedded in the thick fleshy calyx or flower-cup. As the haw ripens the flower cup outside grows redder and juicier, and the seed pieces at the same time become hard and bony. For it is a general principle of all edible fruits that, while they are young and the seeds are unripe, they remain green and sour, because then they could only be losers if eaten by birds; but as the seeds ripen and become fit to germinate, the pulp grows soft and sweet, and the skin assumes its

bright hue, because then the birds will be of service to it by diffusing the mature seeds. How largely birds assist in thus dispersing plants has very lately been proved in Australia, where a new and troublesome weed has rapidly overrun the whole country, because the fruit-eaters are very fond of it, and scatter its seeds broadcast over the length and breadth of the land.

The common medlar is nothing more than a hawthorn with a very big overgrown haw. In the wild state it bristles with hard thorns, which are wanting to the cultivated form, and its flower almost exactly resembles that of the may. The fruit, however, only becomes edible after it begins to decay, and the bony covering of the seeds is remarkably hard. It seems probable that the medlar, originally a native of southern Europe, is largely dispersed, not by birds, but by mice, rats, and other small quadrupeds. The color is not particularly attractive, not is the fruit particularly tempting while it remains upon the bush; but when it falls upon the ground and begins to rot, it may easily be eaten by rodents or pigs, and thus doubtless it procures the dispersion of its seeds under conditions highly favorable to their proper growth and success in life.

The little Siberian crabs, largely cultivated for their fruit in America, and sometimes found in English shrubberies as well, give us one of the earliest and simplest forms of the real apple group. In some respects, indeed, the apples are even simpler than the hawthorn, because their seeds or pips are not enclosed in bony cases, but only in those rather tough leathery coverings which form what we call the core. The haw of the hawthorn may be regarded as a very small crab-apple, in which the walls of the seed cells have become very hard and stony; or the crab may be regarded as a rather large haw, in which the cell-walls still remain only thinly cartilaginous. The flowers of all the group are practically identical, except in size, and the only real difference of structure between them is in the degree of hardness attained by the seed covers. The crabs, the apples, and the pears, however, all grow into tallish trees, and so have no need for thorns or prickles, because they are not exposed to the attacks of her-

bivorous animals. Ordinary orchard apples are, of course, merely cultivated varieties of the common wild crabs. In shape the apple-tree is always spreading, like an arboreal hawthorn, only on a larger scale. The pear-tree differs from it in two or three small points, of which the chief are its taller and more pyramidal form, and the curious tapering outline of the fruit. Nevertheless, pear-trees may be found of every size and shape, especially in the wild state, from a mere straggling bush, no bigger than a hawthorn, to a handsome towering trunk, not unlike an elm or an alder.

The quince is another form of apple very little removed from its congeners except in the fruit. More different in external appearance is the mountain-ash or rowan-tree, which few people would take at first sight for a rose at all. Nevertheless, its flowers exactly resemble apple blossom, and its pretty red berries are only small crabs, dwarfed, no doubt, by its love for mountain heights and bleak, windy situations, and clustered closely together into large drooping bundles. For the same reason, perhaps, its leaves have been split up into numerous small leaflets, which causes it to have been popularly regarded as a sort of ash. In the extreme north, the rowan shrinks to the condition of a stunted shrub; but in deep, rich soils and warmer situations it rises into a pretty and graceful tree. The berries are eagerly eaten by birds, for whose attraction most probably they have developed their beautiful scarlet color.

So far, all the members of the rose family with which we have dealt have exhibited a progressive advance upon the common simpler type, whose embodiment we found in the little wayside potentillas. Their flowers, their fruits, their stems, their branches, have all shown a regular and steady improvement, a constant increase in adaptation to the visits of insects or birds, and to the necessities for defence and protection. I should be giving a false conception of evolution in the roses, however, if I did not briefly illustrate the opposite fact of retrogressive development or degeneration which is found in some members of the class; and though these members are therefore almost necessarily less familiar to us, be-

cause their flowers and fruits are inconspicuous, while their stems are for the most part mere trailing creepers, I must find room to say a few words about two or three of the most noteworthy cases, in order to complete our hasty review of the commonest rosaceous tribes. For, as we all know, development is not always all upward. Among plants and animals there are usually some which fall behind in the race, and which manage nevertheless to eke out a livelihood for themselves in some less honorable and distinguished position than their ancestors. About these black sheep of the rose family I must finally say a few words.

In order to get at them, we must go back once more to that simple central group of roses which includes the potentillas and the strawberry. These plants, as we saw, are mostly small trailers or creepers among grass or on banks; and they have little yellow or white blossoms, fertilized by the aid of insects. In most cases, their flowers, though small, are distinct enough to attract attention in solitary arrangement. There are some species of this group, however, in which the flowers have become very much dwarfed, so that by themselves they would be quite too tiny to allure the eyes of bees or butterflies. This is the case among the meadow-sweets, to which branch also the spiræas of our gardens and conservatories belong. Our common English meadow-sweet has close trusses of numerous small whitish or cream-colored flowers, thickly clustered together in dense bunches at the end of the stems; and in this way, as well as by their powerful perfume, the tiny blossoms, too minute to attract attention separately, are able to secure the desired attentions of any passing insect. In their case, as elsewhere, union is strength. The foreign spiræas cultivated in our hothouses have even smaller separate flowers, but gathered into pretty, spiky antler-like branches, which contrast admirably with the dark green of the foliage, and so attain the requisite degree of conspicuousness. This habit of clustering the blossoms which are individually dwarfed and stunted may be looked upon as the first stage of degradation in the roses. The seeds of the meadow-sweet are very minute, dry, and inedible. They show

no special adaptation to any particular mode of advanced dispersion, but trust merely to chance as they drop from the dry capsule upon the ground beneath.

A far deeper stage of degradation is exhibited by the little salad-burnet of our meadows, which has lost the bright petals of its flowers altogether, and has taken to the wasteful and degenerate habit of fertilization by means of the wind. We can understand the salad-burnet better if we look first at common agrimony, another little field weed about a foot high, with which most country people are familiar; for, though agrimony is not itself an example of degradation, its arrangement leads us on gradually to the lower types. It has a number of small yellow flowers like those of the cinquefoil; only, instead of standing singly on separate flower stalks, they are all arranged together on a common terminal spike, in the same way as in a hyacinth or a gladiolus. Now, agrimony is fertilized by insects, and therefore, like most other small field roses, it has conspicuous yellow petals to attract its winged allies. But the salad-burnet starting from a somewhat similar form, has undergone a good deal of degradation in adapting itself to wind-fertilization. It has a long spike of flowers, like the agrimony; but these flowers are very small, and are closely crowded together into a sort of little mophead at the end of the stem. They have lost their petals, because these were no longer needed to allure bees or butterflies, and they retain only the green calyx or flower-cup, so that the whole spike looks merely a bit of greenish vegetation, and would never be taken for a blossoming head by any save a botanical eye. The stamens hang out on long thread-like stems from the cup, so that the wind may catch the pollen and waft it to a neighboring head; while the pistils which it is to fertilize have their sensitive surface divided into numerous little plumes or brushes, so as readily to catch any stray pollen grain which may happen to pass their way. Moreover, in each head, all the upper flowers have pistils and embryo seed vessels only, without any stamens; while all the lower flowers have stamens and pollen bags only, without any pistils. This sort of division of labor, together with the same ar-

range of seed-bearing blossoms above and pollen-bearing blossoms below, is very common among wind-fertilized plants, and for a very good reason.

If the stamens and pistils were enclosed in a single flower they would fertilize themselves, and so lose all the benefit which plants derive from a cross, with its consequent infusion of fresh blood. If, again, the stamens were above and the pistils below, the pollen from the stamens would fall upon and impregnate the pistils, thus fertilizing each blossom from others on the same plant—a plan which is hardly better than that of self-fertilization. But, when the stamens are below and the pistils above, then each flower must necessarily be fertilized by pollen from another plant, which ensures in the highest degree the benefits to be derived from a cross.

Thus we see that the salad-burnet has adapted itself perfectly to its new mode of life. Yet the adaptation is itself of the nature of a degradation, because it is a lapse from a higher to a lower grade of organization—it is like a civilized man taking to a Robinson Crusoe existence, and dressing in fresh skins. Indeed, so largely has the salad-burnet lost the distinctive features of its relatives, the true roses, that no one but a skilled botanist would ever have guessed it to be a rose at all. In outer appearance it is much more like the little flat grassy plantains, which grow as weeds by every roadside; and it is only a minute consideration of its structure and analogies which can lead us to recognize it as really and essentially a very degenerate and inconspicuous rose. Yet its ancestors must once have been true roses, for all that, with colored petals, and all the rosaceous characteristics, since it still retains many traces of its old habits even in its modern degraded form.

We have in England another common weed, very like the salad-burnet, and popularly known as stanch-wound, or great-burnet, whose history is quite as interesting as that of its neighbor. The stanch-wound is really a salad-burnet which has again lost its habit of depending upon the wind for fertilization, and has reverted to the earlier insect-attracting tactics of the race. As it has already lost its petals, however, it could not easily replace them, so it has ac-

quired a colored calyx or flower-cup instead, which answers exactly the same purpose. In other words, having no petals, it has been obliged to pour the purple pigment with which it allures its butterfly friends into the part answering to the green covering of the salad-burnet. It has a head of small colored blossoms, extremely like those of the sister species in many respects, only purple instead of green. Moreover, to suit its new habits, it has its cup much more tubular than that of the salad-burnet; its stamens do not hang out to the wind, but are enclosed within the tube; and the pistil has its sensitive surface shortened into a little sticky knob instead of being split up into a number of long fringes or plumes. All these peculiarities of course depend upon its return from the new and bad habit of wind-fertilization to the older and more economical plan of getting the pollen carried from head to head by bees or butterflies. The two flowers grow also exactly where we should expect them to do. The salad-burnet loves dry and wind-swept pastures or rocky hill sides, where it has free elbow-room to shed its pollen to the breeze; the stanch-wound takes rather to moist and rich meadows, where many insects are always to be found flitting about from blossom to blossom of the honey-bearing daisies or the sweet-scented clover.

Perhaps it may be asked, How do I know that the salad-burnet is not descended from the stanch-wound, rather than the stanch-wound from the salad-burnet? At first sight this might seem the simpler explanation of the facts, but I merely mention it to show briefly what are the sort of grounds on which such questions must be decided. The stanch-wound is certainly a later development than the salad-burnet, and for this reason: It has only four stamens, while the parent plant has several, like all the other roses. Now, it would be almost impossible for the flower first to lose the numerous stamens of the ordinary rosy type, and then to regain them anew as occasion demanded. It is easy enough to lose any part or organ, but it is a very different thing to develop it over again. Thus the great-burnet, having once lost its petals, has never recovered them, but has been obliged to color its calyx instead. It is much more natural, there-

fore, to suppose that the stanch-wound, with its few stamens and its clumsy device of a colored calyx instead of petals, is descended from the salad-burnet, than that the pedigree should run the other way; and there are many minor considerations which tend in the same direction. Most correctly of all, we ought perhaps to say that the one form is probably a descendant of ancestors more or less like the other, but that it has lost its ancestors' acquired habits of wind-fertilization, and reverted to the older methods of the whole tribe. Still, it has not been able to replace the lost petals.

I ought likewise to add that there are yet other roses even more degenerate than the burnets, such as the little creeping parsley-piert, a mere low moss-like plant, clinging to the crannies of limestone rocks or growing on the top of earthy walls, with tiny green petal-less flowers, so small that they can hardly be distinguished with the naked eye. These, however, I cannot now find space to describe at length; and, indeed, they are of little interest to anybody save the professional botanist. But I must just take room to mention that if I had employed exotic examples as well as the familiar English ones, I might have traced the lines of descent in some cases far more fully. It is perhaps better, however, to confine our attention to fairly well-known plants, whose peculiarities we can all carry easily in our mind's eye, rather than to overload the question with technical details about unknown or unfamiliar species, whose names convey no notion at all to an English reader. When we consider, too, that the roses form only one family out of the ninety families of flowering plants to be found in England alone, it will be clear that such a genealogy as that which I have here endeavored roughly to sketch out is but one among many interesting plant pedigrees which might be easily constructed on evolutionary principles. Indeed, the roses are a comparatively small group by the side of many others, such as the pea-flowers, the carrot tribe, and the dead-nettles. Thus, we have in England only forty-five species of roses, as against over two hundred species of the daisy family. Nevertheless, I have chosen the rose tribe as the best example of a

genealogical study of plants, because most probably a larger number of roses are known to unbotanical readers than is the case with any other similar division of the vegetable world.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

HEAT AND HEALTH.

WE have somewhere read of a system of cure in which the only means used was heat. The principle upon which this system was founded had an appearance of plausibility. It was expressed in a sort of motto: "Heat is life—cold is death." Hot substances, such as ginger, Cayenne pepper, etc., were prescribed for internal use. Hot baths of various sorts were applied externally. While it is well known that extremes of heat, no less than extremes of cold, are destructive of both life and health, it may well be admitted that a moderate administration of either might be beneficial in many cases. It is on a modification of this principle that hydropathy is based; not, as for a time misnamed, the *Cold Water Cure*. Water of various degrees of temperature, and air as high as two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, are employed, according to the effect desired.

There can be little doubt as to the advantage of a due amount of heat so far at least as the preservation of health is concerned. And in cases where health has been interfered with through defect of heat, a supply of heat in proper degree must be beneficial. And it may even be allowed that, under certain circumstances, an extreme degree of heat may be used with advantage—as in the case of the Turkish bath.

When a person swallows a dose of Cayenne pepper, or enters the hot-room of a Turkish bath, he experiences the effects of artificial heat. When he partakes of a meal of ordinary food, or exposes himself to the rays of the sun, the heat he derives from either source is natural. The combustion of carbon in respiration, and the burning of coal in the furnace of the bath, are very similar processes, both consisting essentially of the chemical combination of oxygen gas with carbon. Stephenson termed coal, "bottled sunshine;" and the same may be said of Cayenne pepper and all similar substances from which heat can be evolved.

Science has done much to utilize and conserve the heat derivable from respiration and from the combustion of fuel in our stoves and grates. By means of suitable clothing and muscular exercise, we husband the heat produced within us; and by properly constructed fireplaces and dwelling-houses, we economize the heat of our fires. It is very questionable if science has done as much in utilizing and controlling the immense amount of heat continually radiating from the sun. Even in our temperate zone, during our brief summer, the poet makes the sun "shoot full perfection through the swelling year;" which is the literal truth. But at what expense and pains do our "busy housewives" prevent his benign rays from penetrating our dwellings. Window-blinds of every form have become a great article of modern trade. The advantages obtained from cheapened glass in the form of enlarged windows, are in great measure lost. The fear of faded colors in carpets, hangings, and other upholstery, deprives our apartments of a healthy influence from the great source of light and heat. On a smaller scale, might it not be said that the parasol (*sun-guard*) saves the complexion of our *fair* kinswomen at the expense of their health and vigor.

There are some indications of a more rational appreciation of the value of sunshine both as a preservative and restorative of health. The late Mr. David Urquhart, M.P., and Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, who acquired vast experience in the East, attached great importance to the rays of the sun as a means of cure. He affirmed that he cured even consumption by means of exposure of the body of the patient to sunlight, without any other remedy. In a work on the Turkish Bath, by Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, in which he gives many passages from the writings of Mr. Urquhart, this agency of sun-

shine is introduced. The experience of a New York physician is quoted to the effect that he had so many facts illustrating the power of the sun's rays in curing certain diseases, that he seriously thought of publishing a work to be entitled the "Sun-cure." He says: "I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondriacal people into health by the sun-cure." He mentions the case of an overwrought lawyer who was suffering from partial paralysis. His right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged, in coming upstairs, to raise the left foot first, and drag the right foot after it. He told the doctor he had been failing for several years, closing with: "My work is done. At sixty I find myself worn out." The doctor directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sunshine to reach every part of his body. He was to begin with ten minutes a day, gradually increasing it to an hour. His habits were not materially altered in any other respect. The result was that in six months he came running upstairs, like a vigorous man of forty, and declared, with sparkling eyes: "I have twenty years more of work in me."

Mr. Urquhart mentions the experience of a correspondent of his, who had been recommended by Dr. Proel, at the baths of Gastein, to try air-baths in the neighboring forest. At first, he used to remain for two hours undressed in the shadiest part of the forest. He confidently asserts that his health derived the greatest benefit from this practice. But on another visit to the continent, he determined on the addition of what he terms another element of power—full sunshine. He says: "I am easily affected by the sun; the consequence being headache and derangement of stomach. I found, however, when the body was entirely exposed to the sunshine, and without even the head being covered, or the pit of the stomach—an equally sensitive part—being sheltered from the rays, that I was not in the slightest degree unpleasantly affected. But on resuming my clothes, or even a portion of my clothing, I instantly experienced the symptoms I have alluded to, and was obliged quickly to get into the shade. I reversed the experiment, and

proved the fact." He further describes the sensation of sunshine on the body as very agreeable—genial warmth, not heat, being felt. He noticed, on covering any portion of it with a single fold of light clothing or linen, that the heat on that part became intolerable. These sunshine-baths lasted from half an hour to an hour and a half in ordinary summer heat. He also mentions a pricking and itching sensation all over the body, with redness of the skin, which followed these sunshine-baths. These symptoms lasted a couple of days; but he used no remedy, only he did not try any more baths till they had disappeared.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Urquhart met one of the most celebrated physicians in Europe, Dr. Scanzoni of Würzburg. He was much interested in the narrative of the sunshine-bath, and anticipated the statement respecting the head remaining unaffected. The doctor explained it by the equal diffusion of the sunshine over the whole body, by which the action of the blood would not be determined merely to the head. The doctor also gave him to understand that the greatest power is practically the most ignored by medical science—that it is unreasonable not to believe that the great centre of action in nature can exert vast influence on the human organism, and develop the energies and resources of life.

The curative properties of heat were observed fifty years ago in the experience of a French physician, who fortunately committed the results to the press. Dr. Gosse of Geneva published a book entitled *Des Maladies Rheumatoides* (Geneva and Paris, 1826). In this work, the author speaks highly of the remedial value of heat. He says: "The excitant which plays the most important rôle in the phenomena whether of health or of disease, is caloric—a fluid imponderable and incompressible, which pervades all bodies, and vivifies all organized existences. No other agent can be compared with this one in the treatment of rheumatoid disorders. It is, so to say, the soul of this treatment, and all other means can only be regarded as subordinate. Who can tell if even those substances which we define as excitant are not indebted to its presence for their properties? At least, we find among them principles eminently combustible,

and which disengage a considerable quantity of light and of caloric." Dr. Gosse regards the restoring the action of the skin as the *modus operandi* of heat as a remedy. He says this explains the immense advantages derived by the Greeks and Romans from the use of the bath. While still employed by the Russians and the nations of the East, he regretted its neglect in the central parts of Europe, where a less equable climate renders rheumatic affections more frequent and inveterate. He says: "We ought to put up prayers that the European governments may favor the introduction of such public establishments, and so bring within the reach of the citizens unendowed with fortune this real panacea for the larger portion of the evils that assail mankind."

It may be mentioned that whether the theory of heat current when Dr. Gosse wrote, or that now more generally received, be the correct one, the practical value of heat as a remedial agency is in nowise affected.

It is now about twenty years since the hot-air bath was introduced as a curative agency into the Newcastle Infirmary. Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Infirmary, had experienced the benefit of a private bath in Northumberland, in which he was treated as a patient. He brought it under the notice of the Pathological Society of Newcastle, and also the House Committee of the Infirmary. The Duke of Northumberland lent his influence to the movement, having witnessed, during his Eastern travels, the value of the bath. The result was the construction of a hot-air bath in the hospital. The Report of the Infirmary bears ample testimony to the value of the bath in a great variety of cases considered suitable for treatment.

The hot-air bath has also been found suitable for the treatment of mental disease. It has been introduced into several lunatic asylums. The *Lancet* in noticing the Fifth Annual Report of the Sussex County Lunatic Asylum, mentions that Dr. Lockhart Robertson published some important remarks on the Turkish bath as a curative agent. He relates a case in which a patient was admitted with symptoms of mania, complicated with dropsy and albuminaria of the most severe character. The patient

was in a desperate state, menaced with madness and paralysis, and apparently dying from the extent of kidney disease. Dr. Robertson states that the bath saved the patient's life, and restored him to reason. He believes its medical uses to be very great. Of its curative power in the early stages of consumption, he has had several examples, and is of opinion that if used at a sufficiently high temperature—a hundred and seventy to two hundred degrees—the results will astonish us all.

Mr. Urquhart explains that this high temperature is quite endurable when the heat is radiating. Heat which is transmitted through flues is said to be more oppressive at high temperatures than heat which radiates directly from a heated surface such as a stove. He does not profess to explain the reason; but he thinks radiating heat more nearly resembles the rays of the sun, and impresses one with a sort of electrical action. This seems to correspond with a fact quoted, on the authority of Sir David Brewster; in regard to the effect of sunbeams on magnets. Professor Barlocchi found that an armed natural lodestone which would carry one and a half Roman pounds, had its power nearly doubled by twenty-four hours' exposure to the strong light of the sun. M. Zantedeschi found that an artificial horseshoe lodestone which carried thirteen and a half ounces, carried three and a half more by three days' exposure, and at last arrived to thirty-one ounces by continuing in the sun's light. He found that while the strength increased in oxidated magnets, it diminished in those which were not oxidated, the diminution becoming insensible when the lodestone was highly polished. He now concentrated the solar rays upon the lodestone by means of a lens; and he found that both in oxidated and polished magnets, they acquire strength when their north pole is exposed to the sun's rays, and lose strength when the south pole is exposed.

It is well known that the action of the hot-air bath on the human frame operates through the skin. In many diseases, the skin is under-active, and requires increased circulation of blood. The congestion of internal organs is thus relieved, and digestion, respiration, etc., promoted.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SONGS OF BIRDS.

BY AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

The Skylark's song: "Arise, arise!
 Oh free glad wings, awake the air;
 On, on, above, the light is there;
 Pass the faint clouds and know the skies.
 Oh blueness! oh deep endless height!
 Oh unveiled sun!
 Oh ecstasy of upward flight!
 I mount! I mount! Oh skies! oh sun!"

The Sparrow's song: "Let be to soar:
 Skies blacken under night or rain;
 Wild wings are weary all in vain.
 Lo, the fair earth, the fruitful store!
 And the dear sunbeams travel down,
 And warm our eaves,
 And bring gay summer to the town.
 Oh sun! oh bloom! oh safe warm eaves!"

The Linnet's song: "Oh joy of spring!
 Oh blithe surprise of life! And flowers
 Wake in the birthday April hours,
 And wonder, and are fair, and bring
 New promise of new joy to be.
 Oh hope! oh Now!
 Oh blossoms breaking on the tree!
 I live! Oh day! oh happy Now!"

The Night-Owl's song: "The flowers go dead,
 Weak flowers that die for heat or cold,
 That die ere even spring turns old:
 And with few hours the day is sped;
 The calm gray shadows chase the noon;
 Night comes, and dusk,
 And stillness, and the patient moon.
 Oh stillness! and oh long cool dusk!"

The Thrush's song: "Oh wedded wills!
 Oh love's delight! She mine, I hers!
 And every little wind that stirs,
 And every little brook that trills,
 Makes music, and I answer it
 With 'Love, love, love.'
 Oh happy bough where we two sit!
 I love! I love! Oh song! oh love!"

The Raven's song: "Waste no vain breath
 On dead-born joys that fade from earth,
 Nor talk of blossoming or of birth,
 For all things are a part of death,
 Save love, that scarce waits death to die.
 Spring has its graves;
 Our yew-trees see the green leaves lie.
 Oh churchyard yews! oh smooth new graves!"

The song of the sweet Nightingale,
 That has all hearts in hers, and knows
 The secret of all joys and woes,
 And till the listening stars grow pale,
 And fade into the daybreak gleam,
 Her mingled voice
 Melts grief and gladness in a dream.
 She doth not sorrow nor rejoice.

She sings: "Heart, rest thee and be free,
 Pour thyself on the unhindering wind;
 Leave the dear pain of life behind;
 Loosed heart, forget thou art, and be.
 Oh pain! oh joy of life! oh love!
 My heart is these.
 Oh roses of the noon! oh stars above!
 Dead, waned, still with me; I am these."

Good Words.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD WIFE'S TALE.

THE evening at Yoresett House passed with its usual monotonous quietness. Mrs. Conisbrough, weary, and dejected too, now that she was at home again—now that Aglionby had gone away without saying one word of coming again, without holding out a single hope that he would deal generously, or, as it seemed to her, even justly, by her and hers—went to bed early hoping to find rest and forgetfulness. She took a stronger dose than usual of her calming mixture, and was soon asleep. Rhoda was not long in following her example. The two elder girls were left alone. They chatted in a desultory manner, with long pauses, about all the trivial events which had happened during Judith's absence. If there were anything remarkable about their conversation it was, that neither Bernard Aglionby's name, nor that of Randolph Danesdale, was so much as mentioned. By degrees their voices ceased entirely; silence had fallen upon them for some time before they at last went to their bedrooms. How different the feelings which caused or prompted this silence in the one girl and the other! Delphine's silence was the cloak which hid a happiness tremu-

lous but not uncertain. Looking round her horizon she beheld a most brilliant star of the morning rising clear, bright, and prepared to run a long course. She was content to be silent and contemplate it.

With Judith it was otherwise. She felt the depression under which she had lately suffered, but which had been somewhat dissipated by the strong excitement of the event which had taken place at Scar Foot. She felt this depression rush over her again with irresistible force, sweeping her as it were from her feet, submerging her beneath its dark and melancholy wave. Turn which way she would she could see nothing but darkness in her prospects—in the prospects of them all. Hitherto she had fought against this depression; had despised herself for feeling it; and since her uncle's will had left them penniless, tried to console herself with the reflection that she was no worse off than before, but rather a little better, for that now she might justly go to her mother and claim as a right to be allowed to seek work. To-night she did not feel that consolation; she thought of Bernard Aglionby's eyes, and of the touch of his hand as he had said, "Good afternoon, Miss Conisbrough," and the thought, the recollection, made

her throw down her work and pant as if she felt suffocated and longed for fresh air.

By-and-by she went to bed, and, more wearied than she had known she was, soon fell asleep, and had one of those blessed dreams which descend upon our slumbers sometimes when care is blackest and life is hardest, when our weirds, that we have to dree out look intolerable to us in our weariness and grief. It was a long, rambling, confused dream, incoherent but happy. When she awoke from it, she could recall no particular incident in it; she did but experience a feeling of happiness and lightness of heart, as if the sun had suddenly burst forth through dark clouds, which she had long been hoping vainly would disperse. And vaguely connected with this happier feeling, the shadow, as it were, the eidolon, or image, of Benard Aglionby, dim recollections of Shennamere, of moonlight, of words spoken, and then of a long, dreamful silence, which supervened.

She lay half awake, trying, scarce consciously, to thread together these scattered beads of thought, of fancy, and of hope. Then by degrees, she remembered where she was, and the truth of it all. But cheered and undaunted still, she rose from her bed, and dressed, and went downstairs, ready to face her day with a steadfast mien.

The morning seemed to pass more quickly and cheerfully than usual. Judith was employed in some household work; that is, her hands were so employed; her head was busy with schemes of launching herself upon the world—of work, in short. She was reflecting upon the best means of finding something to do, which should give her enough money, to let her learn how to do something more. Never before had the prospect seemed so near and so almost within her grasp.

In the afternoon Delphine shut herself up in her den, to paint, and to brood, no doubt, she too, over the future and its golden possibilities. For, when we are nineteen, the future is so huge, and its hugeness is so cheerful and sunny. Rhoda, inspired with youthful energy, was seen to put on an old and rough-looking pair of gloves, and on being questioned, said she was going

to do up the garden. Thus Judith and Mrs. Conisbrough were left alone in the parlor, and Judith offered to read to her mother. The proposal was accepted. Judith had read for some time of the fortunes and misfortunes attending the careers of Darcy Latimer and Alan Fairfax, when, looking up, she saw that her mother was asleep. She laid the book down, and before taking up her work, contemplated the figure and countenance of the sleeping woman. That figure, shapely even now, had once been, as Judith had again and again heard, one of the tallest, straightest, most winsome figures in all Danesdale. Her mother's suitors and admirers had been numerous, if not all eligible, and that countenance, now shrunken, with the anxiously corrugated brow, and the mouth drawn down in lines of care, discontent, and disappointment, had been the face of a beauty. How often had she not heard the words from old servants and old acquaintance, "Eh, bairn, but your mother was a bonny woman!"

"Poor mother!" murmured Judith, looking at her, with her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, "yours has been a sad, hard life, after all. I should like to make it gladder for you, and I can and will do so, even without Uncle Aglionby's money, if you will only wait and have patience, and trust me to walk alone."

Then her thoughts flew like lightning to Scar Foot, to Shennamere, to the days from the Saturday to the Wednesday, which she had just passed there, and which had opened out for her such a new world.

Thus she had sat for some little time in silence, and over all the house there was a stillness which was almost intense, when the handle of the door was softly turned, and looking up, Judith beheld their servant Louisa, looking in, and evidently wishful to speak with her. She held up her hand, with a warning gesture, looking at her mother, and then rising, went out of the room, closing the door behind her as softly as it had been opened.

"What is it, Louisa?"

"Please, Miss Conisbrough, it's an old woman called Martha Paley, and she asked to see the mistress."

"Mrs. Paley, oh, I know her. I'll

go to her, Louisa, and if you have done your work, you can go upstairs and get dressed, while I talk to her, for she will not sit anywhere but in the kitchen."

Louisa willingly took her way upstairs, and the young lady went into the kitchen.

"Well, Martha, and where do you come from?" she inquired. "It is long since we saw you."

It was a very aged, decent-looking woman who had seated herself in the rocking-chair at one side of the hearth. Martha Paley had been in old John Aglionby's service years ago. When old age incapacitated her, and after her old man's death, she had yielded to the urgent wishes of a son and his wife, living at Bradford, and had taken up her abode with them. Occasionally she revisited her old haunts in the Dale, the scenes of her youth and matronhood, and Judith conjectured that she must be on such a visit now.

"Ay, a long time it is, my dear," said the old woman; she was a native of Swaledale, and spoke in a dialect so broad, as certainly to be unintelligible to all save those who, like Judith Conisbrough, knew and loved its every idiom, and accordingly, in mercy to the reader, her vernacular is translated. "I have been staying at John Heseltine's at the Ridgeway farm, nigh to th' Hawes."

"Ah, then, that is why you have not been to see us before, I suppose, as it is a good distance away. But now you are here, Martha, you will take off your bonnet, and stay tea?"

"I cannot, my bairn, thank you. John's son Edmund has driven me here, so far, in his gig, and he's bound to do some errands in the town, and then to drive me to Leyburn, where my son will meet me and take me home next day."

"I see. And how are you? You look pretty well."

"I'm very well, indeed, God be thanked, for such an old, old woman as I am. I have reason to be content. But your mother, bairn—how's your mother?"

"She has been ill, I am very sorry to say, and she is sleeping now. I daren't awaken her, Martha, or I would, but her heart is weak, you know, and we are always afraid to startle her or give her a shock."

"Ay, ay! Well, you'll perhaps do as well as her. I've had something a deal on my mind, ever since Sunday, when I heard of the old squire's death, and his will. I reckon that would be a shock to you."

"It was," replied Judith, briefly.

"Ay, indeed! And it's quite true that he has left his money to his grandson?"

"Quite true."

"Judith, my bairn, that was not right."

"I suppose my uncle thought he had a right to do what he chose with his own, Martha."

"In a way, he might have, but not after what he'd said to your mother. People have rights, but there's duties too, my dear, duties, and there's honesty and truth. His duty was to deal fairly by those he had encouraged to trust in him, and he died with a lie in his mouth when he led your mother to expect his money, and then left it away. But there's the Scripture, and it's the strongest of all," she went on, somewhat incoherently, as it seemed to Judith, while she raised her withered hand with a gesture which had in it something almost imposing; "and *it* says, 'for unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

"It's a very true Scripture, Martha, I think—so true that it will scarcely do for us to set ourselves against it in this case. The will is a valid one. Have you seen young Mr. Aglionby?"

"Nay," she answered, with some vigor; "when I heard o' what had happened, I couldn't bide to go near the place. And it's the first time I've been in th' Dale without visiting Scar Foot, the bonny place—'Fair Scar Foot' the verses call it."

"I think that is a pity. You would have found Mr. Aglionby very kind, and most anxious to do all that is right and just."

"I think for sure he ought to be. Why not? It's easy to be just when you have lands and money all round, just as it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. . . . He must be terrible rich, my bairn—that young man."

"He is as rich as my uncle was, I suppose. He was not rich before; he was very poor—as poor as we are."

Old Mrs. Paley shook her head, and said decidedly :

"That can't be, honey ! For when his father—poor Ralph—died, his mother's rich relations promised to adopt him ; and they were to look after him, and see that he wanted for nothing. So that with money from them, and the old Squire's money too, he must be a very rich man."

Such, but more rudely expressed, was old Martha's argument.

Judith felt a wave of sickly dread and terror sweep over her heart. It made her feel cold and faint. This rumor confronted her everywhere, this tale without a word of truth in it. Aglionby's words had been explicit enough. On his mother's side he had no rich relations ; never had possessed even a rich connection. Yet her own impressions strong, though she knew not whence they were derived ; her own mother's words about "Bernarda" and what Bernarda had said (words spoken as she awoke from her fainting fit) ; and now old Martha Paley—on all sides there seemed to be an impression, nay, more, a conviction, that he had been adopted by these mythical rich relations. Who had at first originated that report ? whence had it sprung ? She knew, though she had not owned it to herself—she knew, though she had called herself all manner of ill-names for daring even to guess such a thing. It was because she knew, that she had refused Aglionby's overtures.

For a moment or two, cowardice was nearly gaining the victory. Mrs. Paley was an old, feeble woman ; Judith could easily turn her thoughts upon another track ; the worst need never be stated. But another feeling stronger than this shrinking from the truth, urged her to learn it, and she said :

"Indeed, and how do you know this, Martha ?"

"How do I know it, bairn ? Why, from your own mother's lips, as who else should I know it from ? Ay, and she cried and sobbed, she did so when she brought the news. You know it was like in this way that it happened. When Ralph got married, and for long before I was housekeeper at Scar Foot, I well remember it all, and the old squire's fury, and the names he called the woman

who had married his son ; 'a low, penniless jade,' he called her, ay, and worse than that. He always meant Ralph to have your mother, you know. She was ever a favorite with him. Whether that would have come to anything in any case, I don't know, for whatever she might have done, Ralph said much and more, that he wouldn't wed her. He went off to London, and married his wife 'there. The news came, and the Squire was furious. How he raged ! He soon forbade Ralph the house, and cut off his allowance, and refused to see him, or hear of him. Two or three years passed, your mother was married, and lived in this house, which had been her mother's before her. I think the old Squire's conscience began to prick, for he got uneasy about his son, and at last would have sent for him, I believe, but while he was making up his mind Ralph died, and then it was too late. For a time it fairly knocked the old man down. Then he came round, and began to think that he would like to have the boy, and he even made up his mind to make some sort of terms with the wife so as to get the boy into his own care, and 'bring him up an Aglionby, and not a vagabond,' as he said. It was a great descent for his pride, Miss Judith. He took counsel with your mother, and sent her to Irkford, where Mrs. Ralph lived, that great big town, you know. I've never been there, but they do say that it's wonderful for size and for dirt. He sent her there to see the mother and try to persuade her to let him have the child for the best part of the year, and she was to have it for the rest, and it was to be brought up like a gentleman, and sent to college, and then it was to have all his money when he died, same as if its father had never crossed him.

"Your mother—she was not a widow then, you know, nor for many a year after—she was away about three days. When she came back, she came alone. The old Squire was as white as a sheet with expectation and excitement. I was by at the time, and I saw and heard it all. He said, 'Where's the boy ?' in a very quiet, strange kind of voice. 'Oh, uncle,' your mother said—'she's an awful woman—she's like a tigress.' Then she cried and sobbed, and said it had

been too much for her nerves ; it had nearly killed her. And she told him how Mrs. Ralph had got into a fury, and said she would never be parted for a day from her child, and that she spurned his offer. The old Squire said with his grim little laugh, that perhaps when she was starving, she would not be so ready to spurn. 'Oh, she won't starve,' your mother said, 'she has plenty of rich relations, and that is partly what makes her so independent. Ralph has left her the child's sole guardian. She scorns and spurns us, and I believe she would like to see us humbled in the dust before her.' Then the old Squire let his hatred loose against his son's wife. With his terrible look that he could put on at times, he sat down beside your mother (she was flung on a sofa, you now, half-fainting) and he bade her tell him all about it. He questioned and she answered, and she was trembling like a leaf all the time. He bade me stay where I was, as witness. And at last, when he had heard it all out, he swore a fearful oath, and took heaven and us to witness that from henceforth, as long as he lived, he would have nothing to do with his grandchild. It might starve, he said, or die, or rot, or anything its mother chose, for aught he cared—he had done with it forever. It was terrible to hear him. And from that day, none of us dared name the child to him. He spent a deal of his time at Yoresett House with your mother. I heard him many a time tell her she and hers were all the children he had. And after your father died, he went on purpose to tell her not to be uneasy, but to leave him to do things his own way, and that you children should thrust that brat out of Scar Foot at last. And now he goes and leaves it all his money. Eh, my bairn—that was very wrong."

Judith, when she answered, spoke, and, indeed, felt, quite calm ; the very hugeness of the effort she had to make in order to speak at all, kept her calm and quiet. She had never even conceived of anything like the dreadful shame she felt as she said :

"It is a terrible story, Martha. It is very well that you told it to me instead of to my mother, for she is not strong enough to bear having it raked up

again. Have you"—her voice almost died away upon her lips—"have you related it to any one else?"

"Nay, not I ! I thought I'd just see Mistress Conisbrough, and ask her if there was nothing to be done. If she was to speak to some lawyer—some clever man—and some of them *is* so clever, you know, happen he might be able to set aside the will."

"That is what she thought of at first," said Judith, strenuously keeping her mind fixed upon the subject ; battling hard to keep in restraint the sickly fear at her heart lest any of the unsuspecting ones around them should by chance come in and interrupt the interview. "But Mr. Whaley told her it would not be of the very slightest use. And—and—Martha, I think you are very fond of us all, are you not?"

She came near to the old woman, and knelt beside her, with her hands clasped upon her knee, and she looked up into Martha's face.

"Ay, my bairn, I am so." She passed her withered hand over Judith's glossy brown braids. "I am so fond of ye all that I cannot abide to see ye cast out by a usurper."

"Then if you really care for us, please Martha, say nothing more to any one about this, will you? I will tell you why. We have reason to think that Mr. Aglionby's relations were not really so rich as—as was represented, or if they were, they must have changed their minds about adopting him, for he was *very* poor, really, when his grandfather found him. And as it would not be of the least use to dispute the will, we want to keep it all quiet, don't you see? and to make no disturbance about it. Will you promise, Martha?"

"Ay, if you'll promise that if ever I could be of use by telling all about it, as I've told it to you now, that you'll send for me, eh, bairn?"

"Oh, I promise that, yes."

"Then I promise you what you want. It's none such a pleasant thing that one should want to be raking it up at every turn, to all one's friends and neighbors."

Judith felt her heart grow cold and faint at the images conjured up by these words of the old woman, who went on, after a pause, during which her thoughts seemed to dwell upon the past, "Do

you know him, my bairn, this young man?"

"Yes," replied Judith, a flood of color rushing tumultuously over her pale face. The question was sudden; the emotion was, for the moment, uncontrollable. Her clear eyes, which had been fixed on old Martha's face, wavered, sank.

Though Mrs. Paley was a withered old woman of eighty, she could read a certain language on a human face as glibly as any young maid of eighteen.

"You do? There's another reason for my holding my tongue. You say he's considerate, and wishful to do right. Is he reasonable, or is he one of them that have eyes, but see not? If he *has* eyes, he will want never to lose sight of you again. If you and he were to wed—eh, what a grand way of making all straight, and healing all enmities, and a way after the Lord's own heart, too."

A little shudder ran through Judith. She did not tell old Martha that Aglionby was already engaged; or Mrs. Paley's indignation would perhaps have loosed her tongue, in other quarters than this, and Judith wished above all things, and at almost any price, to secure her silence. She knew now that had Bernard been free as air; had he loved her and her alone, and told her so, and wooed her with all the ardor of which he was capable—after what she had just now heard she would have to say him nay, cost her what it might; a spoiled life, a broken heart, or what you will.

She rose from her knees, smiled a chilly little attempt at a smile, and said:

"I'm afraid you are a match-maker, Martha," and then to her unspeakable relief, she heard the sound of wheels. It was John Heseltine's son Edmund with the gig, coming to fetch Martha away.

The old woman did not ask to see the other girls. The story she had been telling had sent her thoughts wandering back to old times; she had forgotten Judith's sisters, who were to her things of yesterday. When she departed, Judith shook her withered old hand; promised to deliver her messages to her mother, led her to the door; saw her seated in the gig, and driven off, sure that she would keep the promise she had

given. And thus old Martha Paley disappears from these pages.

Judith returned to the house, and stood in the hall a moment or two, then mechanically took her way upstairs, along the passage, to her own bedroom. She sat down, and folding her hands upon her knee, she began to think. Painfully, shrinkingly, but laboriously, she went in her mind over every detail of this horrible story. She felt a vague kind of hope that perhaps, if it all came to be compared and sifted, the particulars might be found incongruous; she might be unable to make them agree with one another, and so have a pretext for rejecting it. But, as she coned over each one, she found that they fitted together only too well—both her own vague, almost formless suspicions, and the tangible facts which explained them. Her great-uncle had had an interview with his grandson; she exactly understood how, talking to Bernard what he supposed to be his true position, he had been enlightened, and that with a shock. He must have restrained his wrath so far as not to reveal to Aglionby what he had discovered; he had, as he thought, had pity upon her mother and her mother's daughters. She remembered their journey home from Irkford, and how her uncle's strangely absent and ungenial manner had struck her, and chilled her. Then, while she and her sisters were out, on the following morning, he had visited her mother. She could form no idea of what had passed at that interview; it must have been a painful one, for her mother had not mentioned it but had been left shaken and ill by it. Next, Judith's own interview with her uncle; his extraordinary reception of her; his fury, unaccountable to her at the time, but which was now only too comprehensible; his sinister accusations of herself and her mother, as being leagued together in some plot—some scheme to fleece and hoodwink him; *now* she could interpret this fiery writing on the wall, clearly enough. Her return home; the storm; the apparition of Mr. Whaley driving through it and the night, toward Scar Foot; the hastily executed will; the miserable scene when its contents were made known; her mother's sudden fear and cowering down before Aglionby; her broken words on

recovering consciousness—that repetition of the lie told twenty years before, and more. Those words had first aroused her suspicion, her vague fear that all was not so clear and straightforward as it should be. Now came old Martha, like a finger of some inspired interpreter, pointing out the meaning of each strange occurrence, throwing a flood of light over all, by her grim story of an old man's imperious will thwarted—of a young man's obstinate weakness; of a woman's yielding to temptation, and telling lies for gain. Each detail now seemed to dovetail with hideous accuracy into its neighbor, until the naked truth, the damnable and crushing whole, seemed to start up and stand before her stark and threatening.

She feebly tried to ignore, or to escape from the inferences which came crowding into her mind—tried piteously not to see the consequences of her mother's sin. That was useless; she had a clear understanding, and a natural turn for logic. Such qualities always come into play at crises, or in emergencies, and she could not escape from their power now. Sitting still, and outwardly composed, her eyes fixed musingly upon a particular spot in the pattern of a rug which was spread near her bedside—her brain was very active. It was as if her will were powerless and paralyzed, while her heart was arraigned before her brain, which, with cold and pitiless accuracy, pointed out to that quivering criminal not all, but some portion of what was implied in this sin of her mother; some of the results involved by it in the lives of herself, her children, and her victims.

As to Mrs. Conisbrough's original motives for such a course of action, Judith did not stop long to consider them. Probably it had occurred to her mother, during that far back journey to Irkford, that a great deal of power had been entrusted to her, that she did not see why she was to have all the trouble, and Mrs. Ralph Aglionby and her boy all the benefits of this tiresome and troublesome negotiation. Then (according to Judith's knowledge of her mother's character) she had toyed and dallied with the idea, instead of strangling it ere it was fully born. It had grown as such ideas do grow, after the first horror they

inspire has faded—"like Titan infants"—and Mrs. Conisbrough had not the nature which can struggle with Titans and overcome them. Judith surmised that her mother had probably gone on telling herself that, of course, she was going to be honest, until the moment came for deciding; she must have so represented her uncle's message to Bernarda, as to rouse her indignation, and cause her indignantly to refuse his overtures. Then she had probably reflected that, after all, it could soon be made right; she would be the peacemaker, and so lay them both under obligations to her. And then the time had come to be honest; to confront the old Squire and tell him that she had not been quite successful with Ralph's widow, but that a little explanation would soon make matters right. No doubt she intended to do it, but she did the very reverse, and those sobs, and tears, and tremblings, of which old Martha had spoken, testified to the intense nervous strain she had gone through, and to the violent reaction which had set in when at last the die had been irrevocably cast.

Her lie had been believed implicitly. The wrong path had been made delightfully smooth and easy for her; the right one had been filled with obstacles, and made rough and rugged.

Something like this might or might not have been the sequence of the steps in which her mother had fallen. Judith did not consider that; what took possession of her mind was the fact that her mother, who passed for a woman whose heart was stronger than her judgment, a woman with a gentle disposition, hating to give pain—that such a character could act as she had acted toward Bernarda and her boy. It seemed to Judith that what her mother had done had been much the same as if one had met a child in a narrow path, had pushed it aside, and marched onward, not looking behind, but leaving the child, either to recover its footing, if lucky, or, if not, to fall over the precipice and linger in torture at the bottom, till death should be kind enough to release it.

"We should say that the person was an inhuman monster who did that," she reflected. "Yet she knew that if Mrs. Ralph Aglionby's health gave way, if she were incapacitated for work, or work

failed, she must starve or go to the workhouse, and the child with her. I cannot see that she was less inhuman than the other person would have been.

She has always appeared tranquil; the only thing that troubled her was an occasional fear lest Uncle Aglionby should not leave his property exactly as she desired. Was she tranquil because she knew Mrs. Aglionby to be in decent circumstances, or was it because she knew that she was safe from discovery and that, whatever happened to *them* she was secure of the money?"

Judith's face was haggard as she arrived at this point in the chain of her mental argument. It would not do to go into that question. She hastily turned aside from it, and began an attempt to unravel some of the intricacies which her discovery must cause in the future for her sisters and herself. She felt a grim pleasure in the knowledge that in the past they had gained nothing from their mother's sin. They had rather lost. In the future, how were they to demean themselves?

"We can never marry," she decided. "As honest women, we can never let any man marry us without telling him the truth, and it is equally impossible for us deliberately to expose our mother's shame. That is decided, and nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath can ever alter that. We can work, I suppose, and try to hide our heads; make ourselves as obscure as possible. That is the only way. And we can live and wait, and die at last, and there will be an end of us, and a good thing too."

She pondered for a long time upon this prospect; tried to look it in the face, "*Je veux regarder mon destin en face*," she might have said with Maxime, "the poor young man," "*pour lui ôter son air de spectre*." And by dint of courage she partially succeeded, even in that dark hour. She succeeded in convincing herself that she could meet her lot, and battle with it hand to hand. She did more; she conjured up a dream in which she saw how joy might be extracted from this woe—not that it ever would be—but she could picture circumstances under which it might be. For example, she reflected:

"They say there is a silver lining to

every cloud. I know what would line my cloud with silver—if I could ever do Bernard Aglionby some marvellous and unheard-of service; procure him some wonderful good which should make the happiness of his whole life, and then, when he felt that he owed everything to me, if I could go on my knees to him, and tell him all; see him smile, and hear him say, 'It is forgiven,' then I could live or die, and be happy, whichever I had to do."

A calm and beautiful smile had broken over the fixed melancholy of her countenance. It faded away again as she thought, "And that is just what I shall never be allowed to do. Does he not say himself, that there is no forgiveness; for every sin the punishment must be borne. And I must bear mine."

The dusk had fallen, the air was cold with the autumnal coldness of October. Judith, after deciding that she might keep her secret to herself for to-night, went downstairs to meet her mother and sisters with what cheer she might.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGLIONBY'S DÉBUT.

AGLIONBY, casting one last look after Rhoda's figure as it disappeared, turned his horse's head, and drove homeward, dreamily. Not a fortnight—not one short fourteen days had elapsed since he had been summoned hither—and how much had not taken place since? He could not have believed, had any one told him earlier, that he had so much flexibility in his character as to be susceptible of undergoing the change which certainly had taken place in him during that short time. In looking back upon his Irkford life, it appeared like an existence which he had led, say ten years ago, and from which he was forever severed. The men and women who had moved and lived in it trooped by, in his mind, like figures in a dream; so much so, indeed, that he presently dismissed them as one does dismiss a recollected dream from his head, and his thoughts reverted to the present; went back to the parlor at Yoresett House, to Mrs. Conisbrough's figure reclining in her easy-chair, and to the figures of his three 'cousins.' All over again, and keenly as ever, he felt the pain and mor-

tification he had experienced from Judith's fiat as to their future terms.

"By George," he muttered, "I wonder I ever submitted to it! I can't understand it—only she can subdue me with a look, when any one else would only rouse me to more determined opposition."

Arrived at Scar Foot, he entered the house, and in the hall found more cards on the table, of neighboring gentry who had called upon him. He picked them up, and read them, and smiled a smile such as in his former days of bitterness had often crossed his face. Throwing himself into an easy-chair, he lighted his pipe, and gave himself up to reflection.

"I must decide on something," he thought. "In fairness to Lizzie, I must decide. Am I going to live here or am I not? I should think the question was rather, 'can I? will Lizzie?' Of course I must keep the house on, here, but I know Lizzie would not be happy to live here. Two houses? one here and one at Irkford. How would that do? Whether Lizzie liked it or not, I could always fly here for refuge, when I wanted to dream and be quiet. I could come here alone, and fish—and when I was tired of that, I might go to Irkford, and help a little in political affairs. Perhaps some day I might catch . . . my cousin Judith . . . in a softer mood, and get her to hear reason." He looked around the darkening room and started. There was the soft rustle of a dress—a footfall—a hand on the door—his eyes strained eagerly toward it. Judith always used to come down in the twilight. She enters. It is Mrs. Aveson, come to inquire at what time he would like to dine. He gives her the required information, and sinks discontentedly back into his chair. "The fact is," he mentally resumed, "I am dazed with my new position; I don't know what I want and what I don't want. I must have some advice, and that from the only person whose advice I ever listened to. I must write to Aunt Margaret."

(Aunt Margaret was his mother's sister, Mrs. Bryce, a widow.)

"I believe," he then began to think, "that if I did what was best—what was right and my duty—I should set things in train for having this old

place freshened up. I wonder what Judith would say to that—she has never known it other than it is now—and then I should go to Irkford, tell Lizzie what I'd done, ask her to choose a house there, and to fix the wedding, and I should get it all over as soon as possible, and settle down . . . and that is exactly what I don't want to do.

. . . I wish I knew some one to whom I could tell what I thought about my cousins? some one who could answer my questions about them. I feel so in the dark about them. I cannot imagine Judith asking things she was not warranted in asking—and yet, blindly to submit to her in such an important matter—"

He spent a dreary evening debating, wondering, and considering—did nothing that had about it even the appearance of decisiveness, except to write to Mrs. Bryce, and ask her to sacrifice herself and come into the country, to give him her company and her counsel, "both of which I sorely need," wrote this young man with the character for being very decided and quick in his resolutions. As to other things, he could make up his mind to nothing, and arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. He went to bed feeling very much out of temper, and he too dreamed a dream, in which reality and fantasy were strangely mingled. He seemed to see himself in the Irkford theatre, with *Diplomacy* being played. He was in the lower circle, in evening dress, and thought to himself, with a grim little smile, how easily one adapted one's self to changed circumstances. Beside him a figure was seated. He had a vague idea that it was a woman's figure—his mother's—and he turned eagerly toward it. But no! It was his grandfather, who was glaring angrily toward a certain point in the upper circle, and Bernard also directed his glance toward that point, and saw, seated side by side, his friend Percy Golding and Lizzie Vane. They looked jeeringly toward him, and he, for some reason or for none—like most dream reasons—felt a sudden fury and a sudden fear seize him. He strove to rise but could not. His fear and his anger were growing to a climax, and they at last seemed to overpower him, when he saw Mrs. Conisbrough suddenly appear behind

Percy and Lizzie, laughing malignantly. It then seemed to him that in the midst of his fury, he glanced from her face toward a large clock, which he was not in the least surprised to see was fixed in the very middle of the dress circle. "Ten minutes past ten," so he read the fingers; and his terror increased as he thought to himself, "Impossible! It must be much later!" And he turned to the figure of his grandfather by his side, perfectly conscious though he was, that it was a phantom. "Shall I go to them?" he inquired. "Yes," replied the apparition. "But the time?" continued Aglionby, frantically, and again looked toward the clock. "Ten minutes to two," he read it this time, and thought, "Of course! a much more appropriate time!" And turning once more to the phantom, he put the question to it solemnly, "*Shall I go to them?*"

"N—no," was the reluctant response. With that, it seemed as if the horror reached its climax, and came crashing down upon him, and with a struggle, in the midst of which he heard the mocking laughter of Lizzie, Percy, and Mrs. Conisbrough, he awoke, in a cold perspiration.

The moon was shining into the room, with a clear, cold light. Aglionby, shuddering faintly, drew his watch from under his pillow, and glanced at it. The fingers pointed to ten minutes before two.

"Bha! a nightmare!" he muttered, shaking himself together again, and turning over, he tried once more to sleep, but in vain. The dream and its disagreeable impression remained with him in spite of all his efforts to shake them off. The figure which, he felt, had been wanting to convert it from a horror into a pleasant vision, was that of Judith Conisbrough. But after all, he was glad her shape had not intruded into such an insane phantasmagoria.

The following afternoon he drove over to Danesdale Castle, to return the call of Sir Gabriel and his son. It was the first time he had penetrated to that part of the Dale, and he was struck anew with the exceeding beauty of the country, with the noble forms of the hills, and above all, with the impressive aspect of Danesdale Castle itself. There was an old Danesdale Castle—a grim,

half-ruined pile, standing "four-square to the four winds of heaven," with a tower at each corner. It was a landmark and a beacon for miles around, standing as it did on a rise, and proudly looking across the Dale. It was famous in historical associations; it had been the prison of a captive queen, whose chamber window, high up in the third story, commanded a broad view of lovely lowland country, wild moors, bare-backed fells. Many a weary hour must she have spent there, looking hopelessly across those desolate hills, and envying the wild birds which had liberty to fly across them. All that was over, now, and changed. "Castle Danesdale," as it was called, was nearly a ruin, a portion of it was inhabited by some of Sir Gabriel's tenantry; a big room in it was used for a ball for the said tenantry in winter. The Danesdales had built themselves a fine commodious mansion of red brick, in Queen Anne's time, in a noble park nearer the river, and there they now lived in great state and comfort, and allowed the four winds of heaven to battle noisily and wuther wearily around the ragged towers of the house of their fathers.

Aglionby found that Sir Gabriel was at home, and as he entered, Randulf crossed the hall, saw him, and his languid face lighted with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well met!" said he, shaking his hand. "Come into the drawing-room, and I'll introduce you to my sister. Tell Sir Gabriel," he added to the servant, and Aglionby followed him.

"For your pleasure or displeasure, I may inform you that you have been a constant subject of conversation at my sister's kettledrums, for the last week," Randulf found time to say to him, as they approached the drawing-room, "and as there is one of those ceremonials in full swing at the present moment, I would not be you."

"You don't speak in a way calculated to add to my natural ease and grace of manner," murmured Bernard, with a somewhat sardonic smile, a gleam of mirth in his eyes. Sooth to say, he had very vague notions as to what a kettledrum might be; and he certainly was not prepared for the spectacle which greeted him, of some seven or eight ladies,

young, old, and middle-aged, seated about the room, with Miss Danesdale dispensing tea at a table in the window-recess.

An animated conversation was going on; so animated, that Randolph and Aglionby coming in by a door behind the company, were not immediately perceived except by one or two persons. But by the time that Mr. Danesdale had piloted his victim to the side of the tea-table, every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed upon them. They stood it well—Bernard because of his utter unconsciousness of the sensation his advent had created among the ladies of the neighborhood; Randolph, because he was naturally at ease in the presence of women, and also because he did know all about Aglionby and his importance, and was well aware that he had been eagerly speculated about, and that more than one matron then present had silently marked him down, even in advance, in her book of "eligibles." Therefore it was with a feeling of deep gratification, and in a louder voice than usual, that he introduced Aglionby to his sister.

Bernard, whose observing faculties were intensely keen, if his range of observation in social matters was limited, had become aware of the hush which had fallen like a holy calm upon the assembled multitude. He bowed to Miss Danesdale, and stood by her side, sustaining the inspection with which he was favored, with a dark, sombre indifference which was really admirable. The mothers thought, "He is quiet and reserved; anything might be made of him with that figure and that self-possession." The daughters who were young thought, "What a delightfully handsome fellow! So dark! Such shoulders, and such eyes!" The daughters who were older thought how very satisfactory to find he was a man whom one could take up and even be intimate with, without feeling as if one ought to apologize to one's friends about him, and explain how he came to visit with them.

Miss Danesdale said something to Aglionby in so low a tone that he had to stoop his head, and say he begged her pardon.

"Will you not sit there?" She pointed to a chair close to herself, which he

took. "Randulf, does papa know Mr. Aglionby is here?"

"I sent to tell him," replied Randolph, who was making the circuit of the dowagers and the beauties present, and saying something that either was or sounded as if it were meant to be agreeable to each in turn.

"Of course he plants himself down beside Mrs. Malleson," thought Miss Danesdale, drawing herself up, in some annoyance, "when any other woman in the room was entitled to a greater share of his attention. . . . Did you drive or ride from Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby?"

"I drove, I don't ride—yet."

"Don't ride!" echoed Miss Danesdale, surprised almost into animation. "How very. . . . don't you like it?"

"As I never had a chance of trying, I can hardly tell you," replied Aglionby, with much *sang froid*, as he realized that to these ladies a man who did not ride, and hunt, and fish, and shoot, and stalk deer, and play croquet and tennis, was doubtless as strange a phenomenon as a man who was not some kind of a clerk or office man would be to Lizzie Vane.

"Were there no horses where you lived?" suggested a very pretty girl who sat opposite to him, under the wing of a massive and stately mamma, who started visibly on hearing her child thus audaciously uplift her voice to a man and a stranger.

"Certainly there were," he replied, repressing the malevolent little smile which rose to his lips, and speaking with elaborately grave politeness, "for those who had money to keep them and leisure to ride them. I had neither until the other day."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the young lady, blushing crimson, and more disconcerted (as is almost universally the case) at having extracted from any one a confession, even retrospective, of poverty, than if she had been receiving an offer from a peer of the realm.

"Pray do not mention it. No tea, thank you," to Philippa, who, anxious to divert the conversation from what she concluded must be to their guest so painful a topic, had just proffered him a cup.

"And do you like Scar Foot?" she

said, in her almost inaudible voice ; to which Bernard replied, in his very distinct one :

" Yes, I do, exceedingly ! "

" But you have hardly had time to decide yet," said the girl who had already addressed him. Various motives prompted her persistency. First and foremost was the consideration that as in any case she would have a homily on the subject of forwardness, and " bad form," she would do her best to deserve it. Next, she was displeased (like Miss Danesdale) to see Randulf seat himself beside Mrs. Malleeson, as if very well satisfied, to the neglect of her fair self, and resolved to fly at what was after all, just now, higher game.

" Have I not ? As how ? " he inquired, and all the ladies inwardly registered the remark that Mr. Aglionby was very different from Randulf Danesdale, and indeed, from most of their gentleman acquaintances. They were not quite sure yet, whether they liked, or disliked the keen, direct glance of his eyes, straight into those of his interlocutor, and the somewhat curt and imperious tone in which he spoke. But he was, they were all quite sure, the coming man of that part of the world. He must be trotted out, and had at balls, and treated kindly at dinner-parties, and have the prettiest girls allotted to him as his partners at those banquets, and—married to one of the said pretty girls—some time. His presence would make the winter season, with its hunt and county balls, its dinners and theatricals, far more exciting. Pleasing illusions, destined in a few minutes to receive a fatal blow !

" Why you can hardly have felt it your own yet. We heard you had visitors—two ladies," said the lovely Miss Askam, from which remark Aglionby learned several things, among others, that young ladies of position could be rude sometimes, and could display want of taste as glaring as if they had been born *bourgeoise*.

" So I have. Mrs. and Miss Conisbrough were my guests until yesterday, when, I am sorry to say, they left me," he answered.

He thought he detected a shade of mockery in the young lady's smile and tone, which mockery, on that topic, he

would not endure ; and he looked at her with such keen eyes, such straight brows, and such compressed lips, that the youthful beauty, unaccustomed to such treatment, blushed again—twice in the same afternoon, as one of her good-natured friends remarked. •

Philippa came to the rescue by murmuring that she hoped Mrs. Conisbrough was better.

" Yes, thank you. I believe she is nearly well now."

" Do you know all the Misses Conisbrough ? " pursued Miss Danesdale, equally anxious with Miss Askam to learn something of the terms on which Aglionby stood with those he had dispossessed, but flattering herself that she approached the subject with more *finesse* and delicacy.

Aglionby felt much as if mosquitoes were drinking his blood, so averse was he to speak on this topic with all these strangers. He looked very dignified and very forbidding indeed as he replied coldly :

" I was introduced to them yesterday, so I suppose I may say I do."

" They are great friends of Randulf's," said Miss Danesdale exasperated, as she saw by a side-glance that her brother was still paying devoted attention to Mrs. Malleeson. Also she knew the news would create much disturbance in the bosoms of those her sisters then assembled ; and, thirdly, she had an ancient dislike to the Misses Conisbrough for being poor, pretty, and in a station which made it impossible for her to ignore them.

" Are they ? " said Aglionby, simply ; " then I am sure, from what I have seen of my cousins, that he is very fortunate to have such friends."

" There I quite agree with you," drawled Randulf, whom no one had imagined to be listening ; " and so does Mrs. Malleeson. We've been talking about those ladies just now."

A sensation of surprise was felt among the company. How was it that those Misses Conisbrough had somehow engrossed the conversation ? It was stupid and unaccountable, except to Miss Askam, who wished she had never given those tiresome men the chance of talking about these girls. But the severest blow had yet to come. When the nerves

of those present had somewhat recovered from the shock of finding the Misses Conisbrough raised to such prominence in the conversation of their betters, Miss Danesdale said she hoped Bernard would come and dine with them. Was he staying at Scar Foot at present? All the matrons listened for the reply, having dinners of their own in view, or, if not dinners, some other form of entertainment.

"I hardly know," was the reply. "I shall have to go to Irkford soon, but I don't exactly know when."

"Irkford! That dreadful, smoky place?" said Miss Askam. "What possible attractions can such a place have for you, Mr. Aglionby?"

"Several. It is my native place, and all my friends live there, as well as my future wife, whom I am going to see. Perhaps those don't count as points of attraction with you?"

While the sensation caused by this announcement was still at its height, and while Randulf was malevolently commenting upon it, and explaining to Mrs. Malleeson what pure joy it caused him, Sir Gabriel entered, creating a diversion and covering Miss Askam's confusion, though not before she had exclaimed, with a *naïveté* born of great surprise:

"I did not know you were engaged!"

"That is very probable; indeed I do not see how you possibly could have known it," Bernard had just politely replied as Sir Gabriel made his appearance.

There was a general greeting. Then by degrees the ladies took their departure. Aglionby managed somehow to get himself introduced to Mrs. Malleeson, whose name he had caught while Randulf spoke. Bernard said he had found Mr. Malleeson's card yesterday, and hoped soon to return his call: he added, with a smile into which he could when, as now, he chose, infuse both sweetness and amiability, "Miss Conisbrough told me to be sure to make a friend of you, if I could, so I hope you will not brand me as 'impossible' before giving me a trial," at which Mrs. Malleeson laughed, but said pleasantly enough that after such a touching appeal, nothing could be impossible. Then she departed too, and Aglionby felt as if this little aside alone had been worth the drive to Danesdale Castle ten times over.

Sir Gabriel asked Aglionby to stay and dine with them, as he was. They were quite alone, and Philippa would certainly excuse his morning dress. He accepted, after a slight hesitation, for there was something about both Sir Gabriel and his son, which Bernard felt to be congenial, unlike though they all three were to one another.

After Philippa had gone, and the wine had gone round once or twice, Sir Gabriel rose to join his daughter, with whom he always passed his evening, and to do Philippa Danesdale justice, she looked upon her father as the best of men and the finest of gentlemen. Her one love romance had occurred just after her mother's death, when Randulf was yet a child, incapable of understanding or sympathizing, and when her father was bowed down with woe. Philippa had given up her lover, and remained with her father; who had not forgotten the circumstance, as some parents have a habit of forgetting such little sacrifices. Thus it came to pass that if "the boy" was the most tenderly loved, it was Philippa's word which was law at Danesdale Castle.

"Suppose we come to my room, and have a chat," suggested Randulf. "We can join the others later."

Nothing loth, Aglionby followed him to a den which looked, on the first view, more luxurious than it really was. When it came to be closely examined there was more simplicity than splendor in it, more refinement than display. In after-days, when he had grown intimate as a loved brother with both the room and its owner, Bernard said that one resembled the other very closely. Randulf's room was a very fair reflex of Randulf's mind and tastes. The books were certainly numerous, and many of them costly. There were two or three good water-colors on the walls; some fine specimens of pottery, Persian, Chinese, and Japanese; one or two vases, real Greek antiques, of pure and exquisite shape and design, gladdening the eye with their clean and clear simplicity. In one corner of the room there was an easel with a portfolio standing on it, and two really comfortable lounging chairs.

"The rest of the chairs," said their owner, wheeling one up for Bernard's accommodation, "are uncomfortable. I

took care of that, for I hold that, in a room like this, two is company, more is none whatever, so I discourage a plurality of visitors by means of straight backs and hard seats."

He handed a box of cigars to Aglionby, plunged himself into the other chair, and stretched himself. Somewhere in the background there was a lamp, which, however, gave but a dim light.

"Do you know," said Randulf presently, "I was in the same condition as Miss Askam this afternoon. I didn't know you were engaged."

Aglionby laughed. "She seemed surprised. I don't know why she should have been. I thought her somewhat impertinent, and I don't see what my affairs could possibly be to her."

"She is a precocious young woman—as I know to my cost. Of course your affairs were something to her, so long as you were rich and a bachelor. Surely you could understand that."

"Good Lord!" was all Aglionby said, in a tone of surprised contempt.

"My affairs have been a good deal to her up to now," continued Randulf tranquilly. "I was amused to see how she dropped me as if I had been red-hot shot, when you appeared on the scene and—"

"Don't expose her weaknesses—if she has such weaknesses as those," said Bernard, laughing again.

"I won't. But she is very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Yes, very. Like a refined and civilized gipsy—I know some one who far surpasses her, though, in the same style."

"Who is that?"

"The youngest Miss Conisbrough."

"Yes, you are right. But is it allowable to ask the name of the lady you are engaged to?"

"Why not? Her name is Elizabeth Fernor Vane, and she lives at Irkford, as I mentioned before."

"It will be a matter of much speculation, among those ladies whom you saw this afternoon, what Miss Vane is like."

"Will it? How can the subject affect them?"

"Well, you see, you will be one of our leading men in the Dale, if you take that place among us that you ought

to have—and the wife of a country gentleman is as important a person as himself, almost."

Bernard paused, reflecting upon this. The matter had never struck him in that light before. Lizzie taking a leading part among the Danesdale ladies. Charming creature though she was, he somehow failed to realize her doing it. He could have more easily imagined even his little tormentor, Miss Askam, moving with ease in such a sphere. After a pause he said, feeling impelled to confide to a certain extent in Randulf:

"I had not thought of that before, but of course you are right. But I am very undecided as to what my future movements will be. I do not in the least know how Miss Vane will like the idea of living here. Before I can decide anything, she will have to come over and see the place. I have asked my aunt, Mrs. Bryce, to come and see me, and I shall try to get Miss Vane to come here soon. I think she should see the place in winter, so that she can know what she has to expect when it is at its worst."

"Queer way of putting it," murmured Randulf, thinking to himself, "perhaps he wants to 'scare' her away. Why couldn't he have married one of the Conisbroughs and settled everything in that way?"

Bernard proceeded succinctly to explain how Lizzie had become engaged to him under the full conviction that he would always inhabit a town. Randulf murmured assent, surveying his guest the while from under his half-closed lids, and remarking to himself that Aglionby seemed to speak in a very dry, business-like way of his engagement.

"Influence of Irkford, perhaps," he thought. "And yet, that fellow is capable of falling in love in something different from a business-like way, unless I'm much mistaken about him."

The conversation grew by degrees more intimate and confidential. The two young men succeeded in letting one another see that each had been favorably impressed with the other; that they had liked one another well, so far, and felt disposed to be friendly in the future. They progressed so far, that at last Aglionby showed Randulf a likeness of Lizzie, after first almost upsetting his host's gravity by remarking, half to himself:

"If I have it with me. I may have left it—"

"In your other coat pocket," put in Randolph, with imperturbable gravity, whereat they both laughed, and Bernard, finding the little case containing his sweetheart's likeness (to which he had not paid much attention lately) handed it to Randolph, saying:

"Photographs never do give anything but a pale imitation, you know, but the likenesses, as likenesses, are good. She 'takes well' as they say, and those were done lately."

Randolph, with due respect, took the case in his hand, and contemplated the two likenesses, one a profile, the other a three-quarter face. In the former she had been taken with a veil or scarf of thick black lace, coquettishly twisted about her throat and head; the photograph was a good one, and the face looked out from its dark setting, pure and clear, with mouth half smiling, and eyelids a little drooping. In the other, Miss Vane had given free scope to her love for fashion, or what she was pleased to consider fashion. The hideous bushy excrescence of curls bulged over her forehead; ropes of false pearls were wound about her neck; her dress was composed of some fancy material of contrasting shades, the most *outré* and unfitting possible to imagine for a black and white picture. And in that too she was triumphantly pretty.

Randolph had asked to see the likeness: he was therefore bound to say something about it. After a pause he remarked:

"She must be wonderfully pretty."

"She is a great deal prettier than that," replied Bernard amiably, and Randolph, thanking him, returned the case to him.

Now Randolph had a topic very near his heart too—a topic which he thought he might be able to discuss with Aglionby. The two young men had certainly drawn wonderfully near to each other during this short evening of conversation. The fact was, that each admired the other's qualities. Aglionby's caustic abruptness; his cool and steady deportment, and his imperturbable dignity and self-possession under his changed fortunes, pleased Randolph exceedingly. He liked a man who could face the ex-

tremes of fortune with unshaken nerve; who could carry himself proudly and independently through evil circumstances, and could accept a brilliant change with calm nonchalance. Randolph's *sang froid*, his unconventional manner; his independence of his luxurious surroundings—his innate hardness and simplicity of character pleased Aglionby. But Bernard's feelings toward Randolph were, it must be remembered, comparatively uncomplicated; Randolph's sentiments toward Bernard were vaguer—he felt every disposition to like him thoroughly, and to make a friend of him; but he had a doubt or two: there were some points to be decided which he was not yet clear about. He said, after a pause:

"I was very cool to ask you to show me Miss Vane's likeness. I owe you something in return. Look at these!"

He rose, and opening the portfolio before spoken of, drew out two sketches, and bringing the lamp near, turned it up, and showed the pictures to Bernard.

"What do you think of those?" he asked. Aglionby looked at them.

"Why, this is Danesdale Castle, unmistakably, and well done too I should say, though I am no judge. It looks so spirited."

"Now look at the other."

It was Randolph and his dogs. Aglionby, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, burst out laughing.

"That's splendid, but you must be very amiably disposed toward the artist to take such a 'take-off' good-naturedly."

"Isn't it malicious? Done by some one, don't you think, who must have seen all my weak points at a glance, and who knew how to make the most of them?"

"Exactly," said Bernard, much amused, and still more so to observe the pleased complacency with which Randolph spoke of a drawing which, without being a caricature, made him look so absurd. "Is he a friend of yours—the artist?" he asked.

"It was left to my discretion, whether I told the name of the artist or not. You must promise that it goes no further."

"Certainly."

"They were drawn by Miss Delphine Conisbrough."

Bernard started violently: his face flushed all over—he laid the drawings down, looking earnestly at Randolph.

"By Judith Conisbrough's sister?" he asked.

"The same," said Randolph, puffing away imperturbably, and thinking, "it is just as I thought. That little piece of wax-work whose likeness I have seen, cannot blind him so that he doesn't know a noble woman when he meets her." And he waited till Bernard said:

"You amaze me. There is surely very high talent in them: you ought to be a better judge than me. Don't you think them very clever?"

"I think them more than clever. They have the very highest promise in them. The only thing is, her talent wants cultivating."

"She should have some lessons," said Bernard eagerly.

"So I ventured to tell her, but she said—" he paused, and then went on, in a voice whose tenderness and regret he could not control, "that they were too poor."

He looked at Bernard. "If he has any feeling on the subject," he thought, "that ought to fetch him."

It "fetched" Bernard in a manner which Randolph had hardly calculated upon. He started up from his chair, forgetting the strangeness of speaking openly on such a subject to so recent an acquaintance. He had been longing to speak to some one of his griefs connected with his cousins; this was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Too poor!" he exclaimed, striding about the room. "She told you that? Good God, will they never have punished me enough?"

The veins in his forehead started out. His perturbation was deep and intense. Randolph laid his cigar down, and asked softly:

"Punished you—how do you mean?"

"I mean with their resentment—their implacable enmity and contempt. To tell you that she was *too poor*—when—"

"It must have been true."

"Of course it is true; but it is their own fault."

"I don't understand."

"But I will explain. It is a mystery I cannot unravel. Perhaps you can help me."

He told Randolph of his desire to be just, and how Judith had at first promised not to oppose his wishes. Then he went on:

"What has caused her to change her mind before I spoke to her again, I cannot imagine. I fear I am but a rough kind of fellow, but in approaching the subject with Miss Conisbrough, I used what delicacy I could. I told her that I should never enjoy a moment's pleasure in possessing that of which they were unjustly deprived—which I never shall. I reminded her of her promise; she flatly told me she recalled it. Well—" he stood before Randolph, and there were tones of passion in his voice—"I humbled myself before Miss Conisbrough, I entreated her to think again, to use her influence with her mother, to meet me half-way, and help me to repair the injustice. I was refused—with distress it is true—but most unequivocally. Nor would she release me until I had promised not to urge the matter on Mrs. Conisbrough, who, I surmise, would be less stern about it. Miss Conisbrough is relentless and strong. She was not content with that. She not only had a horror of my money, but even of me, it appears. She made me promise not to seek them out or visit them. By dint of hard pleading I was allowed to accompany them home, and be formally introduced to her sisters—no more. That is to be the end of it. I tell you, because I know you can understand it. For the rest of the world I care nothing. People may call me grasping and heartless if they choose. They may picture me enjoying my plunder, while Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters are wearing out their lives in—do you wonder that I cannot bear to think of it?" he added passionately.

"No, I don't. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard."

"You think so? I am glad you agree with me. Tell me—for I vow I am so bewildered by it all that I hardly know whether I am in my senses or out of them—tell me if there was anything strange in my proposal to share my inheritance with them—anything unnatural?"

"The very reverse, I should say."

"Or in my going to Miss Conisbrough about it, rather than to her mother?"

"No, indeed!"

"It never struck me beforehand that I was contemplating doing anything strange or wrong. Yet Miss Conisbrough made me feel myself very wrong. She would have it so, and I own that there is something about her, her nature and character are so truly noble, that I could not but submit. But I submit under protest."

"I am glad you have told me," said Randulf, reflectively. "Now all my doubts about you have vanished."

"Could nothing be done through these drawings?" suggested Aglionby. "Could you not tell Delphine that some one had seen them who admired them exceedingly?"

"I see what you mean," said Randulf, with a smile. "She has great schemes for working, and selling her pictures, and helping them, and so on. But I have a plan better than that. I must work my father round to it, and then I must get her to see it. She shall work as much as she pleases and have as many lessons as she likes—when she is my wife."

Aglionby started again, flushing deeply. Randulf's words set his whole being into a fever.

"That is your plan?" said he in a low voice.

"That is my plan, which no one but you knows. However long I have to wait, she shall be my wife."

"I wish you good speed in your courtship, but I fear your success won't accomplish my wishes in the matter."

"Miss Conisbrough must have some reason for the strange course she has taken," said Randulf. "Do you think we are justified in trying to discover that reason, or are we bound not to inquire into it?"

There was a long pause. Aglionby said darkly:

"I have promised."

"But I have not."

Bernard shook his head. "I don't believe, whatever it may be, that any one but Miss Conisbrough is cognizant of it."

"Well, let me use my good offices for you, if ever I have a chance. If ever I know them well enough to be taken into their confidence, I shall use my influence on your side—may I?"

"You will earn my everlasting gratitude if you do. And if it turns out that they do want help—that my cousin Delphine has to work for money, you will let me know. Remember," he added, jealously, "it is my right and duty, as their kinsman, to see that they are not distressed."

"Yes, I know, and I shall not forget you."

Randulf, when his guest had gone, soliloquized silently:

"That fellow is heart and soul on my side. He doesn't know himself whither he is drifting. I'd like to take the odds with any one, that he never marries that little dressed-up doll whose likeness he is now carrying about with him."—*Temple Bar*.

HECTOR BERLIOZ: A BIOGRAPHY.

IN the following pages I purpose to do no more than briefly tell the story of a very strange career, and roughly sketch in some of the more striking characteristics of an uncommon individuality. Berlioz is in many ways a notable person. A hero in the æsthetic revolution of 1830, a type of the artist militant, a mocker, and a sentimentalist, egoistic to a degree and not less unselfish than egoistic, incorruptibly honest and incurably histrionic, extravagantly humorous and passionately earnest and sincere, he was a prince of journalists, and perhaps the ablest and most original composer who

has appeared since Beethoven. He attempted nothing that was not great and honorable; he fought steadily for that he held to be the right. And all his days he was the object of persistent misrepresentation and inexorable disrespect. It is hard to say if he is more interesting as an artist or as a man; in his life and work and fortunes, or as the representative of a violent and memorable epoch.

I.

The generation born to France in the intervals between Napoleon's battles was a generation of able and ardent men.

The true children of a splendid and stirring time, it was theirs to be the heroes of an artistic '93, and to deal with painting and drama, with fiction and histrionics, with verse and music, much as the great Emperor and his lieutenants had dealt with the practice of war and the art and mystery of politics. One of the boldest and fiercest was Hector Berlioz, the musician of the *Messe des Morts* and the *Dies Iræ Grotesque*, and the author of the "Soirées de l'Orchestre," the "Mémoires," and the "A Travers Chants"—a knight-errant of the arts, an Amadis with the fortune and the reputation of a Quixote.

Born, as he puts it, "à prendre la vie et l'académie à contrepoil," he came into the world in 1803, at Côte-Saint-André, in the Isère. His birth year was that of Prosper Mérimée, the incomparable Dumas, and Adolphe Adam, composer of the *Postillion de Longjumeau*: the Adolphe Adam, who realized in his art and personality that ideal of sprightly littleness—*Oh, were every worm a maggot, Every fly a grig, Every bough a Christmas fagot, Every tune a jig!*—which is the ambition of imaginative Mr. Bluphocks. His father, Louis Berlioz, an excellent man, fond of hard work and the practice of benevolence, was a doctor. His mother, née Marmion (he is pleased, as a man of 1830 should be, with the coincidence that makes him a kind of poor cousin of Walter Scott), was a typical Frenchwoman; for she was rigidly honest, very narrow of mind, not offensively intelligent, and extremely devout. Berlioz, who says but little about her, and has none of the special feeling for her which his countrymen are proud to entertain for their mothers, remarks ironically, but with a touch of sadness foreign to his nature, that while she was bearing him she neither dreamed of a birth of laurels, as did Virgil's mother, nor fancied herself great with a burning brand, as did the mother of Alexander the Great; and it seems certain that if she had had any visions of the sort, she would have augured ill from them, and have regarded them as ominous of unhappiness and shame. For she knew nothing of the arts, and she looked on all who follow them—poets, painters, actors, singers, musicians, and what not

—as children of the devil. That such a woman should have borne such a son is an example of that frequent occurrence of the Unexpected, and that frequent advent of the Inopportune, which impart such a pleasing variety to the study of heredity. It was only natural that, having borne him, she should first of all have refrained from understanding him, and afterward have tried her hardest to distort him to her will. From the first she appears to have made up her mind that Hector should be a doctor like his father; and Hector seems from the first to have made up his mind that he would be nothing of the sort. Knowledge came to him slowly and strangely. The bent of his earliest passion was geographical and adventurous. He knew more of Java and of Timbuctoo than of Grenoble and La Tour du Pin; he was far more familiar with Amazons and Mississippi than with Rhônes and Saônes and Isères; he was never so well pleased as when he could lay hands on an atlas, and quest for lonely islands, the paradise—since Defoe, at least—of imaginative boyhood. He would have liked to float the black flag among keys and cocoa-palms in the Spanish Main, or to have been the Crusoe of some coral islet—enchanted, wonderful, mysterious—in the vast and solitary ocean; and to matters so barren of romance as mathematics and aorists and the dual number his mind refused to stoop. Such learning as he had was acquired unconsciously. He was fond of desultory reading, and when a book was bad or good enough to please him, he would work at it till he knew it by heart; a lifelong habit of his, and one of which a good deal of his music is at once an outcome and a proof. Of Greek he knew little or nothing. In Latin, it was long ere he could care for any one, even for Virgil, who ended by sharing his worship with Beethoven and Shakespeare. As for the art in which he was to excel, and which was to prove the passion and the end of life for him, he was no prodigy even in that. Most of the great composers have begun as infant marvels, have been artists after a fashion from their nursery downward. For the musical faculty is dependent upon keenness of sentiment rather than upon strength of intellect; and in child-

hood, when the emotions are quick and abundant, and the senses eager and apprehensive, expression in music is both easy and natural, while its results—as certain pages in Beethoven and Mozart will show—need not of necessity be absolutely worthless, nor seem painfully immature, as is the case with numbers that are lisped, and sketches in slate-pencil, and images pinched out in putty or clay. Berlioz revealed his chief capacity like the desultory kind of boy he was. His earliest musical impression was received at his first communion, when he was ravished into ecstasy by a band of virgins quiring it in a naïve and simple melody of Dalayrac; and he began to prepare himself for orchestral writing and directing by fingering out—as so many lads have done before and since—the popular air of “Malbrouck,” in England known as “We won’t go home till morning,” on a casual flageolet. He learned to read music from his father, who also taught him to blow and finger the flute, and he tried hard to make sense and use for himself of Rameau’s abstract and crabbed treatise upon harmony. Then he fell upon a music-master in the person of a second violin from one of the Lyons theatres, who gave him a couple of lessons a day, and soon taught him to read and sing at sight, and to flute away intrepidly at the most elaborate concertos. In no great while he produced a six-part medley of Italian melodies and a couple of quintets, a phrase from one of which last he afterward wrought into his overture to *Les Francs Juges*. Thenceforth his vocation was plain to him. He was about twelve when the revelation came, and twelve for a musician is old indeed; but it excited him greatly, and he felt it with the intensity that is one of his principal characteristics. He read stray lives of Gluck and Haydn with enthusiasm; the sight of a sheet of paper ruled for score filled him with a rapture of anticipation; his father could only get him to work at his osteology by the promise of a new flute; he fished out some fragments of Gluck’s magnificent *Orphée* from a heap of waste paper in a lumber-room, and they held him captive night and day. He was as full of music and musicians as an egg is full of meat; and he learned to play the guitar with a rapidity that

astonished and humbled the man who taught him. With or without instruction he contrived to obtain an insight into the drummer’s mystery as well; so that at thirteen he was in the habit of making concerted music, and in some sort master of four several instruments—the flute, the drum, the flageolet, and the guitar.

All four are primitive in kind and unimportant in degree; but they were the only ones he ever learned to play upon. He was fond of the society of instruments; and the last years of his life were spent in the company of a great piano and a noble and graceful harp. He would have liked to have his chambers festooned about with musical brass and wood; to have had violins for pictures, and cymbals and trombones for armors; to have been domesticated with horns and hautboys; to have lodged bassoons and serpents in all his corners; and to have had ever within his ken the mysterious threatfulness of kettledrums and the grave and suggestive majesty of bass-voils. He loved such things for their own sakes, I think, as well as for the association connected with them and the fancies he could breed from them. To him they were as to the botanist his herbarium, as to the duellist his case of rapiers. He had the instrumental sense in astonishing fulness, and the incomparable justness and delicacy of his combinations are admitted even by those who like him least. His knowledge of the qualities, both metaphysical and real, of each one of the many instruments that compose an orchestra and of the nature and extent of its capacity, whether alone or in alliance with others, appears to have been little short of impeccable. His scores are so many masterpieces of imaginative and inventive arrangement. His “*Traité d’Instrumentation*” is as deliberate and exact as scientific essay, and withal as quick with creative intuitions as a work of art. He treats his instruments as if they were so many human beings; he analyzes their several characteristics, and determines their several functions, with positive accuracy and perspicuity, and at the same time with the sympathy and enthusiasm of an artist. In a charming passage of “*The Spanish Gypsy*” the poet speaks of

The viol and the bow,
The masculine bow that draws the woman's
heart
From out the strings, and makes them cry,
yearn, plead,
Tremble, exult, in mystic union
Of joy acute and tender suffering ;

and the lines might well be no more than a paraphrase from Berlioz on the qualities of the violin. It is the same with all the violin's companions ; so that he is a Hugo of the orchestra and a Ste.-Beuve alternately. It was this fellowship with the orchestra—as a collection of independent units and as a living whole—that enabled him so to excel, not only in producing for its needs, but in its guidance and control as well, and made him at all points one of the kings of the symphony. Most of the great composers have been great executants also. Bach and Handel were mighty organists, and each other's only rivals on the harpsichord. Tartini and Corelli and Spohr were masters of the violin. Beethoven himself was a distinguished pianist ; so were Mozart and Clementi, Mendelssohn and Chopin, Brahms and Meyerbeer and Weber. Berlioz had the genius of the bâton and was a great executant on the orchestra, though it was not until he was in the prime of manhood that he began to practise upon it. He was an example of that rare and admirable combination—of ardor with intelligence, of enthusiasm with self-control, of the emotional capacity with the capacity of volition—which makes the great conductor. He rejoiced in the inspiration and the domination of armies of executants, five, and ten, and twelve hundred strong, of which he was heart and brain at once, and which, before his irresistible impulse and authority, moved under him with the unity of purpose and sentiment of a single perfect organism. And he may be said to have been the Liszt of the orchestra, as Liszt may be said to have been the Berlioz of the piano.

Meanwhile, it was not in music only that the boy gave earnest of the man. Berlioz, according to Ernest Legouvé, a pleasant writer and a most kindly and intelligent man, who was one of his closest friends, was a true Frenchman in matters of the heart. He was in love with somebody or other always, and often with two or more at once ;

and he took his attachments very seriously, and rejoiced or was wretched in them with indomitable thoroughness and spontaneity. Speaking for himself—and his confessions are remarkable for reticence and tact—he declares that only twice in his life was he really in love, and that the two women thus distinguished were the chief and most active influences of his existence. The first appeared to him, with the art of music, when he was twelve years old or so. Her name was Estelle, and she lived at Meylan, a hamlet hard by, in a white cot built against the scarped hillside. She was nineteen ; she had black eyes, a fine shape, an exquisite foot ; she wore the most charming pair of "brodequins roses" imaginable ; and Berlioz no sooner set eyes upon her than he loved her to distraction. With most of us a fancy of the sort comes wildly and goes quickly ; but it was otherwise with the boy-musician. He was to be enamored, almost to frenzy, of the woman he married—and of many another more ; but by none of them was he more sincerely affected than by Estelle. Thirty years after he felt himself a boy again when he spoke of her ; and when, a full half-century of silence having lapsed, he met and spoke with her once more, he was as full of ardor and as worship as ever. She was his Estelle, his "Stella Montis," his Mountain Star, until the end, and the pages in which he embalmed her memory are among the truest and freshest he wrote.

At the moment he seems to have suffered terribly. It was his nature to feel in a desperate and explosive manner ; and his provocations were many and strong. It was the summer time at Meylan, and a summer time, as Hugo sang—

Où tout était lumière,
Vie, et douceur ;

so that the many gardens were heavy with bloom, the orchards and the vineyards odorous with ripening fruit, the near woods instinct with mystery and charm. On the one side rose a range of bare and stony hills, fronted by a romantic river and by the massive majesty of the great Saint-Eynard rock ; but on the other, the landscape dipped and dipped—through patches of leafage and squares of yellow maize, through

closes set with vines and apple-trees, and spaces lovely with grass and flowers—far down toward the beautiful Isère. In such an environment and at such a season, maidens with brilliant and kindly eyes, and "such hair as might have graced the helm of Achilles," are apt to prove irresistible; above all, if their name be Estelle, and they have, as well, "des pieds, je ne dirai pas d'Andalouse, mais de Parisienne pur sang," which they are thoughtful enough to arm with the witchery of "brodequins roses." I suspect that most young men of tender years would succumb to such a gracious apparition as instantaneously as did poor little Hector, and that this experience of his will be found not less natural than enviable. Especially deadly, I may note, was the effect of the "brodequins roses." Berlioz forgot the color of his Stella's tresses; but he never could forget the color of her immortal buskins. He had never seen such enchantments in raiment until he saw Estelle's; and they twinkled and gleamed through his memory as long as he lived. The first sight of her who wore them was, for the rest, "an electric shock" to him. He hoped nothing and he knew nothing. Yet he was sorely hurt at heart. He mourned all night and hid away all day, "like a wounded bird," in the orchards and among the tall maize. He was madly jealous; once he saw his goddess dancing with an officer—his own uncle, by the way—and while he lived he could never recall the jingle of her partner's spurs without a shudder. He was timid, violent, wretched, full of black thoughts and black imaginings. He was the laughing-stock of the whole neighborhood, and he took a miserable pride in the office. If he consoled himself at all, he did so, as under similar circumstances your passionate pilgrim will, by the perusal of appropriate literature. He read with many tears and all imaginable sympathy, of the congenial woe of Dido, and in reading of them, he learned to love and reverence the chaste and noble genius of their poet; and he pastured his misery upon the "Estelle et Némorin" of the tender and ingenious M. de Florian. It was his sorrowful pastime to apply the lackadaisical lyrics of this latter master to his own forlorn condition, and care-

fully fit them to melodies in the minor mode, which, as is well known, is consecrated to the expression of grief. One of these inspirations he afterward transferred to the first part of his *Symphonie Fantastique*; so that Estelle may be said to have been of use to him after all.

II.

When Berlioz was nineteen, he was sent to the capital to study medicine. It seemed, he says of this proceeding, "le renversement absolu de l'ordre naturel de ma vie, et monstrueux et horrible;" but it happened, all the same. And in a Paris, where Byron and Scott were living influences, where Delacroix was exhibiting his "Dante and Virgil," and Hugo was already producing ballads and odes and wild novels, the future composer of the *Fantastique* and the *Roi Lear* overture had perforce to begin life as a pupil of Amussat and Gay-Lussac.

He had promised his father to work hard; and for a time, being interested in his teachers, he kept his promise. One night, however, he went to the Opéra, and heard *Dérivis* and Madame Branchu in Salieri's *Danaïdes*. The experience threw him into an indescribable state of trouble and excitement—"as of a boy, who, born to be a sailor, yet brought up to boating on mere mountain tarns, should suddenly be set aboard a three-decker in mid-ocean." The long-forgotten *Stratonice* of Méhul completed the work begun by Salieri. Berlioz knew no rest until he had sought out the scores of Gluck. He read them, copied them out, got them by heart; he sacrificed to them both food and sleep; he was fairly crazed by them; and at last, after weeks of waiting, he was privileged to hear that *Iphigénie en Tauride* which is perhaps the greatest of them all. He left the theatre a musician. Having chosen his lot he set to work, with the ardor of faith and youth combined, to do honor to his choice. He got admitted as a private pupil of Lesueur, the favorite musician of the great Emperor, author of *La Caverne* and the Ossianic *Bardes*; he wrote to literary men of eminence for poems to set to music; he composed, in rapid succession, a cantata, a mass, an oratorio, an opera, and a grand dramatic scena, upon words from Saurin's *Beverley, ou Le Joueur*—

a title which seems to prove that there was once a time when French playwrights did not disdain to convey from the English. With one of these works, the mass, he had many adventures. It was down for performance at the Church of Saint-Roch; but the music was so badly copied as to be illegible, and the performance had to be deferred. Berlioz at once transcribed his band-parts himself, and, as he had no money for instrumentalists, wrote off to Chateaubriand, an entire stranger to him, for a loan of 1200 francs, and the great man's influence with the government. It was in somewhat similar fashion that Crabbe introduced himself to the notice of Edmund Burke, and was rewarded with an honorable friendship and means to achieve success in his art. Berlioz was a greater man than Crabbe, but his choice had fallen on a far smaller soul than Burke; and he fared poorly enough. Chateaubriand sent a civil answer, but no more; he had no money, he said, and no influence; he could furnish nothing but sympathy, and to that his correspondent was heartily welcome. At this critical juncture Berlioz found a friend in need in a young man with money named De Pons. De Pons, who seems to have been a very good fellow, did everything he could. He advanced the cash, he engaged an orchestra and a chorus, he hired a popular conductor, he seduced all the critics and interested all the melo-maniacs he knew; and the mass was produced. It appears to have been regarded as a rather promising piece of work; but its composer thought otherwise of it. And, as he had a habit of doing Jeddart justice on such of his compositions as did not please him, he soon afterward committed it to the flames, together with its companions in ineptitude, the oratorio, the opera, the cantata, and the grand dramatic scena. Who does not wish that Shelley had dealt as wisely with "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne," Balzac with "Argow le Pirate" and "Jean-Louis," Byron with the "Hours of Idleness," and Dickens with the "Mudfog Papers" and the "Sketches?" The practice is one that could hardly be too highly commended.

It is characteristic of Berlioz that he strayed into deep waters almost at starting, and that he became acquainted with

the uses of adversity at the very beginning of his career. Soon after the production of the mass, he got plucked at an examination at the Institute; and his father, who was very angry with him for his desertion of medicine, promptly cut off the supplies, and ordered him instantly to return to Côte-Saint-André. It was in vain that Lesueur interceded with Louis Berlioz, and assured him that his son was a born musician—"que la musique lui sortait par les pores." The old doctor would not bate an ace of his resolve; and home the impenitent and reluctant prodigal was forced to go. He became utterly hopeless and demoralized. He gave over eating and talking, and took to moping aimlessly about the woods and fields, or to sulking in the privacy of his own chamber; and for a while the pleasant house by the Isère was not a comfortable place to live in. Then the father gave way, and the son was solemnly informed that he would be allowed to return to Paris, and for a certain time devote himself to the study of music; with the understanding that, if he failed, he should at once revert to the dissecting-room and the laboratory. Madame Berlioz, incensed with the turn affairs were taking, and bitterly opposed to the idea that child of hers should shame his kin and anger his God by making music for a living, was foolish enough to burden this permission with her formal malediction, and to refuse to speak with or see her son again. Under these miserable circumstances Berlioz not only resumed his work with Lesueur, but contrived to produce an opera, *Les Francs-Juges*, which—the overture excepted, which is still extant, and is often played at concerts—he very wisely destroyed not long afterward. He had a hundred and twenty francs a month from his father, and he owed De Pons the twelve hundred francs spent in the production of the famous mass. To discharge the debt, he lived on dates and dry bread and raisins, and gave music lessons at a franc apiece; and by these means he was soon enabled to pay the half of it. De Pons, not caring to know himself the subject of such heroism, applied to old Berlioz for the rest of his money, and by so doing contrived to make the unlucky musician worse off than ever.

The doctor, as fathers do and will, had expected his offspring to succeed outright. He had the good sense to hold that a feeble and incompetent artist is not nearly so useful to society as an able surgeon, or a brisk and clever barrister; but he was so foolish withal as to believe—at his wife's suggestion, it may be—that artists can be forced like cucumbers, and he was eminently displeased to find himself mistaken. Instead of setting the Seine on fire at a glance, his scapegrace was but incurring obligations and running into debt, wasting his substance in riot and consorting with the most abandoned and disreputable of his species, and thwarting his father's will and breaking his mother's heart to boot. The whole business was evidently a blunder and a scandal—a reproach upon the highly respectable names of Berlioz and Marmion; and the old gentleman would countenance it no longer. He paid De Pons, and he went through the ceremony of cutting De Pons' debtor off with a shilling, commanding him to leave Paris and music for the Côte and surgery, or to forfeit his income and his rights as a son. The adventurer, relieved at one fell swoop of his creditor and his means of subsistence, was equal to the position. He preferred his art to his home, and stuck resolutely at his post, though the bad blood between his parents and himself waxed worse with every letter. He had an iron will and a firm and noble belief in his vocation and himself; they had only reproach for him and disdain for his task; and to show that they were wiser than he, they made things as hard as they could for him. I do not need to say that, ere they died, they learned to be proud of their son, and to rejoice in the earnestness with which he had resisted their commands. But it is a curious fact, and one savoring of poetical justice, that they never saw him conduct an orchestra, nor heard a note of his greater music.

For the moment it is not to be doubted, I opine, that they suffered a great deal, and that their prodigal, destitute as he was, lived far more contentedly than they did. He was penniless, it is true, and after trying in vain to get a place, as first or second flute, in a travelling band, he was obliged, to keep body

and soul together, to take service as a chorister at one of the minor theatres. But he was young, ardent, and valiant; he had good health and good spirits; and he was learning the art he loved. With a student in pharmacy of his acquaintance, he shared a palace—of a couple of rooms—in the Latin Quarter; and on a franc each *per diem* the two contrived to live and thrive and be happy. The apothecary did the cooking; the musician went marketing, and frequently scandalized his respectable comrade (who knew nothing, by the way, of his theatrical work) by appearing with an armful of naked bread, or parading material for the common dinner too shamelessly before the public gaze. Sometimes the pair had but bread and salt, sometimes only bread without the salt; at others they would dine royally on dates and salad and mustard, or on a quail or two poached in the low grounds about Montrouge; and now and then Berlioz would fast for practice, and to inure his stomach to the hardship of emptiness. On thirty francs a-month, however, youth can do much and go far. The musician and the apothecary not only managed to exist, they also managed to put by something to spend in luxuries. Berlioz for instance, bought a piano, for a hundred and ten francs—“pour y plaquer des accords de temps en temps;” he hung his chamber with portraits of great musicians, “neatly framed;” and as his favorite poet for the nonce was Tom Moore, many of whose lyrics he afterward set to music, he regaled himself with a translation of “The Loves of the Angels.” As for the apothecary, he appears to have been addicted to the vanity of dress; for he is seen on one occasion to have had his hat made new, to have got his razors ground and set, and to have bought a pair of spurs. That the oddly assorted couple were happy I do not for a moment doubt. Bohemia, the lying twaddle that has been invented about it notwithstanding, is for a time a pleasant and habitable land enough. It is good to be young, to feel free, to discern the golden spires of El Dorado all near and shining in the cheerful sunlight; it is good to be enthusiastic and uncritical, to see a sweetheart in misfortune herself, and to think of destiny as either kindly or conquerable. I imag-

ine the apothecary, who was but learning to make up prescriptions and to do his duty as a good National Guard, to have been every whit as hopeful and as confident as the musician who had in him the *Messe des Morts* and the *Troyens*, and was preparing himself for association with Beethoven and Shakespeare. And I am sure that when, in April of '27, the partnership was dissolved, each man went his way with some regret, and with a very kindly feeling for him who had been his fellow under such circumstances and for so long.

Meanwhile Berlioz went on working his hardest. He was still a pupil of Lesueur, who was very fond of him, and at the Conservatoire he was studying counterpoint with Reicha. He had written his *Waverley Overture* (Op. 1), and in his own opinion he was getting along famously. His masters thought otherwise. They declared his cantata *Orphée déchiré par les Bacchantes* unplayable, and sent him down from examination. He had had fifteen days' leave from his theatre, for the composition of this work; and but for a dreadful quinsy, which went near to killing him, and which he lanced with his own hand, he would certainly have gone back to his chain. Fortunately, however, Louis Berlioz relented, as he had relented once before. He came forward with pardon in the one hand and a small monthly stipend in the other; and his son was able, not only to desist from chorister's work at chorister's wages, but to frequent the Opéra as a spectator, and have his fill of Gluck and Spontini. These masters were his gods. He knew nothing of Beethoven. He had not discovered either Mozart or Haydn. Weber had appeared to him in an ignominious disguise—the *Robin des Bois* of Castil-Blaze. Rossini, then at the very zenith of fame, he detested and despised. To him the popularity of the master of Pesaro signified no more than an apotheosis of the drum and cymbals. He saw in the author of the *Barbiere* and the *Tell*, to whose brilliant genius and accomplishment he was afterward to render full justice, but an incarnation of melodic cynicism, of contempt for dramatic expression and the dramatic sentiment, of glibness and sameness and the everlasting crescendo. He used quite

seriously to debate with himself, if some night it would not be possible to mine and blow up the Théâtre Italien, with all the Rossinians therein; and if he saw an admirer of Rossini in the street, he could think of nothing more appropriate that impalement on a red-hot stake. It was in similar terms that Petrus Borel, the Simon Tappetit of the Romantic movement, and Gautier, the strongest and bravest of its Bobadils, were wont to speak and think of the baldheads who stood by Boileau and Racine; it was in similar terms that the *rapins* of Géricault and Delacroix were wont to discourse of the champions of David and Ingres. Berlioz, who was a Romanticist to the backbone, did but express the humor of his sect in that sect's own dialect. At the Opéra he appears to have established a kind of tyranny. The conductor was ill-advised who ventured on a change of time, or the omission of a number, or the suppression of an instrument; for Berlioz would instantly rise and clamor for explanation, and—even to the extent of storming the orchestra—the crowd of myrmidons at his back would improve the occasion. It was at a juncture of this sort that Legouvé first saw him. He had a great aquiline nose and a tremendous fell of red hair; his eyes were flaming, and his voice was strident with anger; somebody had been tampering with Weber, and for the moment he had become an Avenger of Blood; he was an impressive sight to see. Holding these views, and practising these theories, it is odd to speculate as to what might have been his fate had he lived in England, and gone to see much Shakespeare and to hear much Handel. I am afraid that he would often have been heard of at Bow Street, and I am not sure that he might not have been hanged for murder. He regarded all those who retouch and improve the work of their betters as beasts of prey, and neither asked quarter, nor gave it, where they were concerned. He made a bitter enemy of Fétis, a kind of musical Boileau, and the most influential of contemporary critics, by defending Beethoven's text—the text of the C Minor Symphony!—from his impudent and learned pen, and by comparing him, from a public stage and to a vast audience, to

one of those "vulgaires oiseaux qui peuplent nos jardins publics, se perchent avec arrogance sur les plus belles statues, et, quand ils ont sali le front de Jupiter, le bras d'Hercule, ou le sein de Vénus, se pavanent fiers et satisfaits, comme s'ils venaient de pondre un œuf d'or." Of Lachnith, the deranger of Mozart, and Castil-Blaze, the destroyer of Weber, he speaks daggers and annihilation. "Such creatures," he shouts, "are the ruin and the shame of art; their operations are its destruction and its end. . . . Et ne devons-nous pas, nous tous, épris de sa gloire et jaloux des droits imprescriptibles de l'esprit humain, quand nous voyons leur porter atteinte, dénoncer le coupable, le poursuivre, et lui crier de toute la force de notre courroux: 'Ton crime est ridicule; *Despair!* Ta stupidité est criminelle; *Die!!* Sois bafoué, sois conspué, sois maudit! *Despair and Die!!* Désespère et meurs.'"¹ It will be seen that if Berlioz were minded to say anything, he said it in a way to make misconstruction impossible, and that the sentiments he cherished for his art were such as should secure him the respect of all good men.

His emotional capacity, indeed, was excessive. I have already noted the effect produced upon him by the discovery of Gluck. Almost as great was his excitement when the new planet, Weber, swam into his ken; while his introduction to his "king of kings," Beethoven, appears to have resulted in a veritable spiritual cataclysm. As for the revelation, vouchsafed to him about the same time with these others, of the art and genius of Shakespeare, it seems, in sober truth, to have come near to being the death of him. The unconscious agent of the deed was Macready, whose first Parisian campaign, in 1828, was the occasion. Berlioz had but to see *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* to acknowledge an influence mightier far than any he had known; and he had but to look upon Henrietta Smithson, the Juliet and the Ophelia of the experiment, to fall sick for love of her, and become to all intents and purposes a madman. Heine somewhere says of him that, as he had no money to pay for seats, he used to play the drum in the orchestra, merely to have the privilege of gazing on his

goddess; and the story is by no means improbable, though it is certainly untrue. Berlioz himself relates that he saw Miss Smithson but twice—once as the daughter of Polonius, and once as the maiden of Verona; and that if he had seen more of her, or heard more of Shakespeare, he would certainly have lost his wits. He could not eat, and he could not read nor work. He wandered about "as if in quest of his soul," and got no rest but when, from sheer exhaustion, he was incapable of waking. Only four times during the period of his suffering, does he own to having slept; twice in the fields, once in the snow by the Seine at Neuilly, and once on a café-table. It was under pressure of emotions of this sort that he set to music Moore's fine lyric, "When he who adores thee," and found for it a melody of which he says that no Frenchman and no Italian will ever understand it, so poignant is its expression, and so deep the sentiment that informs it; and that, by way of recommending himself to the fair actress's notice, he determined to give a concert at the Conservatoire composed entirely of his own works, a thing no mortal man had ever thought of doing before. The scheme was bitterly opposed by Cherubini, then principal of the famous college, with whom his relations were always quite eminently unfriendly. It is characteristic of Berlioz that, for all his desperate and love-lorn state, he yet found heart to play the fool about his irascible chief, a literal report of whose refusal he drew up in the fine peevish Italian-French of the original, and then forwarded to the Surintendant des Beaux Arts. Thanks to this piece of impudence, the concert took place—took place, and proved a failure, and left its valiant and aspiring author as far from the achievement of his end as ever.

He was daunted not one whit. His were the ardor, the tenacity, the imaginative and indomitable courage, that turn obstacles into means, and find in failure the materials of success. He was a born writer as well as a born musician; so he made himself a journalist, and took to fighting his battles in print. He had a good vocabulary, a fine sense of style, an admirable gift of expression, he had plenty of wit and devilry, plenty

of humor, plenty of imagination and sincerity; he could be eloquent, ironical, and savage, keenly critical, extravagantly funny, within the compass of a single article; and his work, mere journalism as it is, has stood the touch of time far better than not a little so-called literature. As his adversaries were many and influential, he smote his hardest among them; and the reputations he unmade, the enmities he quickened, the pretensions he mangled and the tortures he inflicted were innumerable. And all the while he wrought at his art as if he had naught else to do. He was a student still, and an unsuccessful one; but he was strong enough to compose the first part of his *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, the famous *Symphonie Fantastique*, which, with its sequel, the monodrama *Lelio*, may be described as a fantasia on the themes of 1830, or as the Romantic movement set to music. It is a very orgie of revolutionary ideals and influences, where Byron and Goethe join hands with Quasimodo-Hugo and Ophelia-Smithson, and you pass at a stride from a love-song to a gallows-march, from a witches' revel to the company of piping swains, from Hamlet determining the question "To be or not to be" with Tom Moore and a band of spectres, to a robbers' drinking bout and the airy gayety of a dance of fays; and its author was wise enough to keep it, for the time being, in his desk, and to produce, in obedience to his masters at the Conservatoire, a cantata on the death of Sardanapalus. With this work, which is happily extinct, he won, after being second prizeman in 1828 and 1829, the *Prix de Rome* in 1830; and so got freedom, and therewith the certainty of five years' bread.

III.

Berlioz did little good in Rome, and got little good from his sojourn in Italy. The Eternal City had no sort of charm for him, Virgilian though he was. He had not the sentiment of those plastic arts of which it is the centre. What he was interested in was music, and Italian music was a delusion and a lie to him. He thought of Palestrina as a pedantic dotard. He held the choral fugues in which Marcello and Pergolese had sung to the praise and glory of God, not for

holy hymns, but for drunken catches. He was disgusted with the artistic poverty and unskilfulness of the latter-day Italian. He found their ideal cheap, and their practice vulgar; and for the clatter and din of their orchestras and the marrow-bone and cleaver sentiment of their instrumentation he had a savage disdain. It is significant, both of his character and the theories he held, that he tried to break through the traditions of his prize, and did his best to get leave to stay and work at home. This, however, could not be done. He was expected, as first prizeman of his year, to make a two years' stay in Rome; and to Rome he went accordingly.

His fellow-students — all musicians, sculptors, architects, or painters — were good fellows enough; and as Horace Vernet was chief of the Academy, and Liszt and Mendelssohn were resident in the city, Berlioz, had he not been Berlioz, might have spent his time both pleasantly and profitably. But his temper was very variable and splenetic; he was often, he says, as "evil as a chained hound;" and happy and industrious he could not be. Mendelssohn, who neither liked nor understood him, and who seems to have been afraid of his wit and his daring and ironical humor, wrote of him as "a real caricature, without a vestige of talent," and added, like the gentlemanly Jew he was, that he "often felt inclined to eat him." Berlioz was more companionable with Liszt, who was one of the gods of his idolatry always. He read a great deal of Scott and a great deal of Byron. He founded a philosophical society, "De l'Indifférence Absolue en Matière Universelle." He played the guitar a little, and set to music, now an *Orientale* of Hugo's, and now a lyric of Moore's. He finished his *Lelio*, corrected his *Fantastique*, and wrote an overture to *Rob-Roy*. Gun in hand, and an *Æneid* in his pocket, he explored the Campagna and the Abruzzi, noting down such folk-melodies as he could, and collecting materials for his *Harold* and his *Carnaval Romain*. There were times when his desire for solitude grew almost maniacal. There were others when his longings were all for violence and for action. Notwithstanding his adoration for Ophelia, he had left behind him a lady whom he believed un-

alterably attached to him; and hearing that she was on the eve of marriage, he at once resolved to go off and kill her on the spot, together with her mother—who is probably the original of Madame Happer, in his wild novel, *Euphonia*, in the *Soirées de l'Orchestre*—and her affianced husband. To this end he bought a dagger, a pair of pistols, and a "costume de soubrette"—the last for purposes of disguise!—and started for Paris. He would have forfeited his bursary had he crossed the frontier; but he got no farther than a little town on the Genoese seaboard, where he appears to have tried to drown himself, and to have been foiled in his design with all manner of ignominy, and as prosaically as can well be imagined. With such a student as this, what was Horace Vernet to do? Like the wise and kindly gentleman he was, he authorized his rebel to return to Paris; and for once in his life the rebel was glad to submit to authority.

He arrived to find that the Shakespeare fever of a couple of years before had passed away. The public had got over its surprise, and was no longer inclined to enthusiasm; the chiefs of Romanticism, conscious of their many obligations to "the divine Williams," were less ardent than they had been in advising his perusal. Miss Smithson was still in Paris, but in poor circumstances, for she had been unwise enough to take a theatre, and was doing ill in it. Berlioz lost no time in producing the *Fantastique* and its sequel *Lelio*, and in getting his Juliet persuaded to attend their performance. His success, which, momentarily, at least, was very great, had some memorable consequences. It was in the *Lelio* that he put forth that diabolical reference to Fétis which I have already quoted; and as the insult, artistically elaborated and produced with every circumstance of publicity, was enthusiastically applauded, the great critic, who was present, was badly hurt, and he and his friends and pupils, who were many and powerful, made common cause against the aggressor from that time forward. A second result was that Berlioz was introduced to Miss Smithson, and that a year or so afterward, she in the meanwhile having broken her leg and got deeply into debt, the pair were married. He had quarrelled with his parents, and had but 300 francs, of bor-

rowed money, in the world. But "elle était à lui, il défiait tout." He went to work to win money and fame as hard as he could; and it was by no fault of his own that he failed more often than he succeeded.

At his first concert, a part of his orchestra deserted, and he was unable to play out his programme. His next appears to have gone without a hitch, and to have been brilliantly successful. As he was leaving the hall, he was pounced upon and congratulated by a mysterious and imposing stranger, who turned out to be "a demoniac of genius, a colossus among the giants"—in one word, Paganini. A commission from the mighty violinist resulted in the composition of the *Harold* symphony, which, produced in 1834, was stupidly insulted by one part of the press, and greatly applauded by the other, and on account of which an anonymous correspondent reproached the author with lacking the courage necessary to commit suicide. Two years afterward, Berlioz was commissioned by the Government, greatly to the chagrin of Fétis and Cherubini, to write a requiem on the victims of the Days of July; and he composed his famous *Messe des Morts*. The feeling of the classic faction ran so high, that the composer does not hesitate to accuse Habeneck—the Habeneck of the *Comédie Humaine*, who conducted for him, and was an intimate friend of Cherubini and Fétis—of having attempted his ruin by laying aside his bâton to take snuff at the most critical instant of the performance. Fortunately Berlioz was following his score over the great conductor's shoulder—"par suite de ma méfiance habituelle," he says; and he at once stepped in and averted the threatened catastrophe. He took up the orchestra as Habeneck set it down; the music marched on triumphantly; and his effect, an effect of the most colossal type, "a tone-picture of the Last Judgment," was brilliantly produced. After this experience, it is not, I think, astonishing that he should have taken to conducting for himself, or that, having about the same time been tricked out of a place at the Conservatoire, he should, in the *Débats* and the *Gazette Musicale*, have hit out at his opponents with all the strength of his arm. In return, his opponents appear to have damned his

Benvenuto Cellini, a five-act opera, which seems to date very naturally from this brawling time. After this piece of ill-luck, Paganini, then very near the end of his wonderful career, heard the *Harold* and the *Fantastique*, and was moved by these two "divine composizioni," not only to kneel and kiss the hand of their composer, but to compare him with Beethoven, and to make him, "in segno del suo omaggio," a present of 20,000 francs. Berlioz, wild with gratitude and joy, went instantly to work on his *Roméo et Juliette*, which is one of his noblest efforts, and which, composed in seven months, he dedicated solemnly to the great artist to whose aid and encouragement it was due. Next year he wrote his tremendous *Symphonie Funèbre*, a gigantic structure in sounds, which Spontini—who saw so much of Michelangelo in it that he maintained it could only have been written by a man familiar with the Sistine frescoes—described to its author as "votre ébranlante musique:" a description of which Berlioz was exceedingly proud, though I need hardly say that he denied the Michelangelo, and would confess to nothing but disappointment in the *Last Judgment*.

His married life was but seven years old; and under the influence of his wife, or in her companionship at least, he had produced in rapid succession some six or seven of his greatest works. But he was unhappy in his home, where matters had for some time past been tending toward an unpleasant change. His marriage had been a love-match on one side only. He it was who had been the lover; his wife had but let love, and had been able to accord him in return no more than what Legouvé calls "une tendresse blonde," an unimpassioned and docile regard, at most. With time, however, the positions were reversed; and the woman grew fond in proportion as the man grew fickle. Madame Berlioz, who was unlettered and rather stupid, was her husband's elder by some years; and in the intimacy of wedded life she quickly learned to admire his wit and charm, his prodigious resolution, his splendid energy and vivacity, till in the end she fell madly in love with him. As her temper was extremely violent, and her fondness of a jealous and imaginative habit, and as there is

every reason for the belief that Berlioz was eminently French in his theory of the sexes, it is obvious that the ill-matched couple had but a small chance of happiness. There were frequent scenes between Lelio and his Ophelia; and of ignominious discontent—of accusation and retort, of tears and rage and shame, of doubt on the one side and resentment on the other—there cannot but have been an abundance. To a man like Berlioz, this condition of things must necessarily have been intolerable. He was impatient of control, greedy of triumph and change, and as "constitutionally incapable of fidelity" as Hazlitt himself; and his way out of the difficulty was but too plain to him. In 1840, the year of the *Funèbre*, he left his home to give some concerts at Brussels, and he returned to it no more. He took honorable care of his wife until her death, and of their son, his only child, he was extravagantly fond; but the tie between them was irreparably broken. As, once fairly divided, they seem to have been able to look on each other with great kindness and esteem, it is fair to conclude that the act of separation was a good thing for them both. Of Mademoiselle Récio, the lady who supplanted Madame Berlioz, little more recorded than that her disposition was vulgar and paltry, and that she insisted, though she was a bad artist and an incompetent musician, on singing at her husband's concerts. As Berlioz was incapable of meanness and was a hater of bad art, it is evident that he was fully as wretched in his second wife as in his first.

The Brussels concerts were an earnest of the fame that Berlioz was to win everywhere but in Paris. He took his music out into the world, and wherever he got a hearing, there did he score a triumph. Germany, her worship for the divinity of Bach and Mendelssohn, its prophet, notwithstanding, received him with open arms. Hamburg, Stuttgart, Hanover, Dresden, Weimar, Mannheim, Leipzig even—Mendelssohn's Leipzig—applauded him to the echo. At Berlin, then under the government of Meyerbeer, his receptions were royal. At Vienna, the women wore his portrait in bracelets and lockets; the emperor sent him a hundred ducats; he went to receptions at court, and was not afraid to answer impertinently an impertinent

question from Metternich himself. At Pesth, he was obliged to leave behind him, as a gift to the city, the original score of his tremendous arrangement of the *Rakoczy March*, the Hungarian *Mar-seillaise*. At Prague his musicians not only obliged Franz Liszt to thank him formally for the honor he had done them in asking them to bear a part in the performance of his *Roméo et Juliette*, but gave him a public supper, and presented him with a big silver cup. He was the object of all sorts of attentions in London, where he conducted awhile for the illustrious Jullien, and then for the Philharmonic Society and for himself. In Russia, whither he went to save himself from bankruptcy after the failure of his *Damnation de Faust*, he won honors innumerable: he was the guest of grand-duchesses, he had audiences twelve thousand strong. He was Benazet's viceroy at Baden for several seasons in succession, and wrote for that great creature his charming and delightful *Beatrice et Bénédicte*. Royal and imperial personages were happy to command his attendance, to decorate his coat with ribbons and crosses, to fill his pockets, to give him lodging and protection. In France he was a nobody; he had but to cross her borders in any direction to become a great man.

It is in speaking of these victories on foreign soil that he is heard at his best. He hated writing, and an article would cost him days and nights of misery; but I think he must almost have loved it when he sat down to tell his stupid and beloved Paris of the serenades, the bouquets, the orders, the processions, the "roaring and the wreaths," the votes of thanks, the huzzas, the tears and benedictions and prostrations, that were his portion elsewhere. Leave to do so was the only consolation not denied him by the "dear, d—d, distracting town," whose musician-in-chief he wished to be. However triumphant abroad, he had but to go back to Paris to find that he was mortal after all. The great city was never so happy as in hissing and hurting him. It preferred his prose to his music, and laughed heartily at his pretensions as a composer, and at the caricatures men made on him: at the "Symphony on the Civil Code," and the music descriptive of a gentleman getting up of a morning and tying his neckerchief in a

certain kind of knot. It thought him better employed as a juryman at its exhibitions than in inventing such masterpieces of symphonic drama as the *Damnation*, or in building up such Titanic tone-structures as the *Funèbre* and the *Messe des Morts*. To be even with it, Berlioz, who was not less ironical than sentimental, produced his *Repos de la Sainte Famille*, the charming idyl in music which forms the second part of his *Enfance du Christ*, as the work of an imaginary chapel-master of the seventeenth century, and had the immense satisfaction of hearing it vociferously applauded, and of seeing it put forward as something that, to save his life, the author of the *Fantastique* could never have achieved. When the joke was revealed, Paris enjoyed it a good deal, and took care to make much, not only of the *Repos*, but of the whole oratorio. It witnessed the production of the *Te Deum* (1856), with a mingled feeling of indifference and respect, though it was gratified to note that among the subscribers to that gigantic work were six several kings, queens, and emperors. But it had its revenge, and more than its revenge, when (1863) the old maestro, after years of labor and expectation, brought out his *Troyens à Carthage*, and asked in opera for some of the attention he had won in symphony. This was more than Paris would allow. It had admired his excellent restoration of Weber's *Freischütz*, for which he had written Weberian recitatives, and instrumented and arranged a Weberian ballet, comprehending the famous *Invitation à la Valse*, and it had applauded his superintendence of the revival and rehearsal of Gluck's magnificent *Alceste*. But it was not prepared to accept him as an original stage-musician. It was content with those it had already: with Boieldieu and Hérold, Rossini and Donizetti and Bellini, the penny-whistle called Adam and the musical box called Auber; and, having hissed his *Benvenuto*, a quarter of a century before, it dealt grudgingly and partially with his *Troyens*. He had counted on a long and glorious career for the work; it was his Benjamin, the child of his old age, rich in whatever was best in his art and himself; and he hoped much of it. But he had reckoned without his Paris. The *Troyens* was parodied freely, and served

as a pretext for innumerable insults. It was horribly mutilated and grievously misrepresented. And after a run of only five-and-twenty nights or so, it was withdrawn from the boards, whereon it has not since reappeared.

This was the end of Berlioz. He was old and tired. He was afflicted with an incurable neuralgia. He was wifeless and solitary. His heart was angry, but his spirit was broken. And he put off his armor, and left the battle. For the last six years he made no more music, he wrote no more articles. Symphonic ideas came to him but to be hunted away; and the *Troïens*—a transcript of which, inscribed "Divo Virgilio," and prefaced by a curt and scornful command that it should be sung and played exactly as he had written it, was revised and published by him ere he died—was his last work. "I am in my sixty-first year," he wrote soon after his defeat at

the Opéra; "I have no hopes, no illusions, and no big thoughts; my son is almost always abroad; I am alone in the world; my disdain for the dishonesty and stupidity of mankind, my hate of their atrocious ferocity, are at their height; and not an hour goes by but hears me bidding death remember that I am ready for him when he will." Presently it was told him that the "Stella Montis" of half a century ago was yet alive; so he sought her out, and for a while they seem to have played at Baucis and Philemon with a good deal of energy and some success. In 1866, however, the old musician lost his son; and from that time forth he had no more holds upon life. As he had said, he was impatient for the end; but the end was slow to come. It was close upon three years ere he was admitted to be a partaker in the benediction of death.

W. E. H.

♦ ♦ ♦ PRESIDENT GARFIELD.*

BY REV. ROBERT SHINDLER.

GENERAL JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD is the twentieth President of the United States. He is descended from an Edward Garfield, who, in 1635, was one of the proprietors of Watertown, having accompanied Governor Winthrop to New England. So far as is known, the family was of Saxon origin; and this conclusion is sustained by the complexion, temperament, and other characteristics of the President, as well as by his enthusiastic love of the language and literature of Germany, and other distinctive features of the German character. His father was born in Massachusetts, and his mother in New Hampshire.

In 1830 they settled in the Ohio forest, on a tract of land heavily wooded. A small log house was built, and the struggle to subdue the forest began. The farm is in Orange Township, Cuyahoga County, and is not more than eighteen miles from the flourishing town of Cleveland. Not quite two years afterward, November 19, 1831, young James was born.

At an early age he was left fatherless, and his mother had to struggle with many difficulties. Some portions of the forest had been turned into fruitful fields, when, one hot summer's day, a fire broke out in the surrounding woods, whose dry leaves and branches easily ignited. The ripening corn was in danger. The farmer's hopes were near destruction. With an admirable energy Abram Garfield set to work to throw up a dyke between his standing corn and the ravaging fire. After tremendous exertions he succeeded. But the success was dearly bought. Returning home, weary and overheated with his exhausting efforts, he took a chill. Inflammation of the throat followed which baffled all attempts to remedy. Medical practitioners in those thinly-settled districts were often mere pretenders, and Abram Garfield fell a victim to their incapacity. The poor fellow crept to the window of his log house to take a last look at his oxen, was seized with a paroxysm, and, leaning against the head of his rude bed, was choked to death. He was in the prime of life, and left four children to the care of his wife—a woman of intrepid spirit, of thorough Christian charac-

* "The Life and Public Services of James A. Garfield. By Captain F. H. Mason, late of the Forty-second Regiment, U.S.A. London: Trübner & Co., 1881.

ter, and well trained to self-reliant habits. James was the youngest child.

The good woman faced her difficulties with true heroism, and maintained her struggles with constant privation in a noble spirit. She refused to send her elder children out to work among neighboring settlers, toiling with her own hands to keep them together under her own eye. Year by year the fields were ploughed and sown, and the crops, often scanty, were gathered. She made her children's clothing, and that of the family of a neighboring shoemaker, who, in return, constructed clumsy but substantial shoes for the young Garfields. In summer the boys worked in the fields, in winter they divided their time between tending the cattle and wood-cutting, and attendance at the local school.

James, who received his first lessons in English as well as a bright example of noble devotedness from his mother, was a precocious boy, both physically and mentally. At four years of age he received at the district school the prize of a New Testament as the best reader in the primary class. At eight he had read all the books contained in the little log farmhouse, and began to borrow from the neighbors such works as "Robinson Crusoe," Josephus's "History and Wars of the Jews," Goodrich's "United States," and Pollok's "Course of Time." These were read, and re-read, until he could recite whole chapters from memory. He was equally master of arithmetic and the earlier stages of a course of English grammar. His work on the farm and in the woods developed a naturally healthy and robust constitution, and to any of his school-fellows who bullied him on the score of his poverty and his mother's humble manner of life, he proved such a formidable opponent that they were not forward to repeat the affront. In fact, his too ready resort to his fists to settle disputes and punish the arrogance of boys who insulted him was a source of sorrow to his meek and enduring mother.

His first contract for work was with a cousin, for whom he engaged to cut a hundred cords of wood for twenty-five dollars. He was now sixteen years of age. The wood overlooked Lake Erie, and the sight of the blue waters, and the

ships entering and leaving the port of Cleveland, revived the longing for a seafaring life which the reading of books of voyages and adventures had inspired. He resolved to become a sailor, and, as soon as his task was completed, he walked to Cleveland and went on board a schooner lying at the wharf. The crew were intoxicated, and the captain gave evidence of being a man of a coarse nature and brutal passions. This damped his ardor, and the same day, meeting another cousin who owned a canal boat plying between Cleveland and Pittsburgh, he engaged himself as driver. Three months later he was carried home to his mother sick with malarial fever, and in a state of unconsciousness.

This illness, and the five months of convalescence during which his mother nursed him back to health, proved a grand turning point in his life. The opportunity for which she had prayed was given, and while with tender care she nursed him, she sought to plant in his mind higher aims in life than his boyish dreams had pictured to him. The schoolmaster aided her in these endeavors, and as soon as James was sufficiently recovered, he entered the seminary of Geauga, fourteen miles distant, as a student. His whole stock of money was seventeen dollars, but he rapidly acquired what proved of more value than money, a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. There was an end to his ideas of the sea, and his thirst for knowledge grew day by day. His means were very limited, but during vacations he employed himself in teaching, and during harvest seasons in farm work.

While at the seminary, he was brought under the power of religion, and joined a small branch of the Baptist body known as "Campbellites" or "Disciples," of whom Alexander Campbell, an eloquent Scotch preacher was the leader. The creed of the "Disciples" does not differ widely from that of the rest of the body, embracing belief in the Divinity of Christ, His atoning death, baptism (immersion) on a profession of faith, and the New Testament as the only standard of doctrine and rule of practice.

The progress of the "Disciples" in Northern Ohio led to the establishment

of an academical school in the village of Hiram, thirty miles from Cleveland. Here the future ministers and elders of the church were educated. To this "school of the prophets" young Garfield went, first as a scholar, next as a tutor, and finally as a teacher. His progress was marked, and in a short time he was qualified to enter Williams College, one of the oldest and most advanced of all the institutions of learning in New England. President Hopkins took kindly to the young Western student, whose gigantic size made him as conspicuous as his proficiency in Greek and Latin made him distinguished. After two years at Williams College, he went back to Hiram Seminary as professor of ancient languages and English literature, and at the end of a year he became president of the institution.

He was now (1857) twenty-six years of age, and, while full of energy himself, had a happy way of imparting that energy to all who came under his influence. There were three hundred students in the institution at that time, and no one could be indifferent to the great aims and purposes of education who listened to his lectures. The early morning assembly, which usually extended over an hour, was a good start for the day. Proceedings commenced with prayer in the chapel, then a chapter of the Bible was read, followed by an extemporaneous address, sometimes upon a Scripture subject, sometimes on some recent political event or some scientific subject, or upon a new book. Once, it is said, he took the newspaper report of the tragic death of Hugh Miller, setting forth the lessons of his noble life in words which made a profound impression.

Manliness is one distinguishing feature of his character, and he strove to inspire the young men of the institution with like habits, as also of self-reliance and courage. They were encouraged in athletic exercises, football and cricket being the games in which he excelled, and in which he personally superintended their efforts. He drew them all toward him, so that, as one of them has said, "a bow of recognition, or a single word from him, was to me an inspiration."

During this period Mr. Garfield added to his labors as an educationist those of

a preacher. Though not set apart to the ministry, he was none the less a powerful and convincing preacher, and was not only acceptable but popular. He increased his popularity and influence, too, by means of a public debate with a spiritualist lecturer, who sought to overthrow the truths of the Bible by the theories of geology. The lecturer took the ground of Mr. Darwin in his doctrine of evolution, Garfield that of revelation. The latter had only three days to prepare for the contest with his able opponent, who was well versed in his theories, and had a ready utterance. Garfield hit upon a novel expedient to complete his preparation. He summoned six of his most advanced students, placed before them the plan of his argument, and then turned them into the college library to select, copy, and condense proofs of its chief parts. They completed their work in twenty-four hours, when the whole plan of the discussion was gone through. The result was that Garfield so overwhelmed his opponent that he abandoned his theory, and gave up his fight against the Bible. But other conflicts and successes awaited him.

The question of slavery was coming to the front. Out of the discussion as to whether Kansas and Nebraska should be slave or free territory, there grew up a large and powerful Free Soil party. Out of this party again there was organized a great national Republican party, which, after four years of great but effective work, returned Abraham Lincoln as President in 1860. Into these discussions Garfield threw his strength, and in the extension and triumphs of the party and its cause he bore a conspicuous part. In 1859, when he was only twenty-eight years old, he was elected a State senator for Ohio. Soon after this the smouldering embers of rebellion in the Southern slave-holding States broke out into a flame. Garfield had already become one of the acknowledged leaders of the Radical branch of the Republican party, forming with J. O. Cox (afterward Governor of Ohio), and Professor Munroe, of Oberlin College, the "Radical Triumvirate." They saw the storm coming, but hoped it would pass over without a general war, or, at least, without a conflict of so destructive and bitter a character as en-

sued. The disaster at Bull Run dispelled all such hopes. Seven days after, Senator Garfield accepted a commission as lieutenant-colonel of a regiment then organizing at Camp Chase. A few days after this he received a commission as colonel, to organize and command a new regiment, the Forty-second Ohio Infantry. A hundred students from Hiram College enlisted as a company during the first week, and in a short time the regiment was full. Arming and drilling went on vigorously, the men inspired by the devotion of their colonel, who set himself vigorously to master all the details of military duties and war tactics. In three months they were ready for the field. The regiment was a remarkable one. There were graduates and undergraduates, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, carpenters, blacksmiths, engineers, farmers, printers, and machinists serving in the ranks.

The State of Kentucky was not out of the Union, but there could be no doubt as to its general disloyalty. Its eastern frontier was invaded by 5000 Confederates under Marshall. In December Colonel Garfield was ordered to report himself and his regiment to General Buell, at Louisville. The historian of the Forty-second Regiment relates his interview with Buell, and the result :

On the evening of the 16th of December Colonel Garfield reached Louisville, and sought General Buell at his head-quarters. He found a cold, silent, austere man, who asked a few direct questions, revealed nothing, and eyed the new-comer with a curious searching expression, as though trying to look into the untried colonel, and divine whether he would succeed or fail. Taking a map, General Buell pointed out the position of Marshall's forces in Eastern Kentucky, marked the locations in which the Union troops in that district were posted, explained the nature of the country and its supplies, and then dismissed his visitor with this remark : " If you were in command of the sub-department of Eastern Kentucky what would you do ? Come here to-morrow at nine o'clock and tell me." Colonel Garfield returned to his hotel, procured a map of Kentucky, the last Census Report, paper, pen, and ink, and sat down to his task. He studied the roads, resources, and population of every county in Eastern Kentucky. At daylight he was still at work ; but at nine o'clock he was at General Buell's head-quarters with a sketch of his plans.

Having read the paper carefully, Buell made it the basis of an immediate order, placing Garfield in command of a brigade of four regiments of infantry and a

battalion of cavalry, ordering him to Eastern Kentucky to expel Marshall's force in his own way. The result of this appointment was that the battle of Middle Creek was won, the first Federal victory gained, and the Confederates were driven out of that part of Kentucky ; and this by men inferior in numbers to their own, and who had never been under fire before. For this service he was made a brigadier-general of Volunteers. He took an important part in the battle of Shiloh, and after other valuable services he was ordered to join General Rosecrans at Murfreesborough. In a recent letter Rosecrans says : " When Garfield arrived, I must confess I had a prejudice against him, as I understood he was a preacher who had gone into politics, and a man of that cast I was naturally opposed to." But he adds, " I found him to be a competent and efficient officer, an earnest and devoted patriot, and a man of the highest honor." He was made chief of staff of the army of the Cumberland, and immediately he began to organize a " Bureau of Military Information," by which he rendered essential service to the Government and the army.

The influence Garfield acquired over Rosecrans, the manner in which a council of war decided to act on his suggestions and advance upon the enemy, contrary to the written opinion of seventeen of his principal officers, are recorded at length by Whitelaw in his history, and more briefly by Captain Mason in his sketch. The campaign of Tullahoma and the important battle of Chickamauga were followed by Garfield's promotion to be major-general.

While the war was proceeding, and he was thus rendering important service in the field, his native State had elected him to a seat in Congress. He was divided between the two most important calls. His regiment was still at the front, and there he felt he ought to be ; but when Rosecrans sent him to Washington, to report minutely to the President the state and necessities of the army of Chattanooga, Lincoln strongly urged him to resign his commission, and take his place in Congress. There was no lack of brave and competent generals in the field, but there was a sad lack of men in Congress who understood the wants and requirements of the army,

and who were capable, and could be trusted, to deal with the important governmental questions then pending. The question of emancipation was coming up—a war measure ostensibly, but upheaved by a vast amount of popular opinion and strong philanthropic principle—with which there was strong sympathy in Great Britain, especially in some circles. The Confederates were evidently resolved to fight to the bitter end, and the question was, not whether the North was stronger than the South, but whether Congress, the Treasury, and the War Department could bring up men in sufficient numbers, backed with sufficient resources, to strike the decisive blow. The early enthusiasm had declined in some quarters, and the not infrequent blunders and inexperience at Washington had produced their effect on the army, while the long lists of killed and wounded served also to abate the zeal of some. Some of Garfield's fellow-officers joined with the President in urging him to take his seat in Congress, well aware of the value of his experience, his sound judgment, and his ready eloquence. He yielded to their request from a sense of duty rather than from choice.

The four counties in the north-eastern corner of Ohio, lying along the southern shore of Lake Erie, known as the "Western Reserve," were ceded in colonial days to the "Connecticut Land Company," and settled by pioneers from New England.

The conditions of settlement (says Captain Mason) offered special advantages to officers and soldiers who had served creditably in the patriot armies during the war of the Revolution; and thither, in the early years of the present century, came the flower of the energetic, educated, conscientious people of the New England States. So distinctly have the descendants of these pioneers retained the characteristics of their ancestors, that the "Western Reserve" is to-day more like a portion of Massachusetts or Connecticut than any other similar district west of the Hudson River. It is a reading, thinking, praying community, which is remarkably fastidious in its choice of political representatives, keenly watchful of their conduct, and loyal to them against all opposition so long as they are faithful to their trusts.

The honor this constituency conferred on the young major-general was soon reflected on themselves. On entering the House, he was at once assigned to the Committee of Military Affairs, and he

soon became almost the controlling influence there. But this paper is far too limited to allow of even the slightest sketch of his multifarious labors both in and out of Congress. From the head of the Military Committee he became, after the war was ended, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and, still later, chairman of the Committee of Appropriations. This committee deals with all governmental expenditures, including those of the army and navy, the postal service, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the consular and diplomatic and other services, preparing estimates and schemes for the disposal of Congress. He strenuously opposed the false measures in reference to paper money which produced the panic of 1873, and contended for a measure which should restore money to its proper value. A passage from one of his speeches has reference to one of our English sovereigns:

Mr. Speaker—I remember that on the monument of Queen Elizabeth, where her glories were recited and her honors summed up, among the last and the highest, recorded as the climax of her honors, was this—that she restored the money of her kingdom to its just value. And when this House shall have done its work—when it shall have brought back values to their proper standard—it will deserve a monument.

This subject of finance had been one of close study with him, especially English finance. The entire record of British legislation on commerce and currency for two hundred years had been so studied that he had all their most important facts at command. And therefore, when several prominent statesmen brought forward in Congress plans for meeting the difficulties of the Government which would amount to an absolute repudiation of their promises, Garfield stood up and fought the battle of justice and right. His words on this occasion are worth recording:

The dollar is the gauge that measures every blow of the axe, every swing of the scythe, every stroke of the hammer, every fagot that blazes on the poor man's hearth, every fabric that clothes his children, every mouthful that feeds their hunger. The dollar is a substantive word, the fundamental condition of every contract, of every sale, of every payment whether from the national treasury or from the stand of the apple woman in the street. Now, what is our situation? There has been no day, since the 25th of February, 1862, when any man could tell what would be the value of our legal currency dollar the next month or the next

day. Since that day we have substituted for a dollar the printed promise of the government to pay a dollar. That promise we have broken. We have suspended payment; and have, by law, compelled the citizen to receive dishonored paper instead of money.

After pointing out the errors and wickedness of this system, he concluded by urging the gradual restoration of the ancient standard of value, "which will lead us," he said in conclusion, "by the safest and surest paths to national prosperity and the steady pursuits of peace."

The obnoxious measure was defeated; but in July of the following year, a Bill was introduced to tax the United States bonds. Garfield was again a stout opponent. He concluded an able speech by saying, in tones which produced their due effect on the House:

Mr. Speaker—I desire to say, in conclusion, that in my opinion all these efforts to pursue a doubtful and unusual, if not dishonorable policy, in reference to our public debt, spring from a lack of faith in the intelligence and conscience of the American people. Hardly an hour passes when we do not hear it whispered that some such policy as this must be adopted, or the people will by-and-by repudiate the debt. For my part, I do not share that distrust. The people of this country have shown, by the highest proofs nature can give, that wherever the path of duty and honor may lead, however steep and rugged it may be, they are ready to walk it. They feel the burden of the public debt, but they remember that it is the price of blood—the precious blood of half a million of brave men who died to save to us all that makes life desirable or property secure. I believe they will, after a full hearing, discard all methods of paying their debts by sleight of hand, or by any scheme which crooked wisdom may devise. If public morality did not protest against any such plan, enlightened public selfishness would refuse its sanction. Let us be true to our trust a few years longer, and the next generation will be here with its seventy-five millions of population and its sixty billions of wealth. To them the debt that remains will be a light burden. They will pay the last bond according to the letter and spirit of the contract, with the same sense of grateful duty with which they will pay the pensions of the few surviving soldiers of the great war for the Union.

The matter was justly deemed to be of so grave a character, and the fear was with equal probability entertained that the sentiments of the inflationists would compromise the national credit abroad, that the Secretary of the Treasury had the two speeches of General Garfield printed in pamphlet form and sent to

the leading statesmen and financiers of Europe. A copy came into the hands of Mr. John Bright, who showed it to Mr. Gladstone. They marked their sense of appreciation of the speeches by nominating their author as an honorary member of the Reform Club, a motion which was readily carried, and which General Garfield regarded as a high compliment.

British economists may possibly take exception to General Garfield's views on the tariff, but the result might be different if they could look at the subject from his side as well as their own. "As an abstract theory," he remarks, "the doctrine of free trade seems to be universally true; but, as a question of practicability, in a country like ours, the protective system seems to be indispensable." The fact is, he takes a middle course, and contends for protection not for its own sake, but as a means to an end. "*I am for a protection*," says he, "*which leads to ultimate free trade*. I am for that free trade which can only be achieved through a reasonable protection."

For other features of General Garfield's public work, and for the steps which led to his election by a good majority to the Presidential chair, reference must be had to Captain Mason's excellent sketch. We will only add here that General Garfield has a wife who is worthy of him, the choice of his early days, and one who is not carried away from her simplicity of living by the sudden elevation of her husband, and who is well fitted to be his patient helper and peaceful solace amid all his weighty cares, as also to train their five children to follow the worthy example of their father. The mother of the President, who fought so nobly the difficulties and endured so patiently the trials of her early widowhood, still lives to meekly share the blessings Providence has sent her family. In the plain but comfortable brick house which the General built some years ago in Washington, or in the neat Gothic farmhouse, a few miles east of Cleveland, the country home of her son, she spends her now declining days in peace, contented and happy, but looking forward to that home above where there are no partings and no tears.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

LEIGH HUNT AS A POET

BY ARMINE T. KENT.

"I HAVE not shovelled my verses out by cartloads, leaving the public, much less another generation, to save me the trouble of selection. I do not believe that other generations will take the trouble to rake for jewels in much nobler dust than mine. Posterity is too rich and idle. The only hope I can have of coming into any one's hands, and exciting his attention beyond the moment, is by putting my workmanship, such as it is, into the best and compactest state." Such is the modest declaration prefixed by Leigh Hunt to a collection of his poems published in 1832, and containing, as he says, not above a third of the verses he had written. That he was decidedly overscrupulous in winnowing his own productions is abundantly clear. The intercession, for example, of a "partial friend" (probably Keats) was found necessary to procure the insertion of the beautiful sonnet on the Nile:

"It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its sands
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young earth, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake."

Of a poem entitled "The Nymphs" he retained only a few passages. Yet of this poem Shelley wrote, "What a delightful poem 'The Nymphs' is! especially the second part. It is truly *poetical* in the intense and emphatic sense of the word." This does not read like an insincerity of friendship. In point of fact, Leigh Hunt was far too keen a critic to take pleasure in the manufacture of what he used to call "*heart and impart verses*." But in the meantime, before any question arises of "raking in the dust" of Leigh Hunt's poetry, one

is arrested by the more initial misgivings, whether the verses which he himself was willing to believe worth reading have not unjustly lost the ear of the world. That no author can be written up or down except by himself, is a truism which he endorses in his autobiography; but on the other hand, no man can write himself up if he be out of print, and it may be suspected that many forgotten worthies are left in that limbo by the mere ocstancy of publishers. The public ought to be, and no doubt is, duly grateful for the convenient existing edition of much of Leigh Hunt's prose, but his poems are now not very easily obtainable in England. America has shown itself more appreciative. Perhaps a short consideration of his special excellences as a poet may help to recall attention to writings which deserve at all events to be easily accessible.

Leigh Hunt made a very early appearance as a writer of verse. In the year 1801, when he was only sixteen, a collection of his boyish poems was published under the title of "Juvenilia," and ran through no less than four editions. The most interesting thing in connection with this early volume is the observation made upon it by Byron to the author, on the occasion of their first meeting. "He told me that the sight of my volume at Harrow had been one of his incentives to write verses, and that he had had the same passion for friendship as I had displayed in it. To my astonishment he quoted some of the lines, and would not hear me speak ill of them." For the rest, it is candidly and correctly described in Leigh Hunt's own words, as "a heap of imitations all but absolutely worthless. I wrote odes, because Collins and Gray had written them, pastorals, because Pope had written them, 'blank verse,' because Aken-side and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure,' because Spenser had written a Bower of Bliss. I had nobody to bid me go to the Nature which had originated the books." We have the usual Pantheon of abstractions, from "Animation" to "Panting Asthma," the customary

felicitations of "Dobson, happy swain;" and the no less customary denunciations of the "sceptred Nero's", and "purpled wretches" whose lot is cast otherwise. As for the versification it answers for the most part to the humorous description afterward put by Leigh Hunt into the mouth of Apollo in the "Feast of the Poets:"

"So ever since Pope, my pet bard of the town,
Set a tune with his verses, half up and half
down,
There has been such a doting and sameness
—by Jove!
I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble
in love!"

How thoroughly Leigh Hunt outgrew this and the other false ideals of his boyhood the lines quoted partly bear witness, nor would it be worth while to dwell on his artificial immaturities, were it not for the influence which his early tastes had upon his subsequent poetical practice. His addiction in boyhood to the school of Pope enabled him to view in after years with a genial catholicity of appreciation the wit and eloquence which Bowles and others set the fashion of unduly decrying. It is probable that none are fitted to appreciate the eighteenth century writers but those to whom their very verbiage has a certain charm of association. No one-sided sentiment of reaction against our so-called Augustan literature disqualified Leigh Hunt from becoming, as he afterward became, the greatest master since the days of Dryden of that heroic couplet, which had become to most minds indissolubly associated with the prosaic versification of the eighteenth century school.

It seems clear that Dryden's successors, by accentuating the one defect of his versification as a whole, his "beating too much upon the rhyme," withdrew the attention of the great poets of the beginning of this century from the infinite capabilities of the couplet as Dryden used it. Pope, from an accurate perception where his own strength lay, and Pope's followers, from a blind submission to his authority, or from an ear defective or untrained, were fully persuaded that in discarding triplets and alexandrines, eschewing dissyllabic rhymes, and adopting a see-saw balance of rhythm, they had effected an undoubted improvement; while the great

poets of the early part of the nineteenth century either allowed themselves to fall in with this long-standing superstition, as did Byron; or discarded the couplet in disgust, as did Coleridge, and for the most part Shelley; or, finally, ran headlong with Keats into an opposite and equally artificial extreme. "The great fault of 'Endymion,'" observes Leigh Hunt with his usual acuteness in such matters, "next to its unpruned luxuriance (or before it rather, for it was not a fault on the right side) was the wilfulness of its rhymes. The author had a just contempt for the monotonous termination of every-day couplets; he broke up his lines in order to distribute the rhyme properly; but going only on the ground of his contempt, and not having yet settled with himself any principle of versification, the very exuberance of his ideas led him to make use of the first rhymes that offered; so that, by a new meeting of extremes, the effect was as artificial, and much more obtrusive, than the one under the old system. Dryden modestly confessed that a rhyme had often helped him to a thought. Mr. Keats, in the tyranny of his wealth, forced his rhymes to help whether they would or not; and they obeyed him, in the most singular manner, with equal promptitude and ungainliness."

Few in these days, now that we have long ceased to be harassed with the monotony of eighteenth-century verse, will dispute the justice of this verdict, or be slow to acknowledge that the fashion set by "Endymion" has produced a quantity of couplets of a very tiresome and unmusical description. The old workmanship was at all events neat and conscientious as far as it went, nor was a poetic genius required to make it pass muster. The old-fashioned couplet could be handled on occasion by such prose-giants as Bentley without serious disaster. A poet of the last century complacently observed that:

"—he who runs may read, while well he knows
I write in metre what he thinks in prose."

This was all very well; but when we find nowadays some unqualified aspirant adopting the couplet of Keats, it is a very different matter. "Musæ furcillis præcipitem ejiciunt." It was formerly held that lines of unequal lengths must certainly be Pindaric, and there seem to be a tendency to hold now, that line

which escape monotony must certainly be harmonious. The tamest verse is perhaps ill-exchanged for prose run mad.

The "Story of Rimini," Leigh Hunt's first serious poem of importance, and written in the ten-syllable couplet, was published in 1816, with a preface advocating the still unpopular theories of poetry upheld by Wordsworth sixteen years before in his famous "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads." But it is observable that Leigh Hunt's instinctive critical insight kept him clear of the mistake into which his great predecessor had fallen, in looking to an unlettered peasantry for poetical language. "The proper language of poetry is in fact nothing different from that of real life, and depends for its dignity on the strength and sentiment of what it speaks." Thus far they are agreed. But Leigh Hunt goes on, "It is only adding *musical modulation* to what a *fine understanding* might naturally utter in the midst of its griefs or enjoyments." We have here just the two vital points on which Wordsworth, in his capacity of critic, had failed to insist. A quotation from the "Story of Rimini" will exemplify what has been said with respect to versification, and present to those who may be unfamiliar with Leigh Hunt's poetry some slight notion of its distinctive character. Literary criticism without quotation is indeed "*vescum papaver*"—at once innutritious and soporific. An adequate idea cannot, however, be conveyed, without more copious citation than will here be possible, since much of the beauty of the poem consists in the unembarrassed vivacity of transition with which the story is made to move before the reader—the affluent vigor of invention with which picture after picture is touched in before his eyes. This art of telling a story is rare in English poetry. Even considerable poets will seem at times, when occupied with narrative, to flag and loiter, to dwell, as it were, in their stride: their motion, to vary the metaphor, is not so much a triumphal progress as a series of bivouacs. In the "Story of Rimini" succession seems to be reconciled with continuity, and every new surprise of fancy comes upon the reader with the satisfying force of an iteration. To prove this would be to quote a whole canto. Fortunately, there

is scarcely a passage which is not sufficiently picturesque in detail to suffer detachment.

"'Tis, nature, full of spirits waked and springing :—

The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,

Where the light woods go seaward from the town ;

While happy faces, striking through the green

Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;

And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scatterly light,

Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,

And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

"Already in the streets the stir grows loud
Of joy increasing and a bustling crowd.

With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,

Years the deep talk, the ready laugh ascends :

Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,

And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,

And nodding neighbors, greeting as they run,

And pilgrims chanting in the morning sun.

"With heaved-out tapestry the windows glow,
By lovely faces brought, that come and go ;
Till, the work smoothed, and all the street attired,

They take their seats, with upward gaze admired :

Some looking down, some forward or aside,
Some readjusting tresses newly tied,

Some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow
Of crimson cloths hanging a hand of snow ;

But all with smiles prepared, and garlands green,

And all in fluttering talk impatient for the scene."

There is here an *abandon*, a hilarity, a glad acceptance of the pleasure and beauty to be found in trifles, to parallel which in England we have to go back to the poets more immediately under Italian influence, and to express one aspect of which we have been forced to borrow an Italian word—*gusto*. This spirit has now become so alien to our literature, the poetry of pure high spirits without and "undercurrent woe" is a thing so rare, that it is perhaps not surprising if it fails to meet with ready recognition. Leigh Hunt himself was fond of attributing his cheerfulness to the West Indian blood in his veins, and accounted in this way for the more cordial reception his poems met with in America. In England his

"animal spirits" were set down in many or most critical quarters to mere affectation, especially when they manifested themselves in any verbal eccentricities. Gifford in the *Quarterly* fell with rabid violence on such expressions as "scattery light." Gifford, it is true, was one of the "critics who themselves are sore," having been made ridiculous in the "Feast of the Poets;" but other judges, who had less reason to be biassed, concurred in his strictures. Leigh Hunt accordingly altered this and other offending phrases in subsequent editions. Unfortunately, he further allowed himself to be criticised out of such expressions as "freaks and snatches," to which no one would not think of demurring. And yet more unfortunately, he was induced to give up a considerable number of dissyllabic rhymes. The first couplet in the passage quoted he altered as follows:

" 'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and loved,—
E'en sloth to-day goes quick and unreproved—"

lines pleasant in themselves, but how inferior to those which they supplant!

" 'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing,
The birds to the delicious time are singing,—"

The hypermetric syllables here are like the first hurried notes of the birds themselves, impatient to get into the thick of their own music.

The excellently realistic lines—

" Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight—"

he also sacrificed to I know not what stilted folly of censorship. Over-diffidence in self-criticism was perhaps natural to one who occupied himself so much with the study of masterpieces; but it is none the less lamentable to find him making such concessions as these to the requirements of a theory even then obsolescent. To those who are tempted to think that diffidence in a poet is its own justification, it may be sufficient to recall the preface to "Endymion." Most of the quotations here made I have ventured to give as they stood in the earlier editions.

Leigh Hunt took pleasure in identifying passages in his favorite Spenser with the names of great painters whose works

they recalled, Titian, Claude, or Raphael. His own poetry is itself intensely pictorial, so much so, that he was accused, oddly enough, of transferring images direct from canvas; as if looking at a cattle-piece made it easier to hit off in words the

"Cattle, looking up askance
With ruminant meek mouths, and sleepy glance."

Among numberless instances of such graphic effects take the following of swans, occurring in a description of Naiads:

"Others pass
Nodding and smiling in the middle tide,
And luring swans on, which like fondled things
Eye poutingly their hands; yet following,
glide
With unsuperfluous lift of their proud wings."

Or this of eagles:

"Eagles on their rocks,
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and dread
Answering the strain with downward drag austere."

Or this of a fountain:

"And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
A lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact, till at its height o'errun
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun."

Or this of bees with its felicitous verb:

"Then issues forth the bee to clutch the thyme."

Or this, with its pleasant union of Virgilian reminiscence and direct observation, but in which the poetry, as indeed generally happens, gets beyond the reach of painting:

"But Autumn now was over, and the crane
Began to clang against the coming rain,
And peevish winds ran cutting o'er the sea,
Which oft returned a face of enmity."

Or this, which recalls a passage in "Tears, idle Tears":

"And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white."

Or this of a thunder-cloud:

"Sloping its dusky ladders of thick rain."

How vivid again is this description of a winter's evening:

"Naught heard through all our little lulled abode,
Save the crisp fire, or leaf of book turned o'er,
Or watch-dog, or the ring of frosty road."

Leigh Hunt felt and expressed the commonest sights and sounds in this minute and forcible fashion, as when he speaks in his Autobiography of the "mud-shine" on the pavement in front of a theatre at night, or describes how—

"Childhood I saw, glad-faced, that squeezeth tight
One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away."

There is a theory propounded in "Rasselas" to the effect that the business of the poet is to remark only "general properties and large appearances. He does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest." He must "neglect the minuter discriminations for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness." The statement, as might have been expected from its authorship, goes somewhat too far, but the theory itself is perhaps not altogether unsound. The difficulty of course is to determine what may be considered to amount to vigilance or carelessness in observation. There are, however, undoubted instances in poetry of a tendency to mistake the discursive knowledge of the naturalist for the unifying emotion of the poet, and to adopt a theory which would make the admirable author of the "Gamekeeper at Home" potentially as great a poet as Keats. Leigh Hunt is never obnoxious to criticism of this kind. To be aware, for instance, of the truth of the following passage, it is enough to have walked in the streets; to feel it thus intensely, to utter it thus felicitously, was assuredly to be no inconsiderable poet.

"His haughty steed, that seems by turns to be
Vexed and made proud by that cool mastery,
Shakes at his bit, and rolls his eyes with care,
Reaching with stately step at the fine air;
And now and then sidelining his restless pace,
Drops with his hinder legs, and shifts his place.
And feels through all his frame a fiery thrill;
The princely rider on his back sits still,
And looks where'er he likes, and sways him
at his will."

The last three lines are a fine example of Leigh Hunt's remark that the triplet "enables a poet to finish his impulse with triumph." He characteristically adds: "I confess I like the very bracket that marks out the triplet to the reader's eye, and prepares him for the music of

it. It has a look like the bridge of a lute."

There are other lines descriptive of horses in the "Story of Rimini" to the full as good as those quoted; but enough perhaps has been said of Leigh Hunt's mastery of the picturesque. Word-painting is an art not always looked upon with favor by the austere votaries of form. To those who have a keen sense of niceties of language, it must, however, be always a source of the intensest pleasure. A certain measure of attraction it will retain, even when it borders on mere ingenuity, but when it rises upon the wings of its own self-delight into the higher levels of emotion, theories can touch it no longer. "The general consent and delight of poetic readers" is, after all, the only true touchstone of poetry. It seems a deplorably indefinite standard, but a better has yet to be found.

The following passage, called by Leigh Hunt "Ariadne waking, a Fragment," will exemplify the delicacy of the gradation between poetry merely picturesque and poetry in its more spiritual forms:

"The moist and quiet morn was scarcely
breaking,
When Ariadne in her bower was waking;
Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
Seemed answering another distant one.
She waked but stirred not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full
seas,
The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'er-
night,
The happy thought of the returning light,
The sweet, self-willed content, conspired to
keep
Her senses lingering in the feel of sleep;
And with a little smile she seemed to say,
'I know my love is near me, and 'tis day.'"

Though there is here no word-painting properly so called, there is not a line that is not purely descriptive, yet the subdued rapture of the treatment moves the reader in a way which might have been thought impossible to descriptive poetry.

Our next quotation shall be from the "Lines to T. L. H., six years old, during a sickness:"

"Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness
Of fancied faults afraid;

The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
*These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.*

"To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face'—*is gone*;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
*Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensue
That it will not be so.*"

The metre here used, with its quick recurrence of rhyme and heavy equability of accent, is finely adopted for the utterance of the emotion which is as placid as despair. Giovanni's lament over his brother's body in the "Story of Rimini" is conceived with a similar emphasis of sorrow.

"But noble passion touched Giovanni's soul;
He seemed to feel the clouds of habit roll
Away from him at once, with all their scorn;
And out he spoke, in the clear air of morn:—
'By heaven, by heaven, and all the better part
Of us poor creatures with a human heart,
I trust we reap at last, as well as plough;—
But there, meantime, my brother, liest thou;
And, Paulo, thou wert the completest knight,
That ever rode with banner to the fight;
And thou wert the most beautiful to see,
That ever came in press of chivalry;
And of a simple man thou wert the best,
That ever for his friend put spear in rest;
And thou wert the most meek and cordial,
That ever among ladies eat in hall;
And thou wert still, for all that bosom gored,
The kindest man that ever struck with
sword.'"

Most of the phraseology of this passage is taken from an old romance, but few, in the face of ancient and modern precedent, will think the less of it on that account. The concluding lines of the sonnet on Kosciusko are yet more loftily and directly impressive.

"There came a wanderer, borne from land to
land
Upon a couch, pale, many-wounded, mild,
His brow with patient pain dulcetly sour.
Men stooped, with awful sweetness on his
hand,
And kissed it; and collected *Virtue smiled,
To think how sovereign her enduring hour.*"

The description of Giovanni in the "Story of Rimini" is interesting apart from its cleverness, inasmuch as Lady Byron appears to have told her husband with considerable candor, and probably with no less insight, that it reminded her of his own character.

"Bold, handsome, able, if he chose, to please,
Punctual and right in common offices,
He lost the sight of conduct's only worth.
The scattering smiles on this uneasy earth,
And on the strength of virtues of small
weight,
Claimed toward himself the exercise of great.
He kept no reckoning with his sweets and
sours,
He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for the immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
How small soever, when his own was fair,
Yet such is conscience, so designed to keep
Stern central watch, while all things else go
sleep,
That no suspicion would have touched him
more
Than that of wanting on the generous score:
He would have whelmed you with a weight
of scorn,
Been proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
In short, ungenerous for a week to come,
And all to strike that desperate error dumb."

This lacks the condensation of the characters of Achitophel or Atticus, but it is hardly less subtle and lifelike. The following is in a lighter vein:

"There lived knight, when knighthood was in
flower,
Who charmed alike the tilt-yard and the
bower;
Young, handsome, blithe, loyal and brave of
course,
He stuck as firmly to his friend as horse;
And only showed, for so complete a youth,
Somewhat too perfect a regard for truth;
He owned 'twas inconvenient, sometimes felt
A wish 'twere buckled in another's belt,
Doubted its modesty, its use, its right,—
Yet, after all, remained the same true knight.
*So potent is a custom early taught,
And to such straits may honest men be brought.*"

The fresh and quiet humor of the last couplet is as pleasant as one of Dryden's versions of Chaucer. But it is in the more airy exuberance of mirthful trifling that Leigh Hunt is specially at home. Take, for example, the lines "On seeing a Pigeon make love."

"Is not the picture strangely like?
Doesn't the very bowing strike?
Can any art of love in fashion
Express a more prevailing passion?
That air—that sticking to her side—
That deference, ill-concealing pride,—
That seeming consciousness of coat,
And repetition of one note,—
Ducking and tossing back his head,
As if at every bow he said,
'Madam, by heaven,' or 'Strike me dead!'

And then the lady! look at her!
What bridling sense of character!
How she declines and seems to go,
Yet still endures him to and fro;

Carrying her plumes and pretty clothings,
Blushing stare and muttered nothings,
Body plump, and airy feet,
Like any charmer in a street.

Give him a hat beneath his wing,
And is not he the very thing?
Give her a parasol or plaything,
And is not she the very she-thing?"

A reviewer in the *Athenæum* some time ago, after quoting with due appreciation Leigh Hunt's line "April, with his white hands wet with flowers," added that Leigh Hunt was "decidedly not a great poet." This is no doubt the current opinion, as far as an opinion on the point is current at all. Yet it is difficult to be quite sure, firstly, on what such opinions are based, and secondly, what measure of depreciation they are intended to imply.

"And collected Virtue smiled
To think how sovereign her enduring hour."

Few will deny this to be great poetry in any or every sense of the word, full of solemnity and sobriety, and having a special character and music of its own. Probably what is meant is, that such lines are not sufficiently frequent in Leigh Hunt; that the "application of great ideas to life," which we are now given to understand is the proper business of the poet, is for the most part ignored. Even in the hands of their first authors, these theories of the moral purpose in poetry are apt to become the merest dogmatism. Was Milton, for example, in the wrong, when he delighted in a poem so completely unmoral as the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid? And, on the other hand, when these theories "descend into the street," instead of helping the average reader to attend to something which he might otherwise be prone to neglect, they rather tend to confirm him in the desperate condition of the frequenters of the galleries of our theatres, who, as many may lately have had occasion to observe, applaud Cassio's diatribes against drinking with more warmth than anything else in *Othello*.

Leigh Hunt's own opinion on this matter may be inferred from his judgment of Coleridge's poetry, that it was "on the whole the finest of its time, that is to say, the most quintessential, the most purely emanating from imaginative feeling, unadulterated by thoughts and manner."

Or let us hear him in verse:

"And he's the poet, more or less, who knows
The charm that hallows the least truth from
prose,
And dresses it in its mild singing clothes."

An exquisite line, which could scarcely be attributed to any one but Leigh Hunt, and which bears us refreshingly away from the neighborhood of the discontented criticism which refuses to take books as it finds them.

Leigh Hunt's own estimate of his poetical status was the reverse of overweening, but shows his usual discrimination. "I please myself with thinking, that had the circumstances of my life permitted it, I might have done something a little worthier of acceptance in the way of a mixed kind of narrative poetry, part lively and part serious, somewhere between the longer poems of the Italians, and the fabliaux of the old French. My propensity would have been (and oh! had my duties permitted, how willingly would I have passed my life in it! how willingly now pass it!) to write 'eternal new stories' in verse, of no great length, but just sufficient to vent the pleasure with which I am stung on meeting with some touching adventure, and which haunts me till I can speak of it somehow. I would have dared to pretend to be a servant in the train of Ariosto, nay, of Chaucer,

"—and far off his skirts adore."

As it is, his best poetical work is limited in quantity, and he must be included in the long list of poets whose infertility is a stock grievance. As he makes Apollo lament—

"There's Collins, it's true, had a good deal to say,
But the dog had no industry, neither had Gray,"—

And the same might be said even more truly of Coleridge and others. On Leigh Hunt's part there was no lack of industry; but his amiable eagerness to leave the world better than he found it, beguiled him into the then dangerous path of political journalism, brought him into collision with the law of libel, and was every way unfavorable to free poetical activity. It would be hasty and ungrateful to affirm that the world is none the better for his struggles and sufferings. It may be believed, for instance,

that every ill-judged prosecution for libel must have forwarded the legitimate freedom of the press. And if the good that a man does may in any degree be measured by the abuse that he gets for doing it, Leigh Hunt must be ranked very high among reformers. "He will live and die," wrote Gifford, in reviewing his poems, "unhonored in his own generation; and for his own sake it is to be hoped, moulder unknown in those which are to follow." One cannot but feel that "a very clever, a very honest, and a very good natured man," to quote Macaulay's description of Leigh Hunt, must have done good to an extent very considerable indeed, to be written of in this fashion.

His occupations as a critic further contributed to withdraw Leigh Hunt from poetry, but this was a distraction scarcely to be regretted. The pleasure of hearing the judgments of a poet on fine specimens of his own art is rare enough to reconcile us to the loss of a certain proportion of his own poetical work, especially when the criticism is not of that barren sort which disdains to dwell upon minutiae of style. In order to be fully alive to the improvement brought about in popular taste by Leigh Hunt's criticism, it should be remembered that it appeared in days when the criticism in vogue was of the following sort. "The very essence of versification is uniformity; and while anything like versification is preserved, it is evident that uniformity continues to be aimed at. What pleasure is to be derived from an occasional failure in this aim, we cannot exactly understand. It must afford the same gratification, we should imagine, to have one of the buttons on a coat a little larger than the rest, or one or two of the pillars of a colonnade a little out of the perpendicular."

It was against facetious incompetence of this kind that Leigh Hunt defended Keats; in the words of the criticism of the day, "it was he who first puffed the youth into notice in his newspaper." And, to give another example, we have lately been reminded that he was one of the first to welcome the sonnets of Mr. Tennyson Turner. Leigh Hunt was in fact the leader of a school of poetry and criticism, in which Keats was looked upon as a neophyte; which Byron ac-

cused of corrupting the taste of Barry Cornwall, and which was called the cockney school, apparently from a notion that daisies ceased to be daisies when they grew at Hampstead.

Leigh Hunt also occupied himself a good deal with translation, chiefly from the Italian poets, and incurred remonstrances from Shelley on the point. "I am sorry to hear," Shelley wrote, "that you have employed yourself in translating 'Aminta,' though I doubt not it will be a just and beautiful translation. You ought to exercise your fancy in the perpetual creation of new forms of gentleness and beauty." Yet here, too, there are compensations. The following, for example, from Martial, is as good as a morsel of Herrick:

"Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion,
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipped away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone."

Leigh Hunt also excelled, as might have been expected, in the rendering of playful passages, such as those in the "Bacchus in Tuscany," or the "Confessions of Goliath."

"I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me the glass
when I am shrinking,
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see
me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's
way of thinking."

I have purposely selected for quotation this urbane version of somewhat hackneyed lines, as it seems to have been ousted in text-books of literature and history—for example, in Mr. Green's "Short History"—by a dull ridiculous quatrain ending, "God have mercy on this sot, the angels will begin,"—an utterance purely savage and shocking without any touch of pleasantry. No one will doubt that the original is conceived in a jocose vein, however serious the underlying intention may have been. Leigh Hunt found the lines in Camden's "Remains," and no doubt shared Camden's error with respect to the character of Walter Map.—*Fortnightly Review*.

PUNCH AND PULCINELLA.

BY E. M. CLERKE.

IN the familiar spectacle of our streets and alleys the effect of the national fire-side ideal of life in modifying an imported type is not less strongly exemplified than in the higher walks of art. For while, on Pulcinella's native soil, his bachelor escapades and mishaps in courtship and wooing furnish the favorite entertainment of his *lazzaroni* audience, it is the privacy of Mr. Punch's hearth and home that is laid bare for the edification of the British public, and the somewhat strained state of his family relations that forms the subject of the drama at which they are invited to assist. Thus, even this disreputable wanderer, by appearing before us in the sacred character of husband and father, and transforming himself into what our French neighbors call *un homme d'intérieur*, casts a halo of English respectability over the doubtful antecedents of his vagrant career that not even his slightly exaggerated notions of conjugal discipline and mistaken views on nursery management altogether suffice to dissipate.

But our vagabond friend, if we may believe antiquarians, can lay claim to our respect on another and more unexpected ground—that of classical association and aristocratic antiquity of descent. And as in other pedigrees the mere fact of remoteness is held to ennoble ancestors whose deeds might not otherwise seem a title to honor, we may be excused from looking too closely into the character of the early Oscan dramas, or Atellan farces, in which our popular hero is supposed to have his prototype. Suffice it to say that they were ancient rustic performances, depending very much for their power to amuse on rude buffoonery and wit of the broadest sort. Having survived, in remote districts, from pre-historical down to classical times, they were introduced to Roman audiences from the Campanian town of Atella, the modern Aversa, close to which is Acerra, the traditional home of the Neapolitan Pulcinella.

A conspicuous figure in these rustic farces was a character called Maccus, and in a small bronze statue of this per-

sonage discovered in Rome in 1727, but only known to us now from engravings, we recognize the deformed figure, exaggerated nose, and staring eyes so familiar to us on our puppet stage. But it is a singular circumstance that these characteristics are much more distinctly traceable in the expatriated Punch than in his Neapolitan original, who is simply a blundering clown, clad in a loose white blouse or smock frock, and wearing a black mask over the lower part of his face. As Andrea Perrucci, the writer of a book published in Naples in 1699 claims the creation of this part for a comedian named Silvio Fiorillo, who lived some time previously, when the original of the English Punch must have already started or been about to start on his travels, we may perhaps conclude that this actor developed or improved upon a previously existing type preserved unchanged in the more primitive drama of the wandering showman.

Punch, with many other foreign visitors of still more questionable character, made his first appearance in England shortly after the Restoration. We may safely conclude that "the famous Italian puppet-play" witnessed by Pepys at Covent Garden, on May 9, 1662, where he says there was "great resort of gallants," and by John Evelyn five years later, was no other than the drama of which the immortal hunchback is the hero. In neither of these records, indeed, is he mentioned by name; but under a later date, April 30, 1669, the following passage occurs in Pepys' diary: "Among poor people there in the alley, did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short." And in Aubrey's "Surrey," in describing a room in Sir Samuel Lely's house at Whitehall, he says, "On the top was a Punchinello holding a dial"—two instances of the use of the word which leave no doubt that the character was already familiar to the English public.

We next find our hero, about the year 1703, at Bartholomew Fair, enlivening

by his wit a puppet-play representing the "Creation of the World," a survival of the old miracle or mystery plays. At a similar spectacle at Bath, in 1709, Punch and his wife danced in the ark with spirits unsubdued by the cosmic catastrophe of the deluge, which formed the subject of the drama, and the incorrigible jester, putting his head out to survey the rising waters, remarked aside to the patriarch, "It is a little foggy, Mr. Noah."

In the *Spectator* of March 16, 1710-11, appears a letter, written in the character of the under-sexton of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, complaining that his congregation took the warning of his bell, morning and evening, "to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell, under the Piazzas," and begging that for the future Punchinello may be persuaded to choose less canonical hours. From another letter in the same paper we gather that "Whittington and his Cat" was the piece which competed so detrimentally with the attractions of the Church, and that there appeared in it a trained pig, which in the first scene danced a minuet with Punch. This puppet-theatre was the favorite lounge of the fashionable world, and among the most frequented places of amusement of its day; but since then the fame of Punch has been sadly on the wane.

No longer delighting by his freaks the idle hours of the upper ten thousand, he has had to stoop to furnish recreation to the lowest grades of society, and we see him reduced to seek an audience in the miscellaneous crowd of a by-street, among the gaping rustics of a village fair, or in the midst of the disreputable concourse at a provincial race meeting. Meantime, his once varied repertory has shrunk to a single piece, which has survived all the others by some inscrutable working of the laws of taste. Thus caught up, as it were, by a side-eddy, withdrawn from the main current of life, and circling as a stray waif in its backwaters, how long will it be before he is finally stranded with all the other flotsam and jetsam of the shore?

It was in his passage through France that our itinerant adopted some of those characteristics by which he is known to us. His first appearance in French history is in the garb of a political satirist in the year 1649, when a letter to Cardi-

nal Mazarin was signed in his name, and concluded with these lines:

Je suis Polichinelle
Qui fait la sentinelle
À la porte de Nesle.

This was in point of fact the spot where the famous Jean Brioché, or Briocci, the prince of puppet-players, had not long before established himself with his miniature troupe, of which Polichinelle was the central figure. It is here that we find the first suggestion of that canine companion whose antics we are accustomed to associate with those of Punch, though not a dog, but an ape, was the original partner of his performance. This was no other than the illustrious Fagotin, known as *le Singe de Brioché*, whose varied accomplishments and tragical end have earned for him an historical reputation. So apt was his counterfeit of humanity as to delude the noted duellist Cyrano de Bergerac, who, taking him for a lacquey, and believing his gesticulations to be meant for personal ridicule to himself, drew his sword and ran the poor little comedian through the body. This event, which occurred in 1655, was the subject of a pamphlet, and in it we find the following description of Fagotin's get up:

Il était grand comme un petit homme, et bouffon en diable; son maître l'avait coiffé d'un vieux vigogne, dont un plumet cachait les fissures et la colle; il luy avait ceint le cou d'une fraise à la Scaramouche; il luy faisait porter un pourpoint à six basques mouvantes, garni de passements et d'aiguillettes, vêtement qui sentait le laquéisme; il luy avait concédé un baudrier, d'où pendait une lame sans pointe.

The individual Fagotin was dead, but the type survived, forming thenceforward an indispensable part of every puppet performance; and we can perceive from the foregoing description that the mantle of Brioché's murdered ape has fallen on Punch's four-footed ally, the dog Toby. The elder Brioché was succeeded by his son; and during the lives of these two men Polichinelle remained a prominent figure in Parisian society, his escapades attaining sufficient importance to draw down the censures of Bossuet. There, as in England, however, obscurity has since overtaken him, and he has disappeared, probably forever, from social and historical notoriety.

We must visit Pulcinella at home to find him at the present day, in posses-

sion of a local habitation and a fixed abode, for in Naples he still has his theatre, where he reigns the hero of the performance. Yet even here, on his native soil, his supremacy has within the last few months been seriously threatened, by the appearance of a rival, who, under the name of Sciosciammocca, has entered upon contest with him for popular favor. At present public opinion seems to have gone over to the innovator, whose wit and smartness are an irresistible attraction. Those, however, who are constant to their former idol believe that he will in the end triumph over the usurper, and as a national type be ultimately preferred to a character embodying a universal one. Fools and blunderers of the stamp of Sciosciammocca, they contend, are to be found all the world over, while the originals of Pulcinella exist nowhere but in Naples, and are there found in somewhat too great abundance.

The Neapolitan buffoon is one of the last of those traditional characters, survivals of the classic *inimes*, round whom the personages and incidents of Italian comedy down to the last century were inevitably grouped. These stereotyped figures were always invested with the same costume and attributes, and were distinguished by wearing masks; a reminiscence, doubtless, of the primitive votaries of Thespis, who were accustomed to stain their faces with the lees of wine or some other substance, in order to prevent the scenic illusion from being destroyed by the recognition of their individual personality. Of these typical masks, Pulcinella is the sole extant representative, and it would therefore be matter for regret that this remaining link of continuity with the past should be broken by the spirit of modern innovation.

The lineal descendant of the Oscan Punch, or Maccus, has little in common with his British namesake, to whom his relationship seems at first sight rather remote. Pulcinella, in the first place, is not played by a puppet, but by a human actor; neither has he those peculiarities of figure which we are accustomed to associate with the name. His features we do not see, as they are hidden by his black mask, and his dress, consisting of a white smock frock, baggy trousers, and peaked bonnet of the same color, is

somewhat of a surprise to us. His speech, of course, is the broadest Neapolitan dialect, unintelligible to foreign ears, but racy and pungent to those who understand it, and seasoned, be it observed, with wit not always of the most refined. Pulcinella, thus attired, represents a rustic simpleton newly arrived from his native district of Acerra, and his perpetual scrapes and misadventures in the unaccustomed atmosphere of the city are the ordinary subjects of the piece.

He is locked up in a lunatic asylum, and cudgels all the inmates, including the doctor; or, imprisoned by mistake, after effecting his escape, he loses his way and finds himself back in his dungeon. He has prepared himself a breakfast of macaroni swimming in tomato sauce, and is gloating over it in anticipation, when a series of visitors arrive in succession, and, sitting down without ceremony, help themselves to the tempting dish until nothing is left to the lawful owner. His helpless dismay as he assists at the demolition of his repast is irresistibly ludicrous. He is enamored of a pretty young girl, but in proposing for her, to her aunt manages to make his offer in such ambiguous language that the elder lady takes it to herself. She plans her future *ménage* in high delight, becomes more and more confidential and communicative, until at last by a chance word she betrays to her supposed suitor the misapprehension she is laboring under. He bluntly disclaims the possibility of such an idea, ungallantly informing her that she is much too old, which draws down upon him a storm of Neapolitan Billingsgate, and he has to beat a speedy retreat under a sharp fire of all available projectiles.

In Pulcinella's theatre, the San Carlino, we have in short the most perfect reproduction of the street life of Naples, with its joyous animation, sudden outbursts of violence, and general aspect of jovial good humor. The dialogue has all the verve of improvisation, the action the spontaneous fire of the inspiration of the moment. It is difficult to believe that anything has been rehearsed or studied beforehand. Pulcinella and his companions seem to be living their daily life in our presence, just as their compatriots out of doors appear to enact a perpetual drama for our benefit. In

our memory afterward, the two sets of pictures blend into a single whole, in which the classic mask of the Campanian buffoon seems no anachronism, nor his ludicrous adventures a caricature. Elsewhere indeed he would be out of place, and it is not surprising that he should never have travelled far from Naples without undergoing a total transformation.

In the hero of the puppet drama to which he has given his name, his proper characteristics were speedily obliterated to give place to the more accentuated type required for that class of performance. Even here, however, they were originally retained, for in one of Pnielli's old engravings of Rome a street puppet show appears, with Pulcinella clad in his traditional garb of white blouse and black half-mask.

The origin of his name has long been a puzzle to etymologists, and many ingenious surmises have been hazarded in reference to it. One writer has invented a mythical character called Puccio Aniello; another an equally imaginary Paolo Cinelli; a third an individual of the surname of Polliceno, in order to supply a satisfactory derivative. The most generally accepted interpretation, however, is that which regards Pulcinella as the diminutive of *pulcino*, a chicken, in allusion either to the squeaky voice or beak-like nose of the personage so named. It is curious, however, that the word in its earlier forms always appears to have had an extra syllable, which would seem to militate against this hypothesis, and is written Polecenella, Policinella, etc. The truth is that in manufacturing names for the typical characters, of which the Italian stage was so prolific, their inventors often attended more to sound than sense, as in the name of Giangurgolo, the Calabrian buffoon; of Scapino, the original of Molière's celebrated trickster, and a host of similar comic figures.

As regards the English corruption, Punch, it is curious that the same combination of letters should have been introduced into the language over again through a different and totally independent channel. As the name of the beverage, it is derived from the Hindu word, *panch*, five (short *a*, pronounced like *u*), in reference to the five ingredients combined in it, brandy, water,

lime-juice, sugar, and spice, the art of brewing which into a refreshing compound we owe to our Indian fellow-subjects. With the word "puncheon," again, the name of the puppet hero has no connection, though its application to a short, thickset figure may seem to suggest it. *Poinçon*, in French, is an instrument for drilling holes, and the wine-vessel is supposed to have received the same name from having been stamped with a distinctive mark by it, just as "hogshead" is a corruption of "ox-head," the brand by which that measure was formerly distinguished.

But whatever the original associations of the word "Pulcinella," it has come to be synonymous with any character provocative of popular mirth, and is now used through the whole of Southern Italy in this wider and more elastic sense. Thus, in Sicily and Calabria, the name is appropriated during carnival time to sets of mummers or masqueraders, whose performances, called *Pulcinellate*,* *Farse di Carnevale*, or *Carnescialate*, are perhaps a closer reproduction of the original Atellan farces than any more regular form of dramatic entertainment. Two or three merry fellows go about masked, playing various instruments, a lute, a cymbal, and a tamborine, singing or reciting a rude dialogue before the shops where different varieties of provisions are sold, and receiving from each a contribution in kind. Thus, they stop first to address their petition to the vendor of paste or macaroni, and Pulcinella No. 1 leads off in the following strain:

Good master dear, a loving friend is here,
Come with his lute, an old and faithful crony,
To try the flavor of your macaroni.

Pulcinella 2 follows suit.

Friends one and two and three, good master,
here we be,
With loving suit to touch your heart so stony,
And Pulcinella's here, with lute and merry cheer,
On purpose come to taste your macaroni.

Being presented with the donation as requested, the three sing a chorus of thanksgiving, and the first speaker then

* An interesting account of these performances is given by Signor Apollo Lumini in his book, "Le Sacre Rappresentazioni nei Secoli xiv," etc.

asks to be shown the residence of the hostess of the neighboring tavern.

I prithee show where lives the tavern-hostess,
With skin like new bleached linen, but so art-
ful,

She gains five farthings clear on ev'ry cartful.

I love the pretty vintneress whose boast 'tis
To fill the glass, but when the froth is off it,
There's nothing left, and so she makes her
profit.

They then lay siege to mine hostess in the same style as above, but with exaggerated language of hyperbolical compliment in deference to her sex, and, having been regaled with wine, proceed to the butcher's, and a variety of other shops.

When they have collected a store of bread, sausages, cheese, and other comestibles, they returned home singing :

Friends one and two and three, the chase is
over,

The sportsman drops his musket and, more-
over,

Would see his prey beneath a steaming cover.
Friends one and all, there chimes the evening
bell,

The goatherd goes his round his milk to sell ;
The night has come, so kindly fare ye well !

In these primitive dialogues, always recited of course in the popular dialect, we are more likely to find the traditional type of Pulcinella than in any set performance. Perhaps, too, they may help to elucidate the origin of his name. Among the ancient Greeks a similar practice prevailed of going about on holidays to solicit gifts in kind, the petition being made in the name of various kinds of birds, and the *Crow Song* and the *Swallow Song*, sung on these occasions, are still extant. It is a very strange coincidence that in remote parts of Ireland the same custom still exists in connection with the wren, which is hunted and killed on the 26th of December to be carried through the streets on a furze bush decked with ribbons, while the *Wren Song* is sung and alms collected from door to door. The animosity to the wren is accounted for in a popular legend that the projected surprise of a Danish camp was frustrated by one of these little creatures, which roused the enemy at the critical moment by pecking on the drums. Now, the widespread association of a bird with this species of holiday-begging, suggests the

possibility that among the Greeks of Southern Italy, a chicken may have been sometimes adopted as its pretext, hence the name of Pulcinella as applied to the maskers in the performance. It is perhaps a somewhat far-fetched conjecture, but worth hazarding as a speculation, that the modern Italian idiom, *a macco*, signifying in great profusion, or superabundance, may have been derived from the plenteous gifts with which the classic Maccus was loaded on these occasions.

There is no doubt that we have in these rude dialogues, whether themselves of extreme antiquity or not, specimens of the most primitive form of drama, and that from such simple germ all subsequent elaborations of theatrical art have been developed. In the *Farse Carnelivari* of Calabria, we find popular drama in a slightly higher stage of advancement, for in them there is a very imperfect attempt at distinction of character. The one we shall describe is played in the streets by a group of actors, Pulcinella, a king, his daughter, a duke, and soldiers. As they take up their position, the prologue, in Calabrian dialect, is recited by Pulcinella, while a guitar or barrel organ supplies the music, always a necessary part of these street shows.

Clear, clear a space—in this wide place,
Our merry group we will install,
For mirth and joy without alloy
We bring to glad the carnival.

Halt there, good folk, who love a joke,
Halt there at Pulcinella's call ;
Here armed I stand with wooden brand,
Who dares approach me, dead shall fall.

Here, here I be, armed cap a-pie,
With pistol, bayonet, dirk and all,
And round my waist are pockets placed
Crammed full of cartridges and ball.

I'm Pulcinella, come from Scella,
Hear, hear and tremble, great and small ;
For on your city, without pity,
War's dreadful scourge will I let fall !

The delightful inconsistency of this address, opening with a promise of mirth and joy, and winding up with a declaration of war, will not fail to strike the reader, and is quite of a piece with what follows. The king opens the dialogue, reproaching Pulcinella in good round terms.

What means this braggart tone ?
Vile miscreant, have done !
My daughter's love is won
By the Duke Saraon.

PULCINELLA.

With this good pistol I
Will make you basely fly
Full in the city's view.

KING.

And I with my good brand
Will run you through and through ;
Respect I should command,
At least from such as you.

Ho, there, good friend ! arrest this ruffian,
and carry him to the walls of the city.

SOLDIER.

Down, prostrate on the ground,
Or, by the holy deuce,*
I'll wait for no excuse,
But shoot you like a hound.

This will suffice as a specimen of the dialogue ; and in regard to the plots, its extremely unsatisfactory nature may be gathered from a brief sketch. Scarcely has Duke Saraon appeared on the scene and claimed the king's daughter as his bride, than the monarch, who had just ordered Pulcinella into irons, without any intermediate dialogue to explain his change of mind, proclaims him as his chosen son-in-law, desires his chains to be struck off, summons a notary, and, dispensing with all preliminaries, announces the most generous dispositions as to the young lady's fortune, and bestows her on Pulcinella on the spot.

This utter inconsequence in the action of the piece points to the conclusion that it is either a fragment of a more complete one, in which some attempt was made to furnish a probable motive for the conduct of the personages, or a distorted version of some older fable.

Such as it is, it furnishes an illustration of the different working of popular taste in England and Italy, in developing opposite ideals from the same original type.

The imaginative nature of the Italian peasant seeks a stimulus and outlet for poetic fancy, in themes remote from his own experience, while an English audience, in the lower classes at least, prefers to see on the stage a literal mimicry of its every-day life. The Calabrian Pulcinella, though himself a clown, is the successful rival of a duke in wooing a king's daughter, and is left in a vague region of mythical triumph and bliss, while the British Punch is but a vulgar criminal of the commonest type, who beats his wife, kills his child, and cheats the hangman. It is only in the great cities in Italy that the influence of a similar realism asserts itself in popular drama, and that we see on the boards in Pulcinella and his congeners, the familiar figures of the streets and piazzas. Everywhere on the rustic stage the performance, however rude, aims at heroic dignity of subject, and the illusion, that owes nothing to external aids, is entirely supplied by the minds of the audience. Realism is a product of civilization, and is perhaps a reaction from the tangible wonders with which it surrounds us ; while unsophisticated man in a ruder state of society takes refuge from the monotony of his actual existence by creating for himself that dream-world of the marvellous which only through the gate of fancy can he enter into.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

WHITEBAIT.

A FISH DINNER without the time-honored whitebait would, in the eyes of most persons besides fastidious epicures, be considered as incomplete as Christmas fare without the turkey, or an Easter dinner without its joint of lamb. Hence "fried silkworms," as Theodore Hook in his jocular moments was in the habit of calling these little delicacies of our table, are always much in request at this season of the year ; and their

very name alone is sufficient to stamp the festive board, of whatever nature it may be, with an air of grandeur and dignified refinement. Thus at every fashionable restaurant—not to mention those countless nondescript coffee and refreshment taverns where the most tempting inducements are held out to persuade the passer-by to gratify the sense of taste—one of the chief attractions is the announcement that "whitebait is in season." In spite of the widespread popularity, however, of this

* "Santo Diavolo," a Calabrian curse.

dainty morsel of fare, much doubt exists as to the exact time when it came into request. According to some antiquaries, its popularity dates from the year 1780, when Richard Cannon, a fisherman of Blackwall, prominently brought before the public of that date the unrivalled merits of this savory little fish, which has aptly been described as being "as silvery as a newly made shilling." Hence we are told ever since Cannon's time this coveted dish has gradually, year, by year, increased in esteem, until its fame nowadays ranks so high, that he would indeed be a courageous host who should condescend to entertain his friends at dinner without this indispensable accompaniment of fashion. Last year, therefore, was an important one with many of the fishing world, as commemorating the hundredth year of the eating of whitebait. Although, however, Richard Cannon may, in some respects, have been instrumental in introducing this fish as a special delicacy, and in expounding its many excellent qualities, yet it must be remembered that long before his time it was acknowledged as a capital item of fare. Thus, for instance, as early as the year 1612, in the general feast of the founder of the Charter-house given in the hall of the Stationers' Company on May 28th, we read of "six dishes of whitebait" as forming one of the courses at this fashionable banquet. It has also been suggested that whitebait may have been served up at the dinner-table of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth in their palace of Greenwich, especially as, off this part of the Thames and Blackwall opposite, it has from time immemorial been caught in large quantities. There can be no doubt that from generation to generation this little fish has been eaten and relished at many a banquet, although in years gone by it may not have been known under its present appellation. Indeed, we find on record many an interesting account of dinners given by fellows of learned societies, lord mayors, and aldermen, city companies, and rich private individuals, at which whitebait was considered the chief dish.

Again, it is still a matter of much dispute as to what the so-called whitebait really is, many contending that it is the young of the shad, others of the sprat.

Mr. Yarrell, however, the eminent naturalist, has contended with great plausibility that both these theories are wrong; pointing out, as an argument in favor of his assertion, that the young of the shad is partly spotted. This, he argues, is not so with the whitebait, which never exhibits a spot at any age — its color being a uniform silvery white. There is moreover, too, a specific distinction between the shad and whitebait, which consists in the number of small bones extending from the backbone. Thus Mr. Yarrell informs us that in the case of the shad the number of vertebrae or small bones, of whatever size the specimen may be, is invariably fifty-five, while in the whitebait it is always fifty-six. Even in a fish, he tells us, of two inches, their exact number may be distinctly made out with the assistance of a lens. A writer in the *Daily News* of September 1, 1880, speaking of whitebait, says: "It varies very much in size and quality, according to the season of the year. Thus, in February and March, considerable numbers of yearlings are caught. These are without doubt 'yearling' herrings. In June and July the bait run very small, and 'heads and eyes' appear in the nets. These are very minute, gelatinous little creatures, so transparent that the bright silvery eye is the most noticeable portion of them." According also to Professor Huxley the whitebait is not a distinct species of fish, but only the young of herrings. In a lecture recently delivered at the National Fishery Exhibition at Norwich (April 21, 1881), he said as follows: "The well known 'whitebait' of the Thames consists, so far as I have seen, almost exclusively of herrings under six months old; and as the average size of whitebait increases from March and April onward, until they become suspiciously like sprats in the late summer, it may be concluded that they are the progeny of herrings which spawned early in the year, in the neighborhood of the estuary of the Thames, up which these dainty little fish have wandered." Passing on, however, from this much disputed question, we may note, in the next place that the proper whitebait season is considered by the principal Thames fishermen to commence when the Parliament-

ary session begins, and to conclude when it ends. As we have already said, in the course of the month of March whitebait generally make their appearance in the Thames, being then exceedingly small, apparently but only quite recently changed from the albuminous state of the young fry. During the ensuing months they are caught in immense numbers, not only being consumed by the constant succession of visitors who frequent the different taverns situated in the neighborhood of Greenwich and Blackwall; but large supplies being every day dispatched to the metropolis by railway or steamer, where they may be seen in almost every fishmonger's shop, and advertised on tavern *cartes* of all descriptions.

During the past forty or fifty years, too, whitebait-catching has become quite an important branch of British fishery, and, with the ever-growing popularity of this fish, is yearly, it would appear, increasing in value. Indeed, we are informed that one firm alone pays as much as a hundred pounds a week in wages during the season; and at another place the large sum of one thousand pounds is paid every year as wages to the whitebait-catchers. These figures are alone sufficient to show how many thousands of the poorer classes are more or less supported by what is looked upon as an article of luxury; and when it is therefore considered how highly beneficial the popularity of this fashionable delicacy is in promoting the livelihood of those whose means are next to nothing, we can only hope that its well-deserved popularity will continue, for years to come, to retain the honored place of supremacy which it now holds.

As regards the origin of the term "whitebait" there is every reason for supposing that its name is due to its beautiful whiteness when first caught. Thus, in former years, these little fishes were used as "bait" for the crab-pots, and were called "whitebait" in contradistinction to the baits that were not white. Cuvier describes it under the title of "*harengale blanquette*," remarking that the little silver fish is of "a most brilliant silvery white, and that its fins are in like manner of pure white." Mr. Yarrell, also, speaks of the whitebait as "*clupea alba*." In

Flanders, where whitebait are caught in the Scheldt, near the mouth of the Durme, they bear the French provincial name of "*Mange-tout*," a by no means inappropriate expression. A common Flemish name, too, is "*pin*," which is perhaps in allusion to the diminutiveness of their form. Referring to the particular mode of catching whitebait by which a constant supply is daily obtained for the enormous demand during the season, it would seem that in years gone by this practice was considered highly injurious to the fry of fish in general; and hence the rule and order of the lord mayor was to the following effect: "No person shall take at any time of the year any sort of fish usually called whitebait, upon pain to forfeit and pay five pounds for every such offence; it appearing to this court that, under pretence of taking whitebait, the small fry of various species of fish are thereby destroyed." At Gravesend, whitebait are frequently caught by the Thames fishermen in the small meshed nets used for taking shrimps—generally known as "trinker nets."

At one time whitebait seems to have been eaten by the lower orders, if we may rely on a statement of Mr. Penant, who, alluding to this fish, tells us, "they are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion during the season a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places where they are taken." If, indeed, this statement be correct, a great change must have come over the class of epicures frequenting Greenwich and Blackwall since Penant's day; for nowadays it is not the poor, but rather the higher and richer classes, who can afford to sit down to a whitebait dinner. Thus, among those who honor, from time to time, a whitebait dinner with their presence may be found representatives of the highest and most exalted personages in the land, extending from the Court of St. James's Palace at the fashionable West End to the Lord Mayor and Corporation in the East. For many years, too—although from various circumstances, the rule has occasionally been broken through—it has been customary for her majesty's ministers to bid adieu to their parliamentary labors by partaking at Green-

wich of their "annual fish dinner," at which not the least in importance among the many sumptuous articles of fare is the "dish of whitebait," with its homely accompaniment of brown bread and butter, and refreshing cup of iced punch.

As regards the cooking of whitebait, one of the special conditions for its success, when prepared for the table, has been that they should be directly netted out of the river, into the cook's caldron. At the same time, however, there can be no doubt that the delicacy of this little fish rests as much upon its skilful cookery as upon its freshness. In days gone by the chief rendezvous for lovers of whitebait during the summer months was Lovegrove's "bait-kitchens" at Blackwall, where it was said to be cooked with the utmost skill. The manner in which it was dressed may be briefly summed up as thus: The fish was generally cooked within an hour after being caught, and for this purpose it was kept in water, from whence it was taken by a skimmer as occasion required; they were then thrown upon a layer of flour contained in a large napkin, in which they were thoroughly shaken until completely enveloped in flour; they were next put into a colander, the superfluous flour being removed by sifting. As soon as this process was over, they were put into hot lard contained in a copper saucepan placed over a charcoal fire, and in about two minutes were removed by means of a tin skimmer, then thrown into a colander to drain, and immediately served up, being placed on a fish drainer in a dish. Of course the rapidity of the cooking was of the utmost importance, otherwise they lost their crispness. In Flanders the manner of cooking whitebait is quite primitive, though the only one, we are told, agreeable to the taste of the people. Of every little fish the tail is clipped off with scissors, boiling water is kept ready on the fire, and the whitebait is cast into it. At the first bubbling of the water, which happens in a minute or two, the fish are immediately strained, and dished up; melted butter being the only sauce. Although the method of cooking them is extremely simple, they are nevertheless relished as one of the greatest delicacies, and, as such, are in constant demand.

Once more, the present paper would

not be complete without a short notice of the ministerial fish dinner, the origin of which is somewhat obscure. According to one account, in the early part of the last century, a very high tide in the Thames broke down a portion of the sea-wall that protected the marshes of Essex, near the village of Dagenham. An extensive tract of valuable land was, in consequence of this occurrence, flooded and lost; and notwithstanding various costly attempts carried on for a succession of years, the breach remained in its deplorable condition. At last, however, in the year 1721, an engineer named Perry was successful in his endeavors to repair the wall—a feat which, it is reported, made as great a sensation at that time as the construction of the Thames Tunnel in after years. The work, however, was considered of such importance that an act of Parliament was passed, appointing a body of commissioners for its superintendence. These when elected were mostly city gentlemen, and they soon arranged among themselves a dinner as a preliminary step for afterward discussing their business. In a short time it was discovered that the inland lake of water, which it was found almost impossible to drain entirely off, produced excellent freshwater-fish. Hence we are told, on the authority of a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, their visits came to be connected with a dinner of fresh fish, caught and served up in the board-room, which formed part of a building close to the floodgates, usually known as Breach House, and which had been purposely erected for the accommodation of the superintendent of the works. This dinner soon became an annual institution, and many of the commissioners who had country houses in different parts of Essex contributed not only wines from their cellars, but fruit and flowers from their gardens for dessert. Distinguished guests, too, were invited, including the cabinet ministers, the latter being conveyed from Whitehall in the royal and admiralty barges. Hence, in course of time, it became a kind of ministerial whitebait dinner; and afterward, owing to the long journey from Westminster, the scene was changed from Breach House and transferred to one of the taverns at Greenwich.

Another origin, however, has been assigned to this annual festivity, which is as curious as the preceding one. Many years ago, on the banks of Dagenham Reach, in Essex, a merchant named Preston, a baronet of Scotland, and some time M.P. for Dover, occupied a cottage, where he was in the habit of seeking quietude and relief from his parliamentary and mercantile anxieties; frequently entertaining as his guest the Right Honorable George Rose, secretary of the treasury. On one occasion Mr. Rose accidentally happened to intimate to his host that he was quite sure Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship both were proud, would much enjoy a visit to such a charming country nook, removed, as it was, from the bustle and turmoil of every-day life. The premier was accordingly invited, and so much enjoyed his visit that he readily accepted an invitation for the following year. After being Sir Robert Preston's guest several

times, it was finally decided that, as Dagenham Reach was a long distance from London, and the premier's time was valuable, they should henceforth dine together near Westminster. Thus Greenwich was selected, and as this place was more central, other guests were invited to meet the premier, who in time included most of the cabinet ministers. As, however, the dinner was now no longer of a private character, and embraced many visitors personally unacquainted with Sir Robert Preston, it was decided that he should be spared the expense; but, as a compromise, he insisted on supplying a buck and the champagne. The time for dining together was generally after Trinity Monday—a short time before the close of the session. On the death of Sir Robert Preston, the dinner assumed a political character, and the party was limited to the cabinet ministers.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

MARGERY DAW.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I'm in love, but I've never told her,
 Never told the maiden I love;
 I lie in the long green grass and behold her,
 As she swings all day in the boughs above.
 I'm a student with toil o'erladen,
 And a student ever should books prefer,
 But she's such a darling dainty maiden,
 My thoughts go swinging away with her.

See saw!

Margery Daw!

Up in the apple-tree Margery swings;
 And I, lying under,
 Watch her, and wonder
 What is the ditty that Margery sings.

And she goes swinging; and I go slaving,
 Turning the leaves of a musty book,
 But surely that was her white hand waving,
 And surely that was my darling's look.
 A perfect fortress of books I sit in,
 Ethics, economy, politics, law,
 But all the pages I vow were written
 By that little philosopher, Margery Daw.

See saw !
 Margery Daw !
 Up in the apple-tree Margery swings ;
 And I, lying under,
 Watch her, and wonder
 What is the ditty that Margery sings.

The light is fading, the day grown older,
 And now the westering sun is gone,
 And Margery I no more behold her :
 In the deep cool grass I lie alone.
 For Margery she was a sunbeam only,
 And I was a fool for all my pains,
 But whenever I'm sad and whenever I'm lonely,
 Back comes Margery, back again.

See saw !
 Margery Daw !
 Up in the apple-tree Margery swings ;
 For "Life's a dream,
 And love's a shadow !"
 And that is the ditty that Margery sings.

Temple Bar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ILLUSIONS : A Psychological Study. By James Sully. (International Scientific Series. Volume xxxiii.) New York : D. Appleton & Co.

This volume, as the author explains in his preface, embraces in its view "not only the illusions of sense dealt with in treatises on physiological optics, etc., but also other errors familiarly known as illusions, and resembling the former in their structure and mode of origin." First pointing out the distinction between illusion and hallucination, Mr. Sully proceeds to deal in regular order with illusions of perception (that is to say, errors which counterfeit actual perceptions), dreams, illusions of introspection (errors arising from misobservation or misinterpretation of internal feelings), illusions of insight, illusions of memory, and illusions of belief. To some one, often to several, of these forms of illusion nearly every man is sometimes liable. "Hardly anybody," says Mr. Sully, "is always consistently sober and rational in his perceptions and beliefs. A momentary fatigue of the nerves, a little mental excitement, a relaxation of the effort of attention by which we continually take our bearings with respect to the real world about us, will produce just the same kind of confusion of reality and phantasm which we observe in the insane. To give but an example : the play of fancy which leads to a detection of animal and other forms in clouds, is known to be an occupation of the insane,

and is rightly made use of by Shakespeare as a mark of incipient mental aberration in Hamlet ; and yet this very same occupation is quite natural to children, and to imaginative adults when they choose to throw the reins on the neck of their phantasy. Our luminous circle of rational perceptions is surrounded by a misty penumbra of illusion."

In his method of treatment, Mr. Sully confines himself in general to the classification and description of the various forms of illusions, and to showing by analysis and by example how these are distinguished from the normal operations of the mind ; but at the close of his exposition he allows himself a little wider range, and points out how the psychology of the subject leads on to its philosophy. From the latter point of view, strictly applied, the whole of nature would seem to be illusory, and men "such stuff as dreams are made of ;" and we are compelled to admit that, as George Eliot observes, "what we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces." Mr. Sully, however, finds a reasonable ground for philosophic certitude in the scientific assumption of a coincidence between permanent common intuition and objective reality. He thinks that the operation of the law of evolution in society would insure that common beliefs should be in the main true beliefs, and he holds that a stable basis for

philosophical inference is furnished by a body of commonly accepted belief. As the conclusion of his investigation he says: "It would thus appear that philosophy tends, after all, to unsettle what appear to be permanent convictions of the common mind and the presuppositions of science much less than is sometimes imagined. Our intuitions of external realities, our indestructible belief in the uniformity of nature, in the nexus of cause and effect, and so on, are, by the admission of all philosophers, at least partially and *relatively* true; that is to say, true in relation to certain features of our common experience. At the worst they can only be called illusory as slightly misrepresenting the exact results of this experience. And even so, the misrepresentation must, by the very nature of the case, be practically insignificant. And so in full view of the subtleties of philosophic speculation, the man of science may still feel justified in regarding his standard of truth—a stable consensus of belief—as above suspicion."

A feature of the work which enhances greatly its attractiveness for the general reader is the large number of interesting facts, anecdotes, and experiments with which many of the special points are illustrated. Mr. Sully has done wisely in addressing his book to the great public of intelligent readers and not merely to a few special students of psychology.

POEMS. By Oscar Wilde. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

From time to time during the past year or two, rumors, generally designed to convey a ludicrous impression, have reached America of a new social sect called "*Æsthètes*," which had arisen in London, and entirely dispossessed, for the moment at least, the milder absurdities of the Pre-Raphaelites. According to the reports, the votaries of this sect are distinguished by sentiments that are "quite too utterly utter for utterance;" by a propensity to invest themselves in a "greenery-gallery, Grosvenor gallery" sort of color; by a fondness for inviting their friends to stumble over furniture in the "dim, religious light" of half-darkened chambers; and by a habit of "dining off a lily" in preference to more vulgar and substantial food. The acknowledged leader of this sect is a young man named Oscar Wilde, who was the son of a distinguished physician in Dublin, and who is now one of the best-known figures in London society. The first achievement that won him notoriety was the invention of the now famous saying, "We must try and live up to our blue china;" and since then, as the "*Maudie*" of Du Maurier's caricatures, he has been immortalized in *Punch*. To the ridicule and revilings thus

heaped upon him, Mr. Wilde is represented as responding that he was glad to afford amusement to the "lower classes;" and now, perhaps, in order to show that he is also capable of amusing the "higher classes," he has published this volume of "*Poems*."

It must be admitted, in justice to Mr. Wilde, that his poetry is much better than his social performances would have led us to expect—much better than those who have gotten into the habit of ridiculing him are now disposed to acknowledge. It is too imitative—too much the echo of the work of other poets, particularly of Swinburne—to be assigned a positively high rank; but it shows culture, study, poetic sensibility, an unusual facility in the management of difficult metres and complex rhythmical movements, and a very remarkable command of language. Only Swinburne surpasses him in what we may call volubility and an easy rapidity of style, and none of the younger poets has shown such dexterity in the technical features of his art. In fact one would have to recognize great promise in his work but for the taint of insincerity and affectation which pervades it all, and the fleshly and lascivious suggestions in which his imagination seems to revel. It is very speedily discovered that Mr. Wilde has no convictions, nor anything that is permanent enough to be regarded as opinions. The prey of every passing whim or emotion, he perpetually contradicts and discredits himself; and the reader is inclined to resent such perfervid intensity of language when he finds that it means nothing except a sort of gymnastic exercise of the vocabulary. It is to be observed, moreover, that this taint of insincerity gives a peculiarly offensive flavor to the pruriences in which the author deals. To give expression to the genuine feelings of an ardent and sensuous temperament is, perhaps, in a sense excusable; but to simulate these feelings in order to secure a plausible excuse for pruriency merits the severest reprobation. The time will come, we venture to think, when Mr. Wilde, perceiving this for himself, will deeply regret some of the poems of this volume. We think so because we are confident that he is capable of much better and higher work than any he has yet done.

SCIENTIFIC CULTURE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Josiah Parsons Cooke, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard College. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Apart from the merit of lucid exposition of scientific theories and discoveries, which these essays possess in an unusual degree, they will command the admiration of every thoughtful reader for the effective manner in which the author denounces the perversion of true mental culture, which is involved in the so-called

practical tendency of American education. Professor Cooke holds to those higher ideals of life which are fostered by the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, and at the same time clearly recognizes the incompatibility of those ideals with the prevailing standards by which men's thoughts and actions are being directed. "I felt," he says, in presenting the subject of his lecture on the "Nobility of Knowledge," "that a proper appreciation of the true dignity of knowledge, in itself considered, and apart from all economical considerations, is one of the great wants of our age and of our country. . . . So far as knowledge will yield immediate distinction or gain, it is sought and fostered by multitudes. But, when the aim is low, the attainment is low, and too many of our students are satisfied with superficiality, if it only glitters, and with charlatanry, if it only brings gold."

In the initial essay the importance of scientific culture is emphasized for the reason that physical science has become, next to religion, the greatest power in modern civilization, and the change in relative importance of other branches, is clearly indicated, without depreciating however, their real value as sources of culture. The essay on the "Radiometer" is an interesting account of the development of the theory of molecular motion, and of the author's extended experiments with that mysterious little instrument.

The remaining contents of the volume consist of two educational addresses, and of two brief biographical sketches, and each of them is in its way a model of popular scientific exposition.

THE ART OF SPEECH. Vol II. Studies in Eloquence and Logic. By L. T. Townsend, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A novel result of the establishment of "summer schools" has been the appearance from time to time of comprehensive text-books, designed primarily for the use of the visitors at these gatherings, but attaining also to a more permanent place in the vast machinery of educational work. The wisdom of serving up important subjects in the diluted form adapted to the relaxed mental condition of summer students may properly be questioned; and, moreover, all subjects do not lend themselves equally well to this method of treatment, as is well illustrated in Professor Townsend's present volume. An account of the life and character of Demosthenes and a critical analysis of the Oration on the Crown form the basis for certain "inferences" or general principles, twenty-one in all, which must be carefully observed in the formation of the "ideal orator." Much that is both pleasant and profitable may be found here upon the general subject of elo-

quence, consisting almost wholly of quotations gleaned from the wide field of oratory, from the Hebrew prophets to the Rev. Joseph Cook and other less prominent exponents of modern eloquence. Logic, however, when spread out over a series of detached propositions, whose connection is indicated only by the successive letters of the alphabet, becomes illogical enough. For example, it would trouble any student to extract from these pages an intelligible notion of what is meant by "induction" or "deduction," and what practical use may be made of those methods.

It is due to the author, however, to state that his book is called upon the title page "Studies in Eloquence and Logic," and in the preface is spoken of as a "treatise" which it is expected "clergymen more than those of other professions will study."

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn from *Polybiblion* that the Propaganda Press has just printed a collection of Latin hymns composed by Pope Leo XIII. in honor of two bishops and martyrs.

ACCORDING to a German authority, the book that has obtained the greatest number of readers in modern times is "Notre Dame de Lourdes," by M. Lasserre, which is now in its 150th edition.

AMONG the MSS. added to the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1880 is a collection of letters of Alfred de Musset, enclosed in a sealed chest, which is not to be opened before the year 1910.

A SOCIETY for the study of the history and archaeology of the diocese of Paris has been formed under the auspices of Archbishop Guibert. The president of the society is M. Natalis de Wailly, and it is proposed to publish a quarterly journal.

THE German alphabet has found a new defender in Prince Bismarck. A book printed in Roman letters which had been presented to the prince was returned to the publisher, with a letter from the prince's private secretary stating that "according to general rules, it was forbidden to present to the imperial chancellor any books in German printed with Roman letters, because it took the chancellor too much time to read them."

WE learn from the *Rassegna Settimanale* that a new literary review is to be published in Rome, under the editorship of Signor Ruggero Bonghi, the well-known former Minister of Education in the Cabinet of the Right. Its title is *La Cultura*: Rivista di Scienze morali, di Lettere ed Arti. It will appear every fortnight, and will be divided into three parts—the first consisting of reviews of books, the second

of shorter notices, and the third of notes of matters affecting culture in general, and especially public instruction.

THE preliminary reading for the Philological Society's new English Dictionary, which has now little more than six months to run, has so far produced very satisfactory results. Up to the present no fewer than 842,870 slips have been supplied to readers, of which 698,745, or about 84 per cent, have been returned filled up. Of these no less than 85,000 are the result of the reading of four readers. The number of readers who have helped in the work is over 750, of whom 520 are still reading. The number of authors read is over 2700, representing over 4400 separate works, and, of course, a much larger number of volumes. Allowing two lines to each quotation (a small estimate), the quotations represent an aggregate of writing of nearly 80½ miles, and the weight of the slips issued exceeds 15 cwt. The grand total of slips received since the work was first started in 1858 closely approaches 3,000,000.

MR. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD has in hand an edition, in two handsome volumes of "The Dramatic and Poetical Writings of Charles Dickens," never before collected, prefaced by a monograph on Charles Dickens as a dramatist and as an actor. The dramatic pieces are five in number. Of these three, *The Strange Gentleman*, *The Village Coquettes*, *Is She his Wife, or Something Singular*, were produced with considerable success in 1836-37 at the St. James's Theatre, under Braham's management. The third of these pieces was apparently unknown to Mr. Forster, who makes no mention of it in his "Life of Dickens." The fourth piece, entitled *The Lamplighter*, was written in 1838 for Macready's theatre, but was never acted or printed at the time, and is preserved in MS. in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. The fifth is *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, written conjointly by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, and acted by the Guild of Literature and Art. The poetical pieces, with which the second volume closes, include the prologue to Mr. Westland Marston's play of *The Patrician's Daughter*, *The Hymn of the Wiltshire Laborers*, *A Word in Season*, and a number of squibs contributed to the *Examiner*.

THE trustees of the Lenox Library, New York, in an elaborate introduction to their Shakespearean catalogue just issued, give some curious statistics respecting the ordinary modes of spelling the poet's name. After recording the principal authorities, thirty-three of whom are for Shakspeare, one hundred and eleven for Shakespeare, and two hundred and eighty-two for Shakespeare, they add, "It is

certainly a reproach to English-writing people that they cannot agree how to spell the name of their greatest author;" at the same time soliciting "the minorities to yield to the large majority." A correspondent has forwarded the *Athenæum* the following list of the practice of the London papers:

Shakespeare. — *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Telegraph*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Globe*, *Echo*, *Era*, *Spectator*, *Graphic*, *Guardian*, *Rock*, *Christian World*, *Queen*, *Land*, etc.

Shakspeare. — *Daily Chronicle*, *Punch*, *Athenæum*, *Saturday Review*, *Builder*, *Illustrated London News*.

Shakspere. — *Morning Post*, *Church Times*, *Reynolds's*, *Lloyd's Weekly*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

EUROPEAN TREATMENT OF THE INSANE AND OF DEAF MUTES.—Dr. G. M. Beard, of New York, lately visited Europe for the purpose of studying the methods adopted by different countries in the treatment of the insane; and the results of his inquiries have just been published in a pamphlet. He puts Great Britain first of all nations in its care and treatment of these afflicted ones; and of the three British Isles, Scotland has, in his estimation, earned the first place. He holds that the insane should be treated with no more restraint than children; for, as a matter of fact, diseases of the brain deprive them of the advantages that come with maturity and education. He noticed during his tour that the most successful asylums were not imposing buildings, but consisted of detached houses or cottages. With regard to treatment, we may here mention that in Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh, amusements in the shape of music, dancing, etc., are encouraged; and a newspaper, edited by one of the inmates, has flourished for many years in the institution. In Germany, which Mr. Beard places on his list next to Britain, he was surprised to find that the lunatics were taught trades, and that in many cases a better day's work was done than by an average workman in full health.

In the treatment of another class of unfortunate sufferers—namely, deaf-mutes—Germany takes the first rank. An International Conference held at Milan last September, for the purpose of collecting evidence as to the best mode of teaching those who have mouths but speak not came to the conclusion that the German or pure oral method was the best; one hundred and sixty-four out of one hundred and seventy experts giving testimony in its favor. This Congress has lately been followed by one in London, the first of its kind in this kingdom. Resolutions were here passed in favor of the pure oral, or mute lip-reading method,

and to the effect that government should undertake the education of deaf-mutes by that method. We may mention in this connection that Professor Bell, who first taught a telephone to articulate, has been most successful in teaching this system of lip-reading to the deaf and dumb.—*Chambers's Journal*.

RESPIRATION AFFECTED BY ALTITUDE.—M. Marcet, whose experiments with reference to respiration on the Alps are well known, has made similar observations at various altitudes on the Peak of Teneriffe—respectively 7090, 10,700, and 12,200 feet above the sea-level. Among the results noted, it appears that the carbonic acid expired is, under all circumstances, proportional to the weight of the body, the amount being greatest during the first or second hour after eating, then gradually diminishing; the amount of carbonic acid expired was greater at Teneriffe than on the Alps, but no increase in one case at the greater elevations, such as was experienced on the Alps, the increase in the latter case being probably due to reduced temperature; in the other case, however, 17 per cent more carbonic acid was expired at the sea-level than on the Peak of Teneriffe, this being due to increased perspiration at the higher altitudes; the volume of air expired per minute, and also the number of respirations, decreased at the higher elevations.

THE SUN AND THE COLOR OF THE SKIN.—Climate, as affecting complexion, presents some singular diversities, and the physiologist is puzzled with such facts in this direction as that, at the same distance from the equator is found the fair Englishman, the yellow Mongol, and the copper-colored Indian; to the north of the white Russian and Finn live the swarthy Lapp and Samoyed; north of the Caucasus are dark-skinned Tartars, south of it fair-complexioned Circassians. Again, the aborigines of America vary less in color than the natives of the Old World—none of them are as fair as the Swede, none as black as the negro of Congo, and those living in Brazil, on the equator, are not the darkest. In Australia and New Guinea, too, there are blacker men than in Borneo and Sumatra, though these islands are on the equator and those are not.

AN INGENIOUS OPERATION.—A Berlin oculist recently saved the sight of a workman who had a small splinter of steel imbedded in his eye. It became necessary to find a means of relief, or to remove the eye. The operator used an iron probe, which, when in contact with the fragment of steel, he converted into an electro-magnet; and thus the foreign body was removed. Ordinary "permanent" magnets have been used for the purpose before; but this, we believe, is the first time the elec-

tro-magnet has been so employed. Its superior power at once points to the advantages it offers, particularly in cases where the metallic fragment is firmly fixed in the cornea. Such accidents are by no means rare; indeed, in iron-works they are so common that very often the workmen get most expert in removing the intruders by far more simple means.

METHOD OF LIFTING TREES.—An ingenious and effective means of transplanting trees has been recently contrived by a gentleman signing himself Philodendron. The apparatus employed has the appearance of a large fork, weighing about fifty pounds. This fork is urged into the ground by a see-saw motion in front of the tree to be uprooted. A fulcrum is then placed underneath it, and a tubular lever about eight feet long is attached as a prolongation of the fork-handle. One or two men then exert their strength on the lever so formed, and the tree rises from the earth. The roots are drawn out entire, so that the growth remains uninjured. The entire operation for a tree ten feet high occupies about three minutes.

LUMINOSITY OF PHOSPHORUS.—The remarkable fact was noticed by Fourcroy, that phosphorus does not shine in pure oxygen at the temperature of 15 deg. C., and atmospheric pressure. M. Chappuis has lately observed that a bubble of ozone brought into a test-tube (used in this experiment) causes phosphorescence. The phenomenon persists only an instant, till all the ozone is absorbed. This experiment gives fresh proof that the phosphorescence of phosphorus is due not to vaporization, but to combustion of the vapor. All the space filled with oxygen is luminous at first, and it is only when all the vapor of phosphorus is burnt by the ozone that the phosphorus shines in its turn. Again, M. Chappuis notes that substances, like oil of turpentine, which hinder phosphorescence, destroy ozone, or are destroyed by it. In a spherical glass vessel holding air, phosphorus, and oil of turpentine, a bubble of ozone introduced causes a momentary gleam. The ozone is destroyed in contact with the oil, but also burns part of the phosphorus vapor. Presently the gleam, produced at first only at the point of arrival of the ozone, spreads through the whole space occupied by phosphorus vapor, and the phenomenon lasts some time; at length only the phosphorus remains luminous. (These experiments were lately brought before the Paris Chemical Society.)

A HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES.—An earthquake was recorded in England as having occurred in 974, a few years after one in Egypt, where a violent shock again occurred in 997. In 1043 and 1048 there were earthquakes of a

moderately destructive nature in England, and in March and April, 1076, especially. Every century brought more records, thanks to more exact histories, so that if we were to compare those of the eighteenth and present centuries with those of 500 or 600 years before, it would appear that the unsettled condition and vibrations of the earth's crust were on the increase. It is a matter of more extensive knowledge, and not of the more frequent occurrence of the phenomena. There were, down to thirty years since, at least 6000 earthquakes recorded, from every known part of the globe and from every ocean, and while most of them were in the neighborhood of active or intermittent volcanoes, others took place in districts which are remote from them, and not a few in places where formerly, and in the last geological ages, there were volcanoes which are now quite extinct. The regions of the Andes, the north of Sicily, and of Naples, close to active volcanoes, are examples of countries pre-eminently subject to shocks; the remoter districts of England and Scotland are comparatively slightly influenced by the cause of the earthquakes; but places like Rome, which are upon old volcanic hills, feel the latent energy beneath them now and then, severely. The earthquake shock and the volcanic eruption, or rather the causes of the trembling of the earth and the explosion and ejection of volcanic materials, are in evident relation, but it is true that while an eruption appears to follow and to relieve the earth from earthquakes within a certain distance, there are some regions so remote from volcanic energy that the earth-shake is never recorded in their annals. By placing on a map the places where earthquakes have been recorded, and shading the regions of most frequent occurrence darker than the others, the earthquake tracts of the historic period can be understood. They, of course, run along all the lines of volcanic cones on the earth, and between the nearest; but there are some remarkable exceptions. A map thus shaded, and with blank spaces indicating the countries free from earthquakes, would show how very general are these phenomena.—*Science for All*.

HOW SNAKES CAST THEIR SLOUGH.—Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," thinks that snakes "crawl out of the mouth of their own sloughs, and quit the tail part last, just as eels are skinned by a cook-maid." But my friend Captain N—, who has served thirty years in the army in India, and has kept tame snakes (one a Cobra de capello, and another a rock-snake), and watched the operation in the case of one of his pets, describes the process thus: For some days before casting the slough, the snake appears to suffer in health (as do birds before

and during moulting), and, in the instance witnessed by Captain N—, the creature chose his (the captain's) bed for the purpose. The snake had got its head beneath the pillow, and partly cast the skin when first observed. By alternate contraction and expansion of the muscles, the skin was pushed over the head, the creature gradually *backing out of the slough* through the orifice at the tail. The task took eight hours to accomplish, and the snake was then of a glowing red color, and highly sensitive to the touch for the first twenty-four hours after leaving the old skin, at the end of which time it had gradually become darker and darker until it regained its natural blackish color. Captain N— was known among the natives as the "Samp-Wallah" or Snake-man, and the snakes proved a most efficient guard for his quarters.—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip*.

AN ELECTRICAL SPEECH-RECORDER.—A curious instrument, which, if it never come into very general use, exhibits much ingenuity, has been devised by M. Amadeo Gentili, of Leipsic, for the purpose of giving an intelligible record of speech. The natural movements of the mouth in speaking are employed to produce through delicate levers a series of electric contacts, and thereby sundry combinations of signs are imprinted on a moving band of paper, the signs being similar to those of the Morse alphabet. The transmitting portion of the apparatus is based on a careful study of the motion of lips and tongue in speaking with an object held between the teeth. The working parts are mainly arranged on an ebonite plate, from one end of which projects a piece to be taken between the teeth, whereupon the mouth levers come into position. There are eight electro-magnets in the receiver, each of which, when actuated by a current, causes a line to be formed on the paper. The instrument is deficient, however, in articulation, there being only one sign for such sets of letters as *g* and *k*, *d* and *t*, etc., in consequence of these being produced by similar movements of the vocal organs.

CLASSIFICATION OF MEN ACCORDING TO STATURE.—The vagueness with which such terms as "tall" and "short" are employed, even by scientific men, has led Professor G. Zoia to propose a classification for the use of anthropologists, which he explains in the *Rendiconti* of the R. Instituto Lombardo. We take an outline of his scheme from a notice in the last number of Professor Mantegazza's *Archivio per l'Antropologia*. Any giants of more than 2.5 mètres in height will be placed in the class *hypergigantosoma*; all people between 2.26 and 2.5 mètres will fall into the class *gigantosoma*; while those from 2.01 to

2.25 mètres form the group *hypogigantosoma*. In the class *hypermegasoma* the stature varies from 1.91 to 2 mètres; in the *megasoma* from 1.81 to 1.9; in the *hypomegasoma* from 1.71 to 1.8; and in the *hypermesosoma* from 1.66 to 1.7. The average men of 1.65 constitute the group of *mesosoma*. In the *hypomesosoma* we find all people who measure from 1.64 to 1.6; then come the smaller men from 1.59 down to 1.5, forming the *hypermicrosoma*; those from 1.49 to 1.4 compose the *microsoma*; and from 1.39 to 1.25 the *hypomicrosoma*. As to the dwarfish folk, they are to be known as the *hypernanosoma* if between 1.24 and 1 mètre; as the *nanosoma* if between .99 and .75; and as the *hyponanosoma* if below .75 mètre.

GLOBE LIGHTNING.—M. Trecul records that on August 25, 1880, during a thunder-storm in the day-time, he saw a very brilliant, luminous body issue from a dark cloud. It was nearly white, having only a slight yellowish tinge, was distinctly circumscribed, slightly elongated in form, and had the appearance of being 30-40 centims. long and about 25 centims. wide. The two ends were somewhat conical. This body was visible only for a few moments, when it disappeared seemingly by entering again into the cloud, but before its disappearance it threw off a small quantity of its substance, which fell vertically like a heavy body, leaving behind it a luminous train, at the edges of which were reddish sparks, or rather globules, for their light was not radiant. The upper part of the train became sinuous. The little falling body divided and soon afterward became extinguished just before it passed down behind the houses. No sound was heard, although the cloud was not distant.—*Comptes Rendus*.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1880.—According to Herr Fuchs's annual report on volcanic eruptions and earthquakes which has just appeared in *Der Naturforscher*, the activity of volcanoes in 1880 was rather small, the only remarkable eruption being that of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, on November 5th, when, about nine kilometres from the summit, three new craters sent out streams of glowing lava, chiefly to the south-east and east, and the ejected scoræ formed an eminence of 130m. The number of earthquakes, on the other hand was remarkable. Of the 206 known to Herr Fuchs, several were of high importance. The most terrible was that in Luzon, the chief island of the Philippines. It began in April in the north, continued with increasing violence in May, June, and July, and about the middle of July (14-18) devastated greater part of the island, with Manila, causing great loss of life.

The most violent shock, however, was on the 20th, and seemed to complete the ruin. None of the numerous volcanoes showed anything unusual. The Agram earthquake in November excited great interest, but its importance, Herr Fuchs thinks, was exaggerated, neither the number nor the violence of the shocks being unprecedented in the south-eastern outlying parts of the Alps. Among numerous other earthquakes, that of Smyrna, on June 22d, was conspicuous for its disastrous results. The devastation was still greater on July 29th, when the shocks extended to the islands of Samos and Chio. They did not cease till August 4th. The frightful event at Chio in April, 1881, seems to indicate a long earthquake period and a displacement of the centre of disturbance from the mainland. December was the month of most earthquakes. The tide theory would place the maximum in January, but in the present case there were only 18 earthquakes in January against 31 in November, and 43 in December. April showed a minimum instead of a secondary maximum.

MISCELLANY.

THE JOURNALIST OF TO-DAY.—Allowing for that extra touch of vanity which seems inseparable from all who teach or directly address the public, and which is found equally in schoolmasters, actors, lecturers, orators, and popular preachers, we should doubt if in the present day journalists were pretentious, if the tendency among them were not to undervalue their art and mystery, and to write more hesitatingly than most authors. If Lord Sherbrooke will compare his own style on the *Times* with that adopted in any "leader" published this week, he will find, we think, that the most decided change is a want of decisiveness, a hesitation, and so to speak, a modesty of demeanor, which in his time was unknown, and which is frequently carried so far as to destroy much of the utility of what is said. The leader-writer of to-day balances too much, perhaps from an unconscious exaggeration of the possible effect of his opinion, and too often lets the reader see him thinking. With an exception or two, for cases in which the writer is burning with rancor or prejudice, the tone of the journalistic writing of to-day is curiously hesitating and tentative, more especially when it refers to current events, upon which the next hour may bring an unforeseen telegram. This is quite remarkable in the *Times*, once very "absolute" in tone, but it extends more or less to the whole body of journals, and is only concealed from the public by a few traditionary assumptions, such as the use of the impersonal

"we," originally adopted as a defence against prosecutions, and now justified by the corporate character of most newspapers; and by the necessity, under which every journalist labors, of avoiding qualifying phrases, as at once tedious and unmeaning. It seems very arrogant to say, "we think, and the people of this country think," so-and-so; but it would not be arrogant if the writer said, "I think, and I fancy, as far as I can judge, most Englishmen also think," which is all he means to convey in that compressed phrase. The air of infallibility is nothing more than the air of confident assertion with which almost every debater in the House of Commons, except Mr. Gladstone, speaks, and is neither meant to impose nor, so far as we can read the public mind, imposes. That there was once and to a certain extent is still one kind of arrogance peculiar to journalists, is true enough. By an odd but natural confusion of ideas, the man who knows that he is addressing a hundred thousand readers is apt to fancy there is in him the voice of a hundred thousand men, more especially when he is addressing a government which will not go his way. He forgets his own want of certainty that his readers will agree with him, and talks as if he represented the multitude whom he is only addressing. That peculiar form of illusion grew, however, out of the great influence which, for a short time, journals had over opinion, an influence which was owing to the accidental concurrence of great ability on the press and a very narrow suffrage, mainly of one way of thinking, and which is now disappearing, as it is seen that newspapers are more and more read and less and less accepted with implicit confidence. The journalist of to-day is either an expounder or, at most, a debater, who contributes what is in him to the mass of useful discussion upon which government by opinion rests. As such, he is a very useful member of the community, and may even become a powerful one, and is no more to be put down by Lord Sherbrooke than by Mr. Cobden. The latter wished publicly—as, by the way, Robespierre did, in his secret papers—that journals should be confined to news, and should give no opinions. Lord Sherbrooke does not wish that, and is content that the opinions should be published, but cannot conceal his scorn that, when published, anybody should accept them. It is better for every man to form his own views, but why he should not listen to Mr. Lowe in the *Times*' "leader" as well as to Mr. Lowe speaking for Kidderminster, we confess we do not see. The turns of debate demand speed as much as the necessities of the printing-machine, and the thought expressed in writing ought to be at least as clear as the thought expressed in speech.—*The Spectator*.

ABNORMAL HABITS IN CATS.—The attention which has been drawn to this subject has resulted in an astonishing mass of evidence as to the liking of cats for raw potatoes. We have received scores of letters from correspondents testifying to this strange habit, which would seem to be rather normal than abnormal. "Katty" asserts that if raw potato is given in thin slices, and not in too great a quantity at a time, to *any* cat it will be found that the cases in which they are refused really form the exception; and adds that they are devoured with avidity, especially at certain times of the year. Other correspondents describe eccentricities such as fondness for pickled cabbage, jam, orange peel, tea, etc. The writer once had a pure white Persian cat that was very fond of French ribbon-grass, eating it eagerly out of his hand, and frequently pulling over flower-vases to get at it. This cat used also to imitate the chattering of birds in order to try and induce them to come down from the trees; and in winter-time, when crumbs were thrown out, would wait in ambush for the birds to approach, itself almost indistinguishable in the white snow, and from time to time giving utterance to an excellent imitation of the twittering of the sparrows, which it reproduced only by a most violent effort, its whole body quivering convulsively all the time. The sound proceeded from the larynx, the throat being wide open and the neck stretched out as far as possible. When so engaged nothing could distract its attention, and it could scarcely be removed by force. Mr. Schweitzer writes that he had a cat of solitary and misanthropic habits which entertained a violent aversion to "cat's meat." It is only fair to add that this cat gradually developed signs of insanity, and finally terminated its existence in a fit of madness. Many instances are given of their affection and personal attachment to their masters. Mr. Wilme describes several cats which insisted upon accompanying their masters out of doors, or were with difficulty prevented from so doing, and one cat which used to go a considerable distance toward the railway-station to meet its master on his return from the city, seeming to know the exact time at which he should return. Many instances are also described of their affection for each other, obedience to parents, etc. Several paragraphs were recently published in this journal concerning the cat's aptitude as a sportsman's companion. An interesting letter received from Mr. L. A. Wood bears very directly upon this subject. He says: "About two or three years since, when living in the fen country, an instance occurred which quite staggered my belief in the proverbial aversion of cats to water. Near the house in which I was staying ran one of the arterial drains so common in connection with fen drainage,

which drain, about fifteen feet wide, was infested by water-rats. I have seen a large cat belonging to the house lie crouched in the sedges by the drain-side an hour and more at a time, upon the watch for a water-rat to appear upon the scene. The moment the rat showed its head, pussy would spring into the water to seize it, and generally succeeded in so doing, at which it appeared greatly elated, and would bring the dead rat for all in the house to see. This occurred more than once to my personal knowledge."—*Public Opinion*.

THE FREEBLENNESS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.—Mr. G. Woodberry's essay on American literature (in the *Fortnightly Review*, reprinted in a recent number) is a paper of much thoughtfulness and grace, but it does not, to our minds, explain fully the feebleness of American literature. It may be true that the cultivated class in America has little influence, that critics are incompetent, or, rather, non-existent, and that the body of the people seeks for facts and knowledge rather than ideas, but all that was true of Englishmen in the Elizabethan period. Poets have risen without cultivated classes or critics, and in countries, too, which seek their literature in a foreign land. That America should have no Pope is intelligible, but why no Burns? Is not the true explanation this—that as yet the American by himself, and separate, has hardly been? He is growing fast, though, and we think we see in Henry James, Howells, and Hawthorne the forerunners of a separate and very admirable American literature, wholly of the soil, not English in any way, except in forms of expression.—*The Spectator*.

OVERWORKING THE UNDEVELOPED BRAIN.—"Overwork," properly so-called, can only occur when the organ upon which the stress of the labor falls is as yet immature, and, therefore, in process of development. When an organ has reached the maturity of its growth it can only work up to the level of its capacity or faculty for work! Fatigue may produce exhaustion, but that exhaustion will come soon enough to save the organ. Repeated "efforts" may, under abnormal conditions, follow each other too rapidly to allow of recuperation in the intervals of actual exertion, and as the starting-point will, in each successive instance, be lower than the previous state, there may be a gradual abasement; but even this process should not seriously injure a healthy and well-developed organ. In short, a great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the "overwork" of mature brains, and there are grounds for believing that an excuse has been sought for idleness, or indulgence in a valetudinarian habit, in the popular outcry on this subject which awhile ago attracted much atten-

tion. Nevertheless there can be no room to question the extreme peril of "overwork" to growing children and youths with undeveloped brains. The excessive use of an immature organ arrests its development by diverting the energy which should be appropriated to its growth, and consuming it in work. What happens to horses which are allowed to run races too early happens to boys and girls who are overworked at school. The competitive system as applied to youths has produced a most ruinous effect on the mental constitution which this generation has to hand down to the next, and particularly the next-but-one ensuing. School-work should be purely and exclusively directed to development. "Cramming" the young for examination purposes is like compelling an infant in arms to sit up before the muscles of its back are strong enough to support it in the upright position, or to sustain the weight of its body on its legs by standing, while as yet the limbs are unable to bear the burden imposed on them. Another blunder is committed when one of the organs of the body—to wit, the brain—is worked at the expense of other parts of the organism, in face of the fact that the measure of general health is proportioned to the integrity of development, and the functional activity of the body as a whole in the harmony of its component systems. No one organ can be developed at the expense of the rest without a corresponding weakening of the whole.—*The Lancet*.

THE BROKEN OAR.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then,
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
Then by the willows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,
"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;"
And like a man who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
And flung his useless pen into the sea.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Might there not be some deeper hidden thought
In the words wafted from the billowy sea,
"Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee,"
Than the fit use for them the poet sought,
To close the volume with his labor fraught?
Some shipwrecked sailor may have striven to reach
With broken bark and oar, in vain the beach,
And carved the words thereon as one who fought
Life's battle well, and saw the rest at hand,
Nor minded weary limbs that plied the oar—
Who viewed the sunset o'er the watery strife
Calmly, and mused, as closed the vision grand,
And the sea opened wide its prison door,
"Oft was I weary when I toiled at life."

C. DREW.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., August 25, 1878.

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